



*THE "CHANDOS CLASSICS"*

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THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE

WITH NOTES

BY THE

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AND

FLAXMAN'S DESIGNS.



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JOHN FLAXMAN

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## POPE'S PREFACE TO THE ~~ILLIAD~~ OF HOMER

HOMER is universally allowed to have had the greatest invention of any writer whatever. The praise of judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellences, but his invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the invention that, in different degrees, distinguishes all great geniuses: the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which masters everything besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes art with all her materials, and without it judgment itself can at best but "steal wisely" for art is only like a prudent steward that lives on managing the riches of nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them to which the invention must not contribute, as in the most regular gardens, art can only reduce beauties of nature to more regularity, and such a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is, therefore, more entertained with. And, perhaps, the reason why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through a uniform and bounded walk of art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradise, where, if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nursery, which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant it is owing to the richness of the soil, and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are overrun and oppressed by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes is of the most animated nature imaginable, every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said

or done as from a third person, the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes,

Οἷόν τ' ἢ ἱσάν, ὥσεί τ' εἰς πύρρι χόον πάντα νέμοιτο

"They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it." It is, however, remarkable, that his fancy, which is everywhere vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendour: it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand, but this poetic fire, this "*vivida vis animi*," in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendour. This fire is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but everywhere equal and constant. In Lucan and Statius it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes. In Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardour by the force of art. In Shakspeare it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven. but in Homer, and in him only, it burns everywhere clearly and everywhere irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to show how this vast invention exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet through all the main constituent parts of his work: as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful star, which, in the violence of its course, drew all things within its vortex. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of nature, to supply his maxims and reflections; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters: and all the outward forms and images of things for his descriptions: but wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable. That which Aristotle calls "*the soul of poetry*," was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in his part, as it is naturally the first, and I speak of it both as it means the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the probable, the allegorical, and the marvellous. The probable fable is the recital of such actions as, though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature; or of such as, though they did, became fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an epic poem, "*The return of Ulysses, the settlement of the Trojans in Italy*," or the like. That of the *Iliad* is the "*anger of Achilles*," the most short and single subject that ever was chosen by any poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents

and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have used the same practice, but generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises, and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his actions for those of Archemorus. If Ulysses visit the shades, the Æneas of Virgil and Scipio of Silius are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but, where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Sinon, and the taking of Troy, was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollonius, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the allegorical fable.—If we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapped up in his allegories, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us! How fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons, and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed! This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer, and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in the following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner, it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The marvellous fable includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the gods. If Homer was not the first who introduced the deities (as Herodotus imagines) into the religion of

Greece, he seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity : for we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the gods, constantly lying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his machines in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them : none have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set : every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful ; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his gods continue to this day the gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his persons ; and here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many, with so visible and surprising a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of courage is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the *Iliad*. That of Achilles is furious and intractable ; that of Diomedes forward, yet listening to advice, and subject to command ; that of Ajax is heavy and self-confiding, of Hector, active and vigilant : the courage of Agamemnon is inspired by love of empire and ambition, that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people : we find in Idomeneus a plain direct soldier ; in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the under parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in wisdom, and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open and regular. But they have, besides, characters of courage, and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence ; for one in the war depends still upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open manner ; they lie, in a great degree, hidden and undistinguished, and, where they are marked most evidently affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike ; even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar, but, as it is, in a superior degree, and we see nothing that differences the courage of Mnestheus from that of Seigestus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs through them all, the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this tract of reflection, if he will pursue it through the epic and tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior, in this point, the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The speeches are to be considered as they flow from the characters ; being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners, of those who utter them As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. "Everything in it has manner" (as Aristotle expresses it), that is, everything is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible, in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration In Virgil the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative, and the speeches often consist of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally just in any person's mouth upon the same occasion As many of his persons have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himself when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer, all which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers

If, in the next place, we take a view of the sentiments, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the Scripture Duport, in his *Gnomologia Homerica*, has collected innumerable instances of this sort And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble, and that the Roman author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments where he is not fired by the Iliad.

If we observe his descriptions, images, and similes, we shall find the invention still predominant To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every sort, where we see each circumstance of art, and individual of nature, summoned together by the extent and fecundity of his imagination to which all things, in their various views presented themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full prospects of things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side views, unobserved by any painter but Homer Nothing is so surprising as the descriptions of his battles, which take up no less than half the Iliad, and are supplied with so vast a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the same manner, and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the last in greatness, horror, and confusion It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any epic poet, though every one has assisted himself with a great quantity out of him and it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his master

If we descend from hence to the expression, we see the bright imagination of Homer shining out in the most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the first who taught that "language of the gods" to men. His expression is lil e



the colouring of some great masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is, indeed, the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, he was the only poet who had found out "living words." There are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is "impatient" to be on the wing, a weapon "thirsts" to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like, yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. It is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it, for in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter; as that is more strong, this will become more perspicuous. Like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the compound epithets. This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the diction, but as it assisted and filled the numbers with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the images. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention, since (as he has managed them) they are a sort of supernumerary pictures of the persons or things to which they were joined. We see the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet *Κορυθαίολος*, the landscape of Mount Nereus in that of *Εἰνوسیφύλλος*, and so of others, which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a short simile, one of these epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his versification, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that also. He was not satisfied with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but searched through its different dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers. He considered these as they had a greater mixture of vowels or consonants, and accordingly employed them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar sweetness; from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables, so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feeble Æolic, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent, and completed this variety by altering some letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a further representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he has derived that harmony which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but

consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised in the case of Italian operas), will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language of poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just as to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue indeed the Greek has some advantages both from the natural sound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verse, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of, and, in particular, never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is, that fewer critics have understood one language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatise of the Composition of Words. It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the Muses dictated, and, at the same time, with so much force and inspiring vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full, while we are borne away by a tide of verse, the most rapid, and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work, and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extensive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and strongly marked, his speeches more affecting and transported, his sentiments more warm and sublime, his images and descriptions more full and animated, his expression more raised and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope, in what has been said of Virgil, with regard to any of these heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguishing excellence of each: it is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty, and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we are to think that Homer wanted judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree, or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it, each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty, Homer scatters with a generous profu-

sion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence, Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate. Homer, boundless and resistless as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring, like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action, disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens. Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues, they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness, and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief objections against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his marvellous fictions, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with gigantic bodies, which, exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole, and, like the old heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glorious and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his "speaking horses," and Virgil his "myrtles distilling blood," while the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention, that his similes have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded. It runs out into embellishments of additional images, which, however, are so managed as not to overpower the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and correspondent images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it, those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his grosser representations of the gods, and the vicious and imperfect manners of his heroes, but I must here

speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madame Dacier,<sup>1</sup> "that those times and manners are so much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours." Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world when no mercy was shown but for the sake of lucre; when the greatest princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern critics, who are shocked at the servile offices and mean employments in which we sometimes see the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity, in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world, and those who consider him in this light, will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprising vision of things nowhere else to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greatest obstacles will vanish, and what usually creates their dislike, will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may further serve to answer for the constant use of the same epithets to his gods and heroes, such as the "fair-darting Phœbus," the "blue-eyed Pallas," the "swift-footed Achilles," &c., which some have censured as impertinent, and tediously repeated. Those of the gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used. They were a sort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mons. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of surnames, and repeated as such, for the Greeks having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction of each person, either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like as Alexander the son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer, therefore, complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And, indeed, we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward Longshanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a further conjecture. Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age, between the brazen and the iron one, of "heroes distinct from other

men ; a divine race who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called demigods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the islands of the blessed." Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by celebrating their families, actions or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil ; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation : one would imagine, by the whole course of their parallels, that these critics never so much as heard of Homer's having written first ; a consideration which whoever compares these two poets ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other ; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the *Æneis* to those of the *Iliad*, for the same reasons which might set the *Odyssey* above the *Æneis* ; as that the hero is a wiser man, and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other, or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed, as because Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as *Æneas*, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character. it is thus that Rapin judges in his comparison of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer which are not so laboured as some that Virgil drew out of them. this is the whole management of Scaliger in his *Poetics*. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original, and then triumph in the awkwardness of their own translations. this is the conduct of Peirault in his *Parallels*. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of Homer, and that of his work ; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the *Iliad*, they found it upon the ignorance of his times, and the prejudice of those that followed. and in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, &c) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of Virgil, or any great author whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Mons de la Motte, who yet confesses upon the whole that in whatever age Homer had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in his sense to be the master even of those who surpassed him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief invention and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of poetry itself) remains unequalled by his followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one sort of critics but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most

universal applauses which holds the heart of a reader under the strongest enchantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts, in this, that he has swallowed up the honour of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no increase, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He showed all the stretch of fancy at once, and if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted everything. A work of this kind seems like a mighty tree, which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and produces the finest fruit: nature and art conspire to raise it, pleasure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the justest faults, have only said that a few branches which run luxuriant through a richness of nature, might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation, with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far as that is seen in the main parts of the poem, such as the fable, manners, and sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contractions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile, whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed, and for the rest, the diction and versification only are his proper province, since these must be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be considered what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect, which is no less in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary to transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: and I will venture to say, there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile, dull adherence to the letter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical, insolent hope of raising and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the fire of the poem is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: however, it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. It is a great secret in writing, to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can, but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer

seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style some of his translators having swelled into fustian in a proud confidence of the sublime; others sunk into flatness, in a cold and timorous notion of simplicity. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of false mettle), others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes one could sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity; no author is to be envied for such commendations, as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call simplicity, and the rest of the world will call dulness. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bold and sordid one; which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a sloven. It is one thing to be ticked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is nowhere in such perfection as in the Scripture and our author. One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings, that the Divine Spirit made use of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world, and, as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the purity of some of his thoughts) may, methinks, induce a translator, on the one hand, to give in to several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being used in the Old Testament; as, on the other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner consigned to mystery and religion.

For a further preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those moral sentences and proverbial speeches which are so numerous in this poet. They have something venerable, and as I may say, oracular, in that unadorned gravity and shortness with which they are delivered. A grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Græcisms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable, antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as "platoon, campaign, junto," or the like, (into which some of his translators have fallen) cannot be allowable, those only excepted without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction, which are a sort of marks or moles by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight; those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects, and those who are, seemed pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his compound epithets, and of his repetitions. Many of the

former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of composition, as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best poets, and are become familiar through their use of them, such as "the cloud-compelling Jove," &c. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly expressed in a single word as in a compounded one, the course to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be so turned, as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet *εινσιφύλλος* to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous translated literally "leaf-shaking," but affords a majestic idea in the periphrasis. "the lofty mountain shakes his waving woods." Others that admit of different significations, may receive an advantage from a judicious variation, according to the occasions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, *ἐκχέβλος* or "far-shooting," is capable of two explanations, one literal, in respect of the darts and bow, the ensigns of that god, the other allegorical, with regard to the rays of the sun; therefore, in such places where Apollo is represented as a god in person, I would use the former interpretation; and where the effects of the sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer, and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already shown) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed, and in doing this properly, a translator may at once show his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three sorts of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in those speeches, where the dignity of the speaker renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words, as in the messages from gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe the best rule is, to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original. When they follow too close, one may vary the expression, but it is a question, whether a professed translator be authorized to omit any if they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the versification. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few. I only know of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in the Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully



imitates his translation, which is something more than to imitate him; as Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general; but for particulars and circumstances he continually loses them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for us being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above mentioned. He sometimes omits whole similes and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.

It is a great loss to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the *Iliad*. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth, in which if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuses is like

that of great ministers though they are confessedly the first in the commonwealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it

That which, in my opinion, ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character in particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character, to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his numbers, to preserve, in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation, in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity, in the speeches, a fulness and perspicuity, in the sentences, a shortness and gravity; not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods, neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass than has hitherto been done by any translator who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would further recommend to him is, to study his author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next these, the Archbishop of Cambray's Telemachus may give him the truest idea of the spirit and turn of our author, and Bossu's admirable Treatise of the Epic Poem the justest notion of his design and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few; those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such a want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking, since a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the public, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr Addison was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this task, who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge, with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms, of Mr Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer. I must add the names of Mr Rowe, and Dr Parnell, though I shall take a further opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose good nature it

give it a great panegyric), & no less a tribute than to the favour of these gentlemen is not entirely undescribed by some of them so true an affection. But what can I say of the favour & patronage of the great have done me; while the interest of the subscribers, my subscribers, and the most distinguished persons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among the earliest & most precious to me to find, that my noble & obliging friends, the Duke of Buckingham was not displeased to honour and to be the author to whom he has given (in his excellent Library, & so forth) a place.

"Read Homer's Iliad, the story of the  
war between the Greeks and the Trojans.  
And Homer's Odyssey, the story of the  
 adventures of Odysseus (Ulysses) on his  
 way home from the war."

That the Earl of Halifax was one of the first to express his approbation of the work, it is hard to say whether the advancement of the poem is more owing to his generosity or his example: that noble lord, my Lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great events of his life, than in all the useful and entertaining parts of literature, he not refused to be the critic of these sheets, and the patron of their press, and that the noble author of the tragedy of "Hercules Laborieux" continued his partiality to me, from my writing; personal, to my composition: the *Iliad*. I cannot deny myself the pride of correctness; that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct of my poem, but their correction of several particulars of the translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the Earl of Carnarvon; but it is almost absurd to particularise any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present secretary of state, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote the affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late Lord Chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence: and I am satisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens that has been shown me by its learned rival, the University of Oxford. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is shown to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities of particular men. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly useless to others, nor disagreeable to myself.

# THE ILIAD.

## BOOK I

### ARGUMENT<sup>1</sup>

#### THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON

In the war of Troy, the Greeks having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseis and Briseis, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseis, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused, and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chryses to declare the cause of it who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseis. The king, being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies, however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseis in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks, and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter, granting her suit, incenses Juno between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two and twenty days is taken up in this book nine during the plague, ere in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Ethiopians at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess sing<sup>1</sup>  
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign  
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain,

<sup>1</sup> The following argument of the Iliad corrected in a few particulars is translated from Bitaubé, and is perhaps, the neatest summary that has been ever drawn up — "A hero injured by his general, and animated with a noble resentment, retires to his tent and for a season withdraws himself and his troops from the war. During this interval he contemplates the ruin which for nine years has been occupied in a great enterprise, and in the successful termination of which the honour of their country depends. The general, on opening his eyes to the fault which he had committed denounces the principal officers of his army to the incensed hero, with commission to make compensation for the injury, and tender magnificent presents. The hero according to the prodigal obsequies of a great man, persists in his animosity, the army is again defeated, and is on the verge of entire destruction. This inexorable man has a friend, this friend weeps before him, and asks for the hero's pardon and for permission to go to the war in his stead. The eloquence of friends prevails —"

Whose limbs unburi'd on the naked shore,  
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore.<sup>2</sup>  
Since great Achilles and Atides strove,  
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove!<sup>3</sup>

Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour<sup>4</sup>  
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power.  
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,<sup>5</sup>  
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;  
The king of men his reverent priest defied,<sup>6</sup>  
And for the king's offence the people died

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain  
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.  
Suppliant the venerable father stands,  
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands.  
By these he begs; and lowly bending down,  
Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown  
He sued to all, but chief implored for grace  
The brother-kings, of Atreus royal race.<sup>7</sup>

"Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,  
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground.  
May Jove restore you when your toils are o'er  
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.  
But, oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,  
And give Chryseis to these arms again;  
If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,  
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove."

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,  
The priest to reverence, and release the fair.  
Not so Atides! he, with kingly pride,  
Repulsed the sacred sue, and thus replied.

"Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,  
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains.  
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,  
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god

than the intercession of the ambassadors or the gifts of the general. He lends his armour to his friend, but commands him not to engage with the chief of the enemy's army, because he reserves to himself the honour of that combat, and because he also fears for his friend's life. The prohibition is forgotten, the friend listens to nothing but his courage, his corpse is brought back to the hero, and the hero's arms become the prize of the conqueror. Then the hero, given up to the most lively despair, prepares to fight, he receives from a divinity new armour, is reconciled with his general, and, thirsting for glory and revenge, enacts prodigies of valour, recovers the victory, slays the enemy's chief, honours his friend with superb funeral rites, and exercises a cruel vengeance on the body of his destroyer, but finally, appeased by the tears and prayers of the father of the slain warrior, restores to the old man the corpse of his son, which he buries with due solemnities"—Coleridge, p. 277, sqq.  
<sup>2</sup> *Vultures* Pope is more accurate than the poet he translates, for Homer writes "a prey to dogs and to all kinds of birds." But all kinds of birds are not carnivorous.  
<sup>3</sup> i.e. during the whole time of their striving the will of Jove was being gradually accomplished.

<sup>4</sup> Compare Milton's "Paradise Lost," l. 6

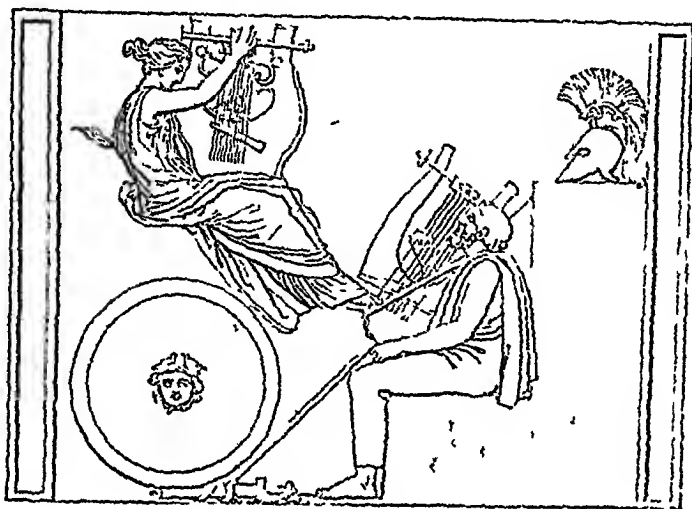
"Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top  
Of Horeb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That shepherd"

<sup>5</sup> *Latona's son* i.e. Apollo

<sup>7</sup> *Brother-kings*

<sup>6</sup> *King of men* Agamemnon  
Menelaüs and Agamemnon

Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain ;  
 And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain ;  
 Till time shall rife every youthful grace,  
 And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,  
 In daily labours of the loom employ'd,  
 Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd



HOMER INVOKING THE MUSE.

Hence then , to Argos shall the maid retire,  
 Far from her native soil and weeping sire "

The trembling priest along the shore return'd,  
 And in the anguish of a father mourn'd  
 Disconsolate, not daring to complain,  
 Silent he wander'd by the sounding main ,  
 Till, safe at distance, to his god he plays,  
 The god who darts around the world his rays  
 " O Smintheus ! sprung from fair Latona's line,"  
 Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,<sup>8</sup>  
 Thou source of light ! whom Tenedos adores,  
 And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores

<sup>8</sup> *Smintheus* an epithet taken from *σμήθος*, the Phrygian name for Apollo, was applied to Apollo for having put an end to a plague of mice which had harassed that territory. Strabo, however, says, that when the Teucri were migrating from Crete, they were told by an oracle to settle in that place, where they should not be attracted by the oracular inhabitants of the land, and that, having halted for the night, a number of field mice came and gnawed away the leathern straps of their baggage, and thence of their armour. In fulfilment of the oracle, they settled on the spot, and raised a temple to Sminthern Apollo. Grote, "History of Greece," i. p. 68, remarks, that the worship of Sminthern Apollo, in various parts of the Troad and its neighbouring territory, dates before the earliest period of Achaean colonization.  
<sup>9</sup> *Cilla*, a town of Troas near Thebe, so called from Cillus, a sister of Hippodamia, daughter of Cnemonas.

If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,<sup>10</sup>  
 Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain ;  
 God of the silver bow ! thy shafts employ,  
 Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy."

Thus Chryses pray'd.—the favouring power attends,  
 And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.  
 Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound,<sup>11</sup>  
 Fierce as he moved, his silver shafts resound.  
 Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,  
 And gloomy darkness roll'd about his head.  
 The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,  
 And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.  
 On mules and dogs the infection first began ;<sup>12</sup>  
 And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man  
 For nine long nights, through all the dusky air,  
 The pyres, thick-flaming, shot a dismal glare.  
 But ere the tenth revolving day was run,  
 — Inspired by Juno, Thetis' godlike son  
 Convened to council all the Grecian train,  
 For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.<sup>13</sup>  
 The assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,  
 Achilles thus the king of men address'd  
 "Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,  
 And measure back the seas we cross'd before ?  
 The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,  
 'Tis time to save the few remains of war.  
 But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,  
 Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage ;  
 Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove  
 By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove."<sup>14</sup>

<sup>10</sup> A mistake. It should be,

"If e'er I roof'd thy graceful fane,"

for the custom of decorating temples with garlands was of later date

<sup>11</sup> *Bent was his bow* "The Apollo of Homer, it must be borne in mind, is a different character from the deity of the same name in the later classical pantheon. Throughout both poems, all deaths from unforeseen or invisible causes, the ravages of pestilence, the fate of the young child or promising adult, cut off in the germ of infancy or flower of youth, of the old man dropping peacefully into the grave, or of the reckless sinner suddenly checked in his career of crime, are ascribed to the arrows of Apollo or Diana. The oracular functions of the god rose naturally out of the above fundamental attributes, for who could more properly impart to mortals what little foreknowledge Fate permitted of her decrees than the agent of her most awful dispensations? The close union of the arts of prophecy and song explains his additional office of god of music, while the arrows with which he and his sister were armed, symbols of sudden death in every age, no less naturally procured him that of god of archery. Of any connection between Apollo and the Sun, whatever may have existed in the more ævonic doctrine of the Greek sanctuaries, there is no trace in either *Iliad* or *Odyssey*."—*Miller* "History of Greek Literature," vol. i. p. 478, 49

<sup>12</sup> It has frequently been observed, that most pestilences begin with animals, and that Homer has this fact in mind.

<sup>13</sup> *Convened to council* The public assembly in the heroic times is well characterized by *Græce*, vol. ii. p. 62. "It is an assembly for talk. Communication and discussion to a certain extent by the chief person, of the people, listeners and sympathizers,—often for eloquence, and sometimes for quarrel—but here its ostensible purposes end."

<sup>14</sup> *W. Jacob Dupont*, *Poëse* "Gnomologia Homerica" is full of curious and useful things, and several passages of the ancients, in which reference is made to these words of Homer, are given in proof of the belief that dreams had a divine origin and an import in which men were interested.

If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,  
 Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid  
 So Heaven, atoned, shall dying Greece restore,  
 And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more."

He said and sat when Chalcas thus replied,  
 Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,  
 That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view,  
 The past, the present, and the future knew  
 Uprising slow, the venerable sage

Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age

"Beloved of Jove, Achilles! would'st thou know  
 Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?"

First give thy faith and plight a prince's word  
 Of sure protection, by thy power and sword  
 For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,  
 And truths, invidious to the great, reveal,  
 Bold is the task, when subjects grown too wise,  
 Instruct a monarch where his error lies;

For though we deem the short-lived fury past,  
 "Is sure the mighty will revenge at last"

To whom Pelides — "From thy inmost soul  
 Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control.

Even by that god I swear who rules the day,  
 To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey.

And whose blessed oracles thy lips declare,  
 Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,  
 No daring Greek, of all the numerous band,  
 Against his priest shall lift an impious hand,  
 Not e'en the chief by whom our hosts are led,  
 The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head"

Encouraged thus, the blameless man replies

"Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,  
 But he, our chief, provoked the raging pest,  
 Apollo's vengeance for his injured priest

Nor will the god's awakened fury cease,  
 But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase,

Till the great king, without a ransom paid,  
 To her own Chivva send the black-eyed maid"<sup>15</sup>

Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer,  
 The priest may pardon, and the god may spare"

The prophet spoke when with a gloomy frown  
 The monarch started from his shining throne,

Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,  
 And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire

"Augur accursed! denouncing mischief still,  
 Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!"

Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,  
 And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?"

<sup>15</sup> Rather, "bright-eyed" See the German critics quoted by Arnold



For this are Phoebus oracles explored,  
 To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?  
 For this with falsehood is my honour stain'd,  
 Is heaven offended, and a priest profand;  
 Because my prize, my beautiful maid, I hold,  
 And heavenly charms prefer to profic'd gold?  
 A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,  
 Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace;  
 Not half so dear were Clytemnestra's charms,  
 When first her blooming beauties bless'd my arms.  
 Yet, if the gods demand her, let her sail;  
 Our cares are only for the public weal:  
 Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,  
 And suffer, rather than my people fall  
 The prize, the beautiful prize, I will resign,  
 So dearly valued, and so justly mine  
 But since for common good I yield the fair,  
 My private loss let grateful Greece repair;  
 Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,  
 That he alone has fought and bled in vain."  
 "Insatiate king (Achilles thus replies),  
 Fond of the power, but sonder of the prize!  
 Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield.  
 The due reward of many a well-fought field?"

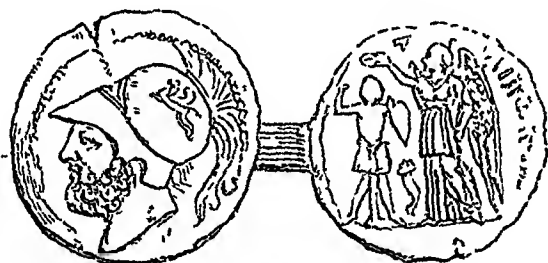
The spoils of cities razed and warriors slain,  
 We share with justice, as with toil we gain;  
 But to resume whate'er thy advance craves  
 (That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.  
 Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,  
 The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,  
 Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conquering powers  
 Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers."

Then thus the king "Shall I my prize resign  
 With tame content, and thou possess'd of thine?  
 Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,  
 Think not to rob me of a soldier's right  
 At thy demand shall I restore the maid?  
 First let the just equivalent be paid,  
 Such as a king might ask, and let it be  
 A treasure worthy her, and worthy me  
 Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim  
 This hand shall seize some other captive dame  
 The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,<sup>16</sup>  
 Ulysses' spoils, or even thy own, be mine  
 The man who suffers, loudly may complain,  
 And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain  
 But this when time requires—It now remains  
 We launch a bark to plough the watery plains,

<sup>16</sup> The prize given to Ajax was Tecmessa, while Ulysses received Laodice, the daughter of Cynus.

And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,  
 With chosen pilots, and with labouring oars  
 Soon shall the fan the sable ship ascend,  
 And some deputed prince the charge attend .  
 This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfil,  
 Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will ,  
 Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,  
 Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main ,  
 Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,  
 The god propitiate, and the pest assuage "

At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied  
 " O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride '  
 Inglorious slave to interest, ever join'd  
 With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind '  
 What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,  
 Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword ?  
 What cause have I to war at thy decree ?  
 The distant Trojans never injur'd me ;  
 To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led  
 Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed ,



TIAAS

Far hence removed, the hoarse-resounding main,  
 And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,  
 Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,  
 Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race  
 Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,  
 To avenge a private, not a public wrong  
 What else to Troy the assembled nations draws,  
 But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause ?  
 Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve ;  
 Disgraced and injur'd by the man we serve ?  
 And darest thou threat to snatch my prize away,  
 Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day ?  
 A prize as small, O tyrant ! match'd with thine,  
 As thy own actions if compared to mine  
 Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,  
 Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.  
 Some trivial present to my ships I bear  
 Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.

But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;  
 My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore:  
 Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,  
 What spoils, what conquests, shall Atreides gain?"

To this the king "Fly, mighty warrior! fly,  
 Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.  
 There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,  
 And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.  
 Of all the kings (the god's distinguish'd care)  
 To power superior none such hatred bear:  
 Strife and debate thy restless soul employ;  
 And wars and honours are thy savage joy,  
 If thou hast strength, 'twas Heaven that strength bestow'd;  
 For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.  
 Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away;  
 Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway;  
 I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate  
 Thy short-lived friendship, and thy groundless hate  
 Go, threaten thy earth-born Myrmidons—but here"  
 'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and time to fear  
 Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,  
 My bark shall waft her to her native land,  
 But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,  
 Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair  
 Even in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize.  
 Thy loved Briseis with the radiant eyes  
 Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour  
 Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power,  
 And hence, to all our hosts it shall be known,  
 That kings are subject to the gods alone"

Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd,  
 His heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his breast;  
 Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom ruled;  
 Now fired by wrath, and now by reason cool'd  
 That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,  
 Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord;  
 Thus whispers soft his vengeance to control,  
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul  
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,  
 While half unsheathed appear'd the glittering blade,<sup>17</sup>

<sup>17</sup> The Myrmidons dwelt on the southern borders of Thessaly, and took their origin from Myrmido, son of Jupiter and Eurymedusa. It is fancifully supposed that the name was derived from *μύρμηκας*, an *ant*, "because they imitated the diligence of the ants, and like them were indefatigable, continually employed in cultivating the earth, the change from ants to men is founded merely on the equivocation of their name, which resembles that of the ant they bore a further resemblance to these little animals, in that instead of inhabiting towns or villages, at first they commonly resided in the open fields, having no other retreats but dens and the crannies of trees, until Ithicus brought them together, and settled them in more secure and comfortable habitations"—Anthon's "Lempriere"

<sup>18</sup> Eustathius, after Heracles Ponticus and others, allegorizes this apparition, as if the appearance of Minerva to Achilles, unseen by the rest, was intended to point out the sudden recollection that he would gain nothing by intemperate wrath, and that it were best to restrain his anger, and only gratify it by withdrawing his services. The same idea is rather cleverly worked out by Apuleius, "De Deo Socratis"

Minerva swift descended from above,  
 Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove  
 (For both the princes claim'd her equal care);  
 Behind she stood, and by the golden hair  
 Achilles seized, to him alone confess'd,  
 A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.  
 He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,  
 Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes.



MINERVA PRESENTING THE BODY OF HECTOR

"Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,  
 A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear  
 From Atreus' son?—Then let those eyes that  
 The daring crime, behold the ven'erable!"

"Forbear (the progeny of Jove replies)  
 To calm thy fury I forsake the skies  
 Let great Achilles, to the gods resort  
 To reason yield the empire o'er his  
 By awful Juno thus command'd as go  
 The king and you are both the ex  
 The force of keen reproaches let  
 But sheathe, obedient, thy sword  
 For I pronounce (and trust a lie)  
 Thy injured honour has been sold  
 When the proud monarch sold all th  
 And bribe thy friendship with all  
 Then let revenge no longer be  
 Command thy passion to thy  
 To her Pelides—"With all th

Hand as it is, my vengeance I suppose  
 Those who revere the gods the gods will bless;  
 He said, obedient of the blue-eyed gods,  
 Then in the wealth return'd the shining light,  
 The goddess swift to high Olympus flew,  
 And joins the sacred senate of the gods.

Not yet the rage his looking-breast forsook,  
 Which thus redoubling on Atreus broke,  
 "O monster! mix'd of mortals and of gods,  
 Thou dog in form, but in heart a devil,  
 When wert thou known in such a hideous shape to day,  
 Or nobly face the horrid front of war?  
 'Tis ours, the chance of fighting field to test;  
 Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.  
 So much 'tis safer through the camp to pass,  
 And rob a subject, than to put a foe  
 Scourge of thy people, violent and bold,  
 Sent in Jove's anger on a death-race:  
 Who, lost to sense of generous friendship,  
 Are tamed to wrong,—or this had been thy lot.  
 Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,  
 Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,  
 Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee),  
 On the bare mountains left its puerile tree;  
 This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove  
 An ensign of the delegates of Jove,  
 From whom the power of laws and justice springs  
 (Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings!),  
 By this I swear—when bleeding Greece again  
 Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.  
 When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread  
 The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,  
 Then shalt thou mourn the affront thy madness gave,  
 Forc'd to deplore when impotent to save.  
 Then rage in bitterness of soul to know  
 This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."

He spoke; and furious hurl'd against the ground  
 His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around.  
 Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain  
 The raging king return'd his frowns again.

To calm their passion with the words of age,  
 Slow from his seat arose the Pylion sage,  
 Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,  
 Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd.  
 Two generations now had pass'd away,  
 Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;  
 Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,

<sup>29</sup> Compare Milton, "Paradise Lost," bk. ii.

"Though his tongue

Dropp'd manna."

See Proverbs v. 3, "For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honey comb."

And now the example of the third remain'd  
 All view'd with awe the venerable man,  
 Who thus with mild benevolence began —  
 "What shame, what woe is this to Greece ! what joy  
 To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy !  
 That adverse gods commit to stern debate  
 The best, the bravest, of the Grecian state  
 Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,  
 Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.  
 A godlike race of heroes once I knew,  
 Such as no more these aged eyes shall view !  
 Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,  
 Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name ;  
 Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,  
 Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight ?  
 With these of old, to toils of battle bred,  
 In early youth my hardy days I led,  
 Fired with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,  
 And smit with love of honourable deeds,  
 Strongest of men, they pierced the mountain boar,  
 Ranged the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,  
 And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore  
 Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd,  
 When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd  
 If in my youth, even these esteem'd me wise,  
 Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise  
 Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave  
 That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave :  
 Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride ;  
 Let kings be just, and sovereign power preside  
 Thee, the first honours of the war adorn,  
 Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born ;  
 Him, awful majesty exalts above  
 The powers of earth, and sceptred sons of Jove.  
 Let both unite with well-consenting mind,  
 So shall authority with strength be join'd  
 Leave me, O king ! to calm Achilles' rage ;  
 Rule thou thyself, as more advanced in age  
 Forbid it, gods ! Achilles should be lost,  
 The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host"  
 This said, he ceased The king of men replies :  
 "Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.  
 But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,  
 No laws can limit, no respect control  
 Before his pride must his superiors fall ;  
 His word the law, and he the lord of all"  
 Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey ?  
 What king can bear a rival in his sway ?  
 Grant that the gods his matchless force have given ;  
 Has foul reproach a privilege from heaven ?"—

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broods,  
And furious, thus, and interrupting roars :  
" Tyrant, I well deserve thy killing chain,  
To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,  
Should I submit to each enjoin'd decree,  
Command thy vassal, but command not me.  
Seize on Briseis, whom the Grecians should  
My prize of war, yet fatally be sold;  
And seize secure; no more Achilles drive,  
His conquering sword in any woman's eye.  
The gods command me to forgive the prize;  
But let this first invasion be the last.  
For know, thy blood, when next thou dost invade,  
Shall stream in vengeance on my raving blade."

At thus they ceased—the stern debate expired:  
The chiefs in sullen majesty retired.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way  
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.  
Meantime Atrides lurch'd with men and marts,  
A well-tigg'd ship for Chryse's sacred shores;  
High on the deck was sat Chryseis plac'd,  
And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd.  
Safe in her sides the hecatombs they stow'd,  
Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate next the king prepares,  
With pure lustrations, and with solemn prayers.  
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train  
Are cleansed, and cast the ablutions in the main.  
Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,  
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid;  
The sable funes in curling spires arise,  
And waft their grateful odours to the skies.

The army thus in sacred rites engaged,  
Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd  
To wait his will two sacred heralds stood,  
Talthybius and Eurybates the good  
"Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries),  
Thence bear Briseis as our royal prize.  
Submit he must; or if they will not part,  
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart."

The unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;  
Pensive they walk along the barren sands:  
Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find  
With gloomy aspect on his arm reclined.  
At awful distance long they silent stand,  
Loth to advance, and speak their hard command;

<sup>80</sup> Salt water was chiefly used in lustrations, from its being supposed to possess certain fiery particles. Hence, if sea-water could not be obtained, salt was thrown into the fresh water to be used for the lustration. Menander, in Clem. Alex. vii p. 713, ἵδαναι—εἰ μὴ ἰσχυρὰν, ἐμβάλων ἁλός, φάσκεται.

Decent confusion ! This the godlike man  
 Perceived, and thus with accent mild began -  
 "With leave and honour enter our abodes,  
 Ye sacred ministers of men and gods !<sup>21</sup>  
 I know your message ; by constraint you came ,  
 Not you, but your imperious lord I blame  
 Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseis bring ;  
 Conduct my captive to the haughty king  
 But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow,  
 Witness to gods above, and men below !  
 But first, and loudest, to your prince declare  
 (That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear),  
 Unmoved as death Achilles shall remain,  
 Though prostrate Greece shall bleed at every vein -  
 The raging chief in frantic passion lost,  
 Blind to himself, and useless to his host,  
 Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,  
 In blood and slaughter shall repent at last "



THE DEPARTURE OF BRISEIS FROM THE TENT OF ACHILLES.

Patroclus now the unwilling beauty brought,  
 She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,  
 Pass'd silent, as the heralds held her hard  
 And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand  
 Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore,  
 But sad retiring to the sounding shore,

<sup>21</sup> The persons of heralds were held inviolable and they were at liberty to travel wherever they would without fear of molestation. *Polyt. Onom.* viii p. 150. The office was generally given to old men, and they were believed to be under the especial protection of Jove and Mercury.



O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,  
 That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung.<sup>22</sup>  
 There bathed in tears of anger and disdain,  
 Thus loud lamented to the stormy main

"O parent goddess! since in early bloom  
 Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom,  
 Sure to so short a race of glory born,  
 Great Jove in justice should this span adorn  
 Honour and fame at least the thunder owed,  
 And ill he pays the promise of a god,  
 If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,  
 Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize."

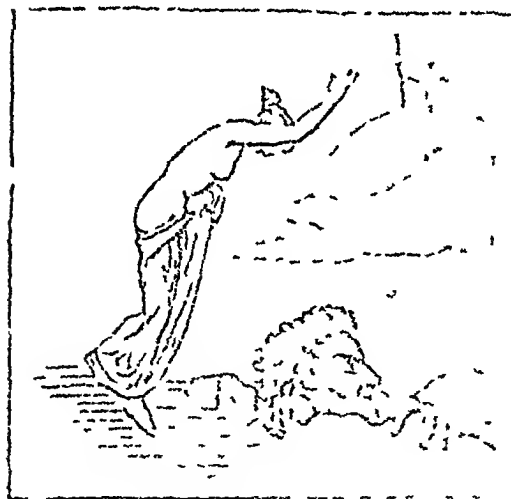
Far from the deep recesses of the main,  
 Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,  
 The goddess-mother heard The waves divide;  
 And like a mist she rose above the tide;  
 Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,  
 And thus the sorrows of his soul explores  
 "Why grieve'st my son? Thy anguish let me share;  
 Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care."

He deeply sighing said "To tell my woe  
 Is but to mention what too well you know  
 From Thebæ, sacred to Apollo's name<sup>23</sup>  
 (Aetion's realm), our conquering army came,  
 With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,  
 Whose just division crowned the soldier's toils;  
 But bright Chryseis, heavenly prize! was led,  
 By vote selected, to the general's bed  
 The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain  
 His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain,  
 The fleet he reach'd, and, lowly bending down,  
 Held forth the sceptic and the laurel crown,  
 Intreating all, but chief implored for grace  
 The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race  
 The generous Greeks their joint consent declare,  
 The priest to reverence, and release the fair,  
 Not so Atides—he, with wonted pride,  
 The sue insulted, and his gifts denied.  
 The insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)  
 To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the prayer.  
 A dreadful plague ensues—the avenging darts  
 Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts

<sup>22</sup> His mother, Thetis, the daughter of Nereus and Doris, who was courted by Neptune and Jupiter. When, however, it was known that the son to whom she would give birth must prove greater than his father, it was determined to wed her to a mortal, and Peleus, with great difficulty, succeeded in obtaining her hand, as she eluded him by assuming various forms. Her children were all destroyed by fire through her attempts to see whether they were immortal, and Achilles would have shared the same fate had not his father rescued him. She afterwards rendered him invulnerable by plunging him into the waters of the Styx, with the exception of that part of the heel by which she held him. Hygin Fab. 54.

<sup>23</sup> Thebæ was a city of Mysia, north of Adramyttium.

A prophet then, inspired by heaven, arose,  
 And points the crime, and thence derives the ills  
 Myself the first the assembled chiefs incline  
 To avert the vengeance of the power divine.  
 Then rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd;  
 Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd.  
 The fair Chryseis to her sire was sent  
 With offer'd gifts to make the god relent.  
 But now he seized Briseis' heavenly charms,  
 And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,  
 Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;  
 And service, faith, and justice, pled in vain  
 But, goddess! thou thy suppliant son attend  
 To high Olympus' shining court ascend,  
 Urge all the ties to former service owed,  
 And sue for vengeance to the thundering god



THETIS CALLING LEIACTO TO HER SON

Of hast thou triumph'd in the flower  
 That thou stoodst forth of all the ill  
 When bold rebellion shook the realm  
 The undaunted guard of cloud-capt  
 When the bright partner of the field  
 The warlike maid, and monarch's  
 The traitor-gods, by mind and  
 Durst threat with chains the  
 Then, call'd by thee, the  
 (Whom goes Briseus, man

Through wondering skies enormous stalk'd along,  
 Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong.  
 With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,  
 And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands:  
 The affrighted gods confess'd their awful lord,  
 They dropp'd the fetters, trembled, and adored.<sup>25</sup>  
 This, goddess, this to his remembrance call,  
 Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;  
 Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,  
 To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,  
 To heap the shores with copious death, and bring  
 The Greeks to know the guise of such a king.  
 Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head  
 O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,  
 And mourn in blood that e'er he durst disgrace  
 The boldest warrior of the Grecian race."

"Unhappy son! (far Thetis thus replies,  
 While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)  
 Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,  
 To Fates averse, and nursed for future woes?<sup>26</sup>  
 So short a space the light of heaven to view!  
 So short a space! and fill'd with sorrow too!  
 O might a parent's careful wish prevail,  
 Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,  
 And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun  
 Which now, alas! too nearly threatens my son  
 Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go  
 To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.  
 Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far  
 Behold the field, nor mingle in the war  
 The sue of gods and all the ethereal train,  
 On the warm limits of the farthest main,  
 Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace  
 The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race,"<sup>27</sup>

<sup>25</sup> Quintus Calaber goes still further in his account of the service rendered to Jove by Thetis

"Nay, more, the fetters of Almighty Jove  
 She loosed"—Dyce's "Calaber," s. 38

<sup>26</sup> *To Fates averse* Of the gloomy destiny reigning throughout the Homeric poems, and from which even the gods are not exempt, Schlegel well observes "This power extends also to the world of gods for the Grecian gods are mere powers of nature, and although immeasurably higher than mortal man, yet, compared with infinitude, they are on an equal footing with himself"—"Lectures on the Drama," v. p. 67

<sup>27</sup> It has been observed, that the annual procession of the sacred ship, so often represented on Egyptian monuments, and the return of the deity from Ethiopia after some days' absence, serves to show the Ethiopian origin of Thebes, and of the worship of Jupiter Ammon "I think," says Heeren, after quoting a passage from Diodorus about the holy ship, "that this procession is represented in one of the great sculptured reliefs on the temple of Karnak. The sacred ship of Ammon is on the shore with its whole equipment, and is towed along by another boat. It is, therefore, on its voyage. This must have been one of the most celebrated festivals, since, even according to the interpretation of antiquity, Homer alludes to it when he speaks of Jupiter's visit to the Ethiopians, and his twelve days' absence"—Long, "Egyptian Antiquities," vol. 1. p. 96. Eustathius, vol. 1. p. 98, sq. (ed. Basil.) gives this interpretation, and likewise an allegorical one, which we will spare the reader.

Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,  
 Returning with the twelfth revolving light,  
 Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move  
 The high tribunal of immortal Jove."

The goddess spoke the rolling waves unclosed,  
 Then down the steep she plunged from whence she rose,  
 And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,  
 In wild resentment for the fair he lost.

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode,  
 Beneath the deck the destined victims stow'd  
 The sails they furl'd, they lash the mast aside,  
 And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace tied  
 Next on the shore then hecatomb they land,  
 Chryseis last descending on the strand  
 Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,  
 Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane,  
 Where at his solemn altar, as the maid  
 He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said

"Hail, reverend priest! to Phœbus' awful dome  
 A suppliant I from great Atreides come  
 Unransom'd, here receive the spotless fair,  
 Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare,  
 And may thy god who scatters darts around,  
 Atoned by sacrifice, desist to wound"<sup>28</sup>

At this, the sire embraced the maid again,  
 So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain  
 Then near the altar of the darling king,  
 Disposed in rank their hecatomb they bring,  
 With water purify their hands, and take  
 The sacred offering of the salted cake,  
 While thus with arms devoutly raised in air,  
 And solemn voice, the priest directs his prayer

"God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,  
 Whose power incloses Cilla the divine,  
 Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,  
 And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!  
 If, fired to vengeance at thy priest's request,  
 Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest  
 Once more attend! avert the wasteful woe,  
 And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow"

So Chryses pray'd Apollo heard his prayer  
 And now the Greeks then hecatomb prepare,  
 Between their horns the salted barley threw,  
 And, with their heads to heaven, the victims slew<sup>29</sup>

<sup>28</sup> *Atoned, i.e. reconciled* This is the proper and most natural meaning of the word, as may be seen from Taylor's remarks in *Calmeth's Dictionary*, p. 210, of my edition

<sup>29</sup> That is, drawing back their necks while they cut their throats "If the sacrifice was in honour of the celestial gods, the throat was bent upward towards heaven, but if made to the heroes, or infernal deities, it was killed with its throat toward the ground"—"Elgin Marbles," vol. 1, p. 81

"The jolly crew, unmindful of the priest,  
 The quarry shure, their plenteous dinner hste,



And to the seats divine her flight address'd  
 There, far apart, and high above the rest,  
 The thunderer sat, where old Olympus shrouds  
 His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds  
 Suppliant the goddess stood one hand she placed  
 Beneath his beard, and one his knees embraced.  
 "If e'er, O father of the gods!" (she said)  
 My words could please thee, or my actions aid,  
 Some marks of honour on my son bestow,  
 And pay in glory what in life you owe  
 Fame is at least by heavenly promise due



THETIS ENTREATING JUPITER TO HONOUR ACHILLES

To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.  
 Avenge this wrong, O ever just and wise!  
 Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise;  
 Till the proud king and all the Achaian race  
 Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace"

Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held  
 The sacred counsels of his breast conceal'd  
 Not so repuls'd, the goddess closer press'd,  
 Still grasp'd his knees, and urged the dear request.  
 "O sire of gods and men! thy suppliant hear,  
 Refuse, or grant, for what has Jove to fear?  
 Or oh! declare, of all the powers above,  
 Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?"

She said, and, sighing, thus the god replies,  
 Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies  
 "What hast thou ask'd? ah, why should Jove engage  
 In foreign contests and domestic rage,

The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,  
 While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?  
 Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway  
 With jealous eyes thy close access survey;  
 But part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped.  
 Witness the sacred honours of our head,  
 The nod that ratifies the will divine,  
 The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign;  
 This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows—"  
 He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,<sup>31</sup>  
 Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,  
 The stamp of fate and sanction of the god  
 High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,  
 And all Olympus to the centre shook.<sup>32</sup>

Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies,  
 Jove to his starry mansions in the skies  
 The shining synod of the immortals wait  
 The coming god, and from their thrones of state  
 Arising silent, wrapp'd in holy fear,  
 Before the majesty of heaven appear.  
 Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,  
 All, but the god's imperious queen alone.  
 Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,  
 And all her passions kindled into flame  
 "Say, artful manager of heaven (she cries),  
 Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?"  
 Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,  
 In vain the partner of imperial state  
 What favourite goddess then those cares divides,  
 Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?"

To this the thunderer "Seek not thou to find  
 The sacred counsels of almighty mind  
 Involved in darkness lies the great decree,  
 Nor can the depths of fate be pierced by thee  
 What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know;  
 The first of gods above, and men below;  
 But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that roll  
 Deep in the close recesses of my soul"

Full on the sire the goddess of the skies"  
 Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,  
 And thus return'd—"Austere Saturnius, say,  
 From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway?"

<sup>31</sup> *He spoke, &c* "When a friend inquired of Phidias from what pattern he had formed his Olympian Jupiter, he is said to have answered by repeating these lines of the first Iliad in which the poet represents the majesty of the god in the most sublime terms, thereby signifying that the genius of Homer had inspired him with it. Those who beheld this statue are said to have been so struck with it as to have asked whether Jupiter had descended from heaven to show himself to Phidias, or whether Phidias had been carried thither to contemplate the god"—*Edin Marbles*, vol. xii p. 124

<sup>32</sup> "So was his will  
 Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath,  
 That shook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd"

"Paradise Lost," ii. 351

Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,  
 And all thy counsels take the destined course.  
 But 'tis for Greece I fear for late was seen,  
 In close consult, the silver-footed queen,  
 Jove to his Phebus nothing could deny,  
 Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky  
 What fatal favour has the goddess won,  
 To grace her fierce, inexorable son ?  
 Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,  
 And glut his vengeance with my people slain "

Then thus the god "O restless fate of pride,  
 That strives to learn what heaven resolves to hide,  
 Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,  
 Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord  
 Let this suffice the immutable decree  
 No force can shake what is, that ought to be  
 Goddess, submit, nor dare our will withstand,  
 But dread the power of this avenging hand  
 The united strength of all the gods above  
 In vain resists the omnipotence of Jove "



VULCAN

The thunderer spoke, nor durst the queen reply ;  
 A reverent horror silenced all the sky  
 The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw  
 His mother menaced, and the gods in awe ;  
 Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,  
 Thus interposed the architect divine  
 "The wretched quarrels of the mortal state  
 Are far unworthy, gods ! of your debate  
 Let men their days in senseless strife employ,  
 We, in eternal peace and constant joy  
 Thou, goddess-mother, with our sire comply,  
 Nor break the sacred union of the sky  
 Lest, roused to rage, he shake the bless'd abodes,  
 Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods,



If you submit, the thunderer stands appeased ;  
The gracious power is willing to be pleased "

Thus Vulcan spoke . and rising with a bound,  
The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,<sup>33</sup>  
Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,  
"Goddess (he cried), be patient and obey,  
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,  
I can but grieve, unable to defend  
What god so daring in your aid to move,  
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove ?  
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,  
Hurl'd headlong down from the ethereal height ;<sup>34</sup>  
Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round ;  
Nor till the sun descended touch'd the ground  
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost ;  
The Sinthians raised me on the Lemnian coast ;<sup>35</sup>

He said, and to her hands the goblet heaved,  
Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen received.  
Then, to the rest he fill'd ; and in his turn,  
Each to his lips applied the nectar'd urn,  
Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,  
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.

Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong,  
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song<sup>36</sup>  
Apollo tuned the lyre , the Muses round  
With voice alternate aid the silver sound

<sup>33</sup> *A double bowl*, i. e. a vessel with a cup at both ends, something like the measures by which a halfpenny or pennyworth of nuts is sold See Buttman, Lexic p 93 sq

<sup>34</sup> "Paradise Lost," i 44

"Him th' Almighty power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,  
With hideous ruin and combustion "

<sup>35</sup> The occasion on which Vulcan incurred Jove's displeasure was this —After Hercules, had taken and pillaged Troy, Juno raised a storm, which drove him to the island of Cos, having previously cast Jove into a sleep, to prevent him aiding his son Jove, in revenge, fastened iron nails to her feet, and hung her from the sky, and Vulcan, attempting to relieve her, was kicked down from Olympus in the manner described The allegorists have gone mad in finding deep explanations for this amusing fiction See Heracles, "Ponticus," p 463 sq, ed Gale The story is told by Homer himself in Book xi The Sinthians were a race of robbers, the ancient inhabitants of Lemnos, which island was ever after sacred to Vulcan

"Nor was his name unheard or unadored  
In ancient Greece , and in Ausonian land  
Men call'd him Mulciber, and how he fell  
From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements, from morn  
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
A summer's day and with the setting sun  
Dropp'd from the zenith like a falling star  
On Lemnos, th' Ægean isle thus they relate "

"Paradise Lost," i 738

<sup>36</sup> It is ingeniously observed by Grote, vol i p 463, that "The gods formed a sort of political community of their own which had its hierarchy, its distribution of ranks and duties, its contentions for power and occasional revolutions, its public meetings in the agora of Olympus, and its multitudinous banquets or festivals "

Meantime the radiant sun to mortal sight  
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light :  
Then to their starry domes the gods depart,  
The shining monuments of Vulcan's art  
Jove on his couch reclined his awful head,  
And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.



JUPITER



THE APOTHEOSIS OF HOMER

## BOOK II.

### ARGUMENT

#### THE TRIAL OF THE ARMY, AND CATALOGUE OF THE FORCES.

Jupiter, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle, in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence, and the late plague, as well as by the length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Thersites. His assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, and in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, and upon the sea shore, towards the end it removes to Troy.

NOW pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye,  
Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie  
The immortals slumber'd on their thrones above;  
All, but the ever-wakeful eyes of Jove.<sup>1</sup>  
To honour Thetis' son he bends his care,  
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war.  
Then bids an empty phantom rise to sight,  
And thus commands the vision of the night  
"Fly hence, deluding Dream! and light as air,<sup>2</sup>  
To Agamemnon's ample tent repair

<sup>1</sup> Plato Rep iii p 437, was so scandalized at this deception of Jupiter, attacks on the character of the gods, that he would have sentenced him to banishment. (See Minucius Felix, § 22.) Coleridge, Introd p 224, well supreme father of gods and men had a full right to employ a lying & ultimate will. Compare "Paradise Lost" v. 645

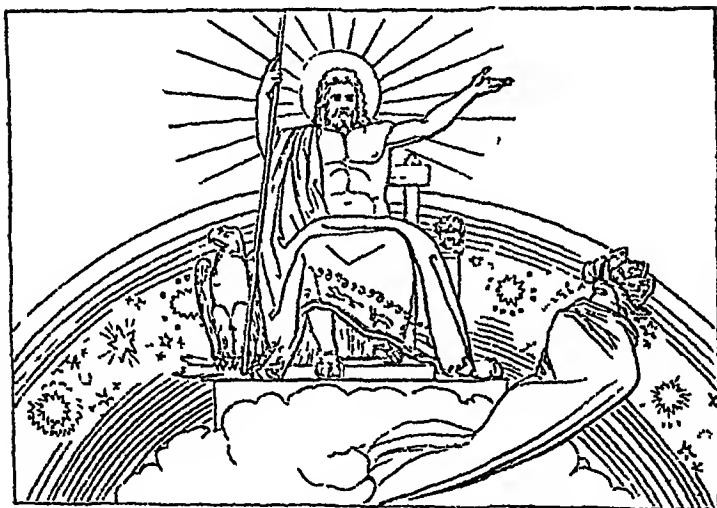
"And roseate dew, disposed  
All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest"

<sup>2</sup> *Dream* ought to be spelt with a capital letter, being, I think, equivalent to the god of dreams. See Anthon and others.

"When, by Minerva sent, a *frivolous* Dream  
Rush'd from the skies, the bane of her and Troy"  
Dyce's Select Illustrations from Quin's C.

Bid him in arms draw forth the embattled train,  
 Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain  
 Declare, e'en now 'tis given him to destroy  
 The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy  
 For now no more the gods with fate contend,  
 At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end  
 Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,  
 And nodding Ilion waits the impending fall."

Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,  
 Descends, and hovers o'er Atreides' head,  
 Clothed in the figure of the Pylan sage,  
 Renown'd for wisdom, and revered for age.  
 Around his temples spreads his golden wing,  
 And thus the flattering dream deceives the king.



JUPITER SENDING THE EVIL DREAM TO AGAMEMNON

"Canst thou, with all a monarch's cares oppress'd,  
 O Atreus' son<sup>1</sup> canst thou indulge thy rest?<sup>3</sup>  
 Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,  
 Directs in council, and in war presides,  
 To whom its safety a whole people owes,  
 To waste long nights in indolent repose<sup>4</sup>  
 Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear;  
 Thou, and thy glory, claim his heavenly care.  
 In just array draw forth the embattled train,  
 Lead all thy Grecians to the dusty plain;

<sup>3</sup> "Sleep'st thou, companion dear, what sleep can close  
 Thy eye-lids?"—"Paradise Lost," v 673

<sup>4</sup> This truly military sentiment has been echoed by the approving voice of many a general  
 and statesman of antiquity. See Pliny's Panegyric on Trajan. Silius neatly translates it,  
 "Turpe duci totam somno consumere noctem."

E'en now, O king ! 'tis given thee to destroy  
 The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.  
 For now no more the gods with fate contend,  
 At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end  
 Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,  
 And nodding Ilion waits the impending fall  
 Awake, but waking this advice approve,  
 And trust the vision that descends from Jove "

The phantom said, then vanish'd from his sight,  
 Resolves to air, and mixes with the night  
 A thousand schemes the monarch's mind employ,  
 Elate in thought he sacks untaken Troy  
 Vain as he was, and to the future blind,  
 Nor saw what Jove and secret fate design'd,  
 What mighty toils to either host remain,  
 What scenes of grief, and numbers of the slain !  
 Eager he rises, and in fancy hears  
 The voice celestial murmuring in his ears  
 First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,  
 Around him next the regal mantle threw,  
 The embroider'd sandals on his feet were tied ;  
 The starry falchion glitter'd at his side ,  
 And last, his arm the massy sceptre loads,  
 Unstain'd, immortal, and the gift of gods

Now rosy Morn ascends the court of Jove,  
 Lifts up her light, and opens day above  
 The king despatch'd his heralds with commands  
 To range the camp and summon all the bands  
 The gathering hosts the monarch's word obey ,  
 While to the fleet Atreides bends his way  
 In his black ship the Pylian prince he found ,  
 There calls a senate of the peers around  
 The assembly placed, the king of men express'd  
 The counsels labouring in his awful breast

" *Friends and confederates* ' with attentive ear  
 Receive my words, and credit what you hear  
 Late as I slumber'd in the shades of night,  
 A dream divine appear'd before my sight ,  
 Whose visionary form like Nestor came,  
 The same in habit, and in mien the same <sup>5</sup>  
 The heavenly phantom hover'd o'er my head,  
 ' And, dost thou sleep, O Atreus' son ? ' (he said)  
 Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,  
 Directs in council, and in war presides ,  
 To whom its safety a whole people owes,  
 To waste long nights in indolent repose

<sup>5</sup> *The same in habit, &c.*

" To whom once more the winged god appears  
 His former youthful mien and shape he wears "

*Dryden's Virgil*, ii. 803.

Monarch, awake ! 'tis Jove's command I bear,  
 Thou and thy glory claim his heavenly care  
 In just array draw forth the embattled train,  
 And lead the Grecians to the dusty plain ;  
 E'en now, O king ! 'tis given thee to destroy  
 The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.  
 For now no more the gods with fate contend,  
 At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.  
 Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,  
 And nodding Ilion waits the impending fall.

This hear observant, and the gods obey !  
 The vision spoke, and pass'd in air away  
 Now, valiant chiefs ! since heaven itself alarms,  
 Unite, and rouse the sons of Greece to arms  
 But first, with caution, try what yet they dare,  
 Worn with nine years of unsuccessful war.

To move the troops to measure back the main,  
 Be mine ; and yours the province to detain "

He spoke, and sat when Nestor, rising said,  
 (Nestor, whom Pylos' sandy realms obey'd,)  
 "Princes of Greece, your faithful cars incline,  
 Nor doubt the vision of the powers divine ,  
 Sent by great Jove to him who rules the host,  
 Forbid it, heaven ! this warning should be lost !  
 Then let us haste, obey the god's alarms,  
 And join to rouse the sons of Greece to arms "

Thus spoke the sage the kings without delay  
 Dissolve the council, and then chief obey  
 The sceptred rulers lead , the following host,  
 Pour'd forth by thousands, darkens all the coast.  
 As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees  
 Clustering in heaps on heaps the diving bees,  
 Rolling and blackening, swarms succeeding swarms,  
 With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms ,  
 Dusky they spread, a close embodied crowd,  
 And o'er the vale descends the living cloud <sup>6</sup>  
 So, from the tents and ships, a lengthen'd train  
 Spreads all the beach, and wide o'ershades the plain  
 Along the region runs a deafening sound ,  
 Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground.  
 Fame flies before the messenger of Jove,  
 And shining soars, and claps her wings above

6 "As bees in spring-time, when  
 The sun with Taurus rides,  
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive  
 In clusters, they among fresh dews and flowers  
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,  
 The suburb of this straw-built citadel,  
 New nibb'd with balm, expatiate and confer  
 Their state affairs So thick the very crowd  
 Swarm'd and were straiten'd "—"Paradise Lost "

Nine sacred heralds now, proclaiming loud,  
 The monarch's will, suspend the listening crowd  
 Soon as the throngs in order ranged appear,  
 And fainter murmurs died upon the ear,  
 The king of kings his awful figure raised  
 High in his hand the golden sceptre blazed,  
 The golden sceptre, of celestial flame,  
 By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes came  
 To Pelops he the immortal gift resign'd,  
 The immortal gift great Pelops left behind,  
 In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends,  
 To rich Thyestes next the prize descends,  
 And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign,  
 Subjects all Argos, and controls the main.<sup>7</sup>

On this bright sceptre now the king reclined,  
 And artful thus pronounced the speech design'd.  
 "Ye sons of Mars, partake your leader's care,  
 Heroes of Greece, and brothers of the war!  
 Of partial Jove with justice I complain,  
 And heavenly oracles believed in vain  
 A safe return was promised to our toils,  
 Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with spoils  
 Now shameful flight alone can save the host,  
 Our blood, our treasure, and our glory lost  
 So Jove decrees, irresistible lord of all!  
 At whose command whole empires rise or fall  
 He shakes the feeble props of human trust,  
 And towns and armies humbles to the dust  
 What shame to Greece a fruitful war to wage,  
 Oh, lasting shame in every future age!  
 Once great in arms, the common scorn we grow,  
 Repulsed and baffled by a feeble foe  
 So small their number, that if wars were ceased,  
 And Greece triumphant held a general feast,

<sup>7</sup> It was the herald's duty to make the people sit down. "A standing agora is a symptom of manifest terror (*Il. viii. 246*) an evening agora, to which men came elevated by wine, is also the forerunner of mischief ('*Odyssey*' iii. 138)"—Grote, ii. p. 91, note.

<sup>8</sup> This sceptre, like that of Judah (*Genesis xlii. 10*), is a type of the supreme and far spread dominion of the house of the Atrides. See Thucydides i. 9. "It is traced through the hands of *Hermès*, he being the wealth giving god, whose blessing is most efficacious in furthering the process of acquisition"—Grote, i. p. 212. Compare *Quintus Calaber* (*Dyce's Selections*, p. 43).

"Thus the monarch spoke,  
 Then pledged the chief in a precious cup,  
 Golden, and framed by art divine (a gift  
 Which to Almighty Jove *himself* brought  
 Upon his nuptial day, when he espoused  
 The Queen of Love) the sire of gods bestow'd  
 The cup on Dardanius, who gave it next  
 To Erichonius, Tros received it then,  
 And left it, with his wealth, to be possess'd  
 By Ilus, he to great Laomedon  
 Gave it, and last to Priam's lot it fell."



All rank'd by tens, whole decadés when they dine  
 Must want a Trojan slave to pour the wine.<sup>9</sup>  
 But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,  
 And Troy prevails by armies not her own.  
 Now nine long years of mighty Jove are run,  
 Since first the labours of this war begun.  
 Our cordage torn, decay'd our vessels lie,  
 And scarce insure the wretched power to fly.  
 Haste, then, for ever leave the Trojan wall!  
 Our weeping wives, our tender children call.  
 Love, duty, safety, summon us away,  
 'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey.  
 Our shatter'd barks may yet transport us o'er,  
 Safe and inglorious, to our native shore  
 Fly, Grecians, fly, your sails and oars employ,  
 And dream no more of heaven-defended Troy."

His deep design unknown, the hosts approve  
 Atides' speech The mighty numbers move  
 So roll the billows to the Icarian shore,  
 From east and south when winds begin to roar,  
 Burst their dark mansions in the clouds, and sweep  
 The whitening surface of the ruffled deep  
 And as on corn when western gusts descend,<sup>10</sup>  
 Before the blast the lofty harvests bend  
 Thus o'er the field the moving host appears,  
 With nodding plumes and groves of waving spears.  
 The gathering murmur spreads, then trampling feet  
 Beat the loose sands, and thicken to the fleet,  
 With long-resounding cries they urge the train  
 To fit the ships, and launch into the main  
 They toil, they sweat, thick clouds of dust arise,  
 The doubling clamorous echo to the skies  
 E'en then the Greeks had left the hostile plain,  
 And fate decreed the fall of Troy in vain,  
 But Jove's imperial queen then flight survey'd,  
 And sighing thus bespoke the blue-eyed maid  
 "Shall then the Grecians fly! O due disgrace!  
 And leave unpunish'd this perfidious race?  
 Shall Troy, shall Priam, and the adulterous spouse,  
 In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows?  
 And bravest chiefs, in Helen's quarrel slain,  
 Lie unrevenged on yon detested plain?  
 No! let my Greeks, unmoved by vain alarms,  
 Once more refulgent shine in brazen arms

<sup>9</sup> Grote, i p 393, states the number of the Grecian forces at upwards of 200,000 men  
 Nichols makes a total of 135,000

<sup>10</sup>

"As thick as when a field  
 Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends  
 His bearded grove of ears, which way the wind  
 Sways them."—"Paradise Lost," iv 980, sqq

Haste, goddess, haste <sup>1</sup> the flying host detain,  
Nor let one sail be hoisted on the main "

Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height  
Swift to the ships precipitates her flight  
Ulysses, first in public cares, she found,  
For prudent counsel like the gods renown'd  
Oppress'd with generous grief the hero stood,  
Nor drew his sable vessels to the flood  
" And is it thus, divine Laertes' son,  
Thus fly the Greeks (the martial maid begun),  
Thus to their country bear their own disgrace,  
And fame eternal leave to Priam's race ?  
Shall beauteous Helen still remain unfreed,  
Still unrevenged, a thousand heroes bleed '  
Haste, generous Ithacus ' prevent the shame,  
Recall your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.  
Your own resistless eloquence employ,  
And to the immortals trust the fall of Troy "

The voice divine confess'd the wailike maid,  
Ulysses heard, nor uninspired obey'd  
Then meeting first Atreides, from his hand  
Received the imperial sceptre of command  
Thus graced, attention and respect to gain,  
He runs, he flies through all the Grecian train ;  
Each prince of name, or chief in arms approved,  
He fired with praise, or with persuasion moved

" Warriors like you, with strength and wisdom bless'd,  
By brave examples should confirm the rest  
The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears ;  
He tries our courage, but resents our fears  
The unwary Greeks his fury may provoke,  
Not thus the king in secret council spoke.  
Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honour springs,  
Beware <sup>1</sup> for dreadful is the wrath of kings "

But if a clamorous vile plebeian rose,  
Him with reproof he check'd or tamed with blows.  
" Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield,  
Unknown alike in council and in field '  
Ye gods, what dastards would our host command '  
Swept to the war, the lumber of a land  
Be silent, wretch, and think not here allow'd  
That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd  
To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway ;  
His are the laws, and him let all obey " "

With words like these the troops Ulysses ruled,  
The loudest silenced, and the fiercest cool'd

<sup>1</sup> This sentiment used to be a popular one with our  
it into a pretext for unlimited usurpation of power  
ticularly fond of it, and, in an extended form we find  
the Antigone of Sophocles See some important remarks  
11 p 105

Back to the assembly roll the thronging train,  
 Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain  
 Murmuring they move, as when old ocean roars,  
 And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores,  
 The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,  
 The rocks remurmur and the deeps rebound.  
 At length the tumult sinks, the noises cease,  
 And a still silence lulls the camp to peace  
 Thersites only clamour'd in the throng,  
 Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue  
 Awed by no shame, by no respect controll'd,  
 In scandal busy, in reproaches bold.  
 With witty malice studious to defame,  
 Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.—  
 But chief he gloried with licentious style  
 To lash the great, and monarchs to revile  
 His figure such as might his soul proclaim;  
 One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame.  
 His mountain shoulders half his breast o'erspread,  
 Thin hairs bestrew'd his long misshapen head.  
 Spleen to mankind his envious heart possess'd,  
 And much he hated all, but most the best:  
 Ulysses or Achilles still his theme,  
 But royal scandal his delight supreme,  
 Long had he lived the scorn of every Greek,  
 Vex'd when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.  
 Sharp was his voice, which in the shrillest tone,  
 Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne.

“Amidst the glories of so bright a reign,  
 What moves the great Atrides to complain?  
 'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breast inflames,  
 The golden spoil, and thine the lovely dames,  
 With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow,  
 Thy tents are crowded and thy chests o'ersflow  
 Thus at full ease in heaps of riches roll'd,  
 What grieves the monarch? Is it thirst of gold?  
 Say, shall we march with our unconquer'd powers  
 (The Greeks and I) to Ilium's hostile towers,  
 And bring the race of royal bastards here,  
 For Troy to ransom at a price too dear?  
 But safer plunder thy own host supplies;  
 Say, wouldst thou seize some valiant leader's prize?  
 Or, if thy heart to generous love be led,  
 Some captive fair, to bless thy languid bed?  
 Whate'er our matter craves submit we must,  
 Pleased with his pride, or punish'd for his lust.  
 O'ercome of Achaia, none no more!  
 Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store  
 In loves and pleasures on the Phrygian shore.  
 We may be wanted on some busy day,

When Hector comes so great Achilles may ·  
From him he forced the prize we jointly gave,  
From him, the fierce, the fearless, and the brave  
And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong,  
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long "

Fierce from his seat at this Ulysses springs;<sup>12</sup>  
In generous vengeance of the king of kings  
With indignation sparkling in his eyes,  
He views the wretch, and sternly thus replies .

" Peace, factious monster, born to vex the state,  
With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate  
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor rashly vain,  
And singly mad, asperse the sovereign reign  
Have we not known thee, slave ! of all our host,  
The man who acts the least, upbraids the most ?  
Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring,  
Nor let those lips profane the name of king.  
For our return we trust the heavenly powers ,  
Be that their care , to fight like men be ours  
But grant the host with wealth the general lord,  
Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd ?  
Suppose some hero should his spoils resign,  
Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine ?  
Gods ! let me perish on this hateful shore,  
And let these eyes behold my son no more ,  
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear  
To strip those arms thou ill deserv'st to wear,  
Expel the council where our princes meet,  
And send thee scourged and howling through the fleet "

He said, and covering as the dastard bend,  
The weighty sceptre on his bank descends<sup>13</sup>

On the round bunch the bloody tumours rise .  
 The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes ;  
 Trembling he sat, and shunk in abject fears,  
 From his vile visage wiped the scalding tears ;  
 While to his neighbour each express'd his thought :

" Ye gods ! what wonders has Ulysses wrought !  
 What fruits his conduct and his courage yield !  
 Great in the council, glorious in the field,  
 Generous he rises in the crown's defence,  
 To curb the factious tongue of insolence,  
 Such just examples on offenders shown,  
 Sedition silence, and assert the throne "

'Twas thus the general voice the hero praised,  
 Who, rising, high the imperial sceptre raised .  
 The blue-eyed Pallas, his celestial friend,  
 (In form a herald,) bade the crowds attend  
 The expecting crowds in still attention hung,  
 To hear the wisdom of his heavenly tongue  
 Then deeply thoughtful, pausing ere he spoke,  
 His silence thus the prudent hero broke .

" Unhappy monarch ! whom the Grecian race  
 With shame deserting, heap with vile disgrace  
 Not such at Argos was their generous vow .  
 Once all their voice, but ah ! forgotten now .  
 Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,  
 Till Troy's proud structures should in ashes lie  
 Behold them weeping for their native shore ;  
 What could their wives or helpless children more ?  
 What heart but melts to leave the tender train,  
 And, one short month, endure the wintry main ?  
 Few leagues removed, we wish our peaceful seat,  
 When the ship tosses, and the tempests beat  
 Then well may this long stay provoke their tears,  
 The tedious length of nine revolving years.  
 Not for their grief the Grecian host I blame ;  
 But vanquish'd ! baffled ! oh, eternal shame !  
 Expect the time to Troy's destruction given  
 And try the faith of Chalcas and of heaven  
 What pass'd at Aulis, Greece can witness bear,<sup>14</sup>  
 And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air  
 Beside a fountain's sacred brink we raised  
 Our verdant altars, and the victims blazed  
 'Twas where the plane-tree spread its shades around,  
 The altars heaved, and from the crumbling ground  
 A mighty dragon shot, of due portent,  
 From Jove himself the dreadful sign was sent

<sup>14</sup> According to Pausanias, both the spring and the remains of the tree were exhibited in his time. The tragedians, Lucretius and others, adopted a different fable to account for the stoppage at Aulis, and seem to have found the sacrifice of Iphigenia better suited to form the subject of a tragedy. Compare Dryden's "*Æneid*," vol. iii. sqq.

Straight to the tree his sanguine spues he roll'd,  
 And curl'd around in many a winding fold,  
 The topmost branch a mother-bird possess'd,  
 Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest,  
 Herself the ninth, the serpent, as he hung,  
 Stretch'd his black jaws and crush'd the crying young;  
 While hovering near, with miserable moan,  
 The drooping mother wail'd her children gone  
 The mother last, as round the nest she flew,  
 Seized by the beating wing, the monster slew,  
 Nor long survived to marble turn'd, he stands  
 A lasting prodigy on Aulis' sands  
 Such was the will of Jove, and hence we dare  
 Trust in his omen, and support the war  
 For while around we gazed with wondering eyes,  
 And trembling sought the powers with sacrifice,  
 Full of his god, the reverend Chalcas cried,<sup>15</sup>  
 'Ye Grecian warriors! lay your fears aside.  
 This wondrous signal Jove himself displays,  
 Of long, long labours, but eternal praise  
 As many birds as by the snake were slain,  
 So many years the toils of Greece remain,  
 But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fall decreed.'  
 Thus spoke the prophet, thus the Fates succeed  
 Obey, ye Grecians! whil submission wait,  
 Nor let your flight avert the Trojan fate"  
 He said the shores with loud applauses sound,  
 The hollow ships each deafening shout rebound  
 Then Nestor thus—"These vain debates forbear,  
 Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare  
 Where now are all your high resolves at last?  
 Your leagues concluded, your engagements past?  
 Vow'd with libations and with victims then,  
 Now vanish'd like their smoke the faith of men!  
 While useless words consume the unactive hours,  
 No wonder Troy so long resists our powers  
 Rise, great Atrides! and with courage sway,  
 We march to war, if thou direct the way.  
 But leave the few that dare resist thy laws,  
 The mean deserters of the Grecian cause  
 To grudge the conquests mighty Jove prepares,  
 And view with envy our successful wars  
 On that great day, when first the martial train,  
 Big with the fate of Ilion, plough'd the main,  
 Jove, on the right, a prosperous signal sent,  
 And thunder rolling shook the firmament  
 Encouraged hence, maintain the glorious strife  
 Till every soldier grasp a Phrygian wife,

Till Helen's woes at full revenged appear,  
 And Troy's proud nations render tear for tear.  
 Before that day, if any Greek invite  
 His country's troops to base, inglorious flight,  
 Stand forth that Greek ! and hoist his sail to fly,  
 And die the dastard first, who dreads to die.  
 But now, O monarch ! all thy chiefs advise :<sup>16</sup>  
 Nor what they offer, thou thyself despise.  
 Among those counsels, let not mine be vain ;  
 In tribes and nations to divide thy train .  
 His separate troops let every leader call,  
 Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.  
 What chief, or soldier, of the numerous band,  
 Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command,  
 When thus distinct they war, shall soon be known  
 And what the cause of Ilium not o'erthrown ;  
 If fate resists, or if our arms are slow,  
 If gods above prevent, or men below !

To him the king . " How much thy years excel  
 In arts of counsel, and in speaking well !  
 O would the gods, in love to Greece, decree  
 But ten such sages as they grant in thee ;  
 Such wisdom soon should Priam's force destroy,  
 And soon should fall the haughty towers of Troy !  
 But Jove forbids, who plunges those he hates  
 In fierce contention and in vain debates .  
 Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws,  
 By me provoked , a captive maid the cause  
 If e'er as friends we join, the Trojan wall  
 Must shake, and heavy will the vengeance fall !  
 But now, ye warriors, take a short repast ;  
 And, well refresh'd, to bloody conflict haste  
 His sharpen'd spear let every Grecian wield,  
 And every Grecian fix his brazen shield,  
 Let all excite the fiery steeds of war,  
 And all for combat fit the rattling car.  
 This day, this dreadful day, let each contend :  
 No rest, no respite, till the shades descend ;  
 Till darkness, or till death, shall cover all .  
 Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall ;  
 Till bathed in sweat be every manly breast,  
 With the huge shield each brawny arm depress'd,  
 Each aching nerve refuse the lance to throw,  
 And each spent counsel at the chariot blow.  
 Who dares, inglorious, in his slugs to stay,  
 Who dares to tremble on this signal day,  
 That wretch, too mean to fall by martial power,  
 The buds shall mangle, and the dogs devour "

<sup>16</sup> Those critics who have murmured that the "Catalogue of Ships" is an interpolation should have paid more attention to these lines, which form a most natural introduction to their enumeration.

The monarch spoke, and straight a murmur rose,  
 Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,  
 That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar,  
 And foam and thunder on the stony shore.  
 Straight to the tents the troops dispersing bend,  
 The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend,  
 With hasty feasts they sacrifice, and pray,  
 To avert the dangers of the doubtful day  
 A steer of five years' age, large limb'd, and fed,<sup>17</sup>  
 To Jove's high altars Agamemnon led  
 There bade the noblest of the Grecian peers,  
 And Nestor first, as most advanced in years  
 Next came Idomeneus,<sup>18</sup> and Tydeus' son,<sup>19</sup>  
 Ajax the less, and Ajax Telamon,<sup>20</sup>  
 Then wise Ulysses in his rank was placed,  
 And Menelaus came, unbid, the last<sup>21</sup>  
 The chiefs surround the destined beast, and take  
 The sacred offering of the salted cake  
 When thus the king prefers his solemn prayer,  
 "O thou! whose thunder rends the clouded air,  
 Who in the heaven of heavens hast fixed thy throne,  
 Supreme of gods! unbounded, and alone!  
 Hear! and before the burning sun descends,  
 Before the night her gloomy veil extends,  
 Low in the dust be laid yon hostile spies,  
 Be Priam's palace sunk in Grecian fires,  
 In Hector's breast be plunged this shining sword,  
 And slaughter'd heroes groan around their lord!"  
 Thus prayed the chief his unavailing prayer  
 Great Jove refused, and toss'd in empty air  
 The God averse, while yet the fumes arose,  
 Prepared new toils, and doubled woes on woes  
 Their prayers perform'd the chiefs the rite pursue,  
 The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew

<sup>17</sup> The following observation will be useful to Homeric readers "Particular animals were, at a later time, consecrated to particular deities To Jupiter, Ceres, Juno, Apollo, and Bacchus victims of advanced age might be offered An ox of five years old was considered especially acceptable to Jupiter A black bull, a ram, or a boar pig, were offerings for Neptune A heifer, or a sheep, for Minerva To Ceres a sow was sacrificed, as an enemy to corn The goat to Bacchus, because he fed on vines Drusus was propitiated with a stag, and to Venus the dove was consecrated The infernal and evil deities were to be appeased with black victims The most acceptable of all sacrifices was the heifer of a year old, which had never borne the yoke It was to be perfect in every limb, healthy, and without blemish"—*Elgin Marbles*, vol. i. p. 78

<sup>18</sup> *Idomeneus*, son of Deucalion, was king of Crete Having vowed, during a tempest, on his return from Troy, to sacrifice to Neptune the first creature that should present itself to his eye on the Cretan shore, his son fell a victim to his rash vow

<sup>19</sup> *Tydeus' son*, i. e. *Diomed*

<sup>20</sup> That is, *Ajax*, the son of *Oileus*, a *Locrian* He must be distinguished from the other, who was king of *Salamis*

<sup>21</sup> A great deal of nonsense has been written to account for the word *unbid*, in this line I refer to *Plato*, "Symposium" p. 315, who found some curious meaning in what, to us, appears to need no explanation Was there any heroic rule of etiquette which prevented one brother from visiting another without a formal invitation?



The limbs they sever from the inclosing hide,  
 The thighs, selected to the gods, divide  
 On these, in double cauls involved with art,  
 The choicest morsels he from every part,  
 From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,  
 While the fat victims feed the sacred fire  
 The thighs thus sacrificed, and entrails dress'd  
 The assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest,  
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,  
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share  
 Soon as the rage of hunger was suppress'd,  
 The generous Nestor thus the prince address'd -

"Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,  
 And call the squadrons sheathed in brazen arms;  
 Now seize the occasion, now the troops survey,  
 And lead to war when heaven directs the way."

He said, the monarch issued his commands,  
 Straight the loud heralds call the gathering bands  
 The chiefs inclose their king, the hosts divide,  
 In tribes and nations rank'd on either side  
 High in the midst the blue-eyed virgin flies,  
 From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes,  
 The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,  
 Blazed on her arm, and lighten'd all the field  
 Round the vast orb a hundred serpents roll'd,  
 Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in gold,  
 With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms,  
 Swells then bold hearts, and strings their nervous arms,  
 No more they sigh, inglorious, to return,  
 But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn

As on some mountain, through the lofty grove,  
 The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above,  
 The fires expanding, as the winds arise,  
 Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies  
 So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,  
 A gleamy splendour flash'd along the fields  
 Not less their number than the embodied cranes,  
 Or milk-white swans in Asiæ's watery plains  
 That, o'er the windings of Cayster's springs,<sup>22</sup>  
 Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings,  
 Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds,  
 Now light with noise, with noise the field resounds  
 Thus numerous and confused, extending wide,  
 The legions crowd Scamander's flowery side,<sup>23</sup>

<sup>22</sup> Fresh water fowl, especially swans, were found in great numbers about the Asian Marsh, a fenny tract of country in Lydia, formed by the river Cayster, near its mouth. See Virgil, "Georgics," vol. 1, 383, sq.

<sup>23</sup> *Scamander*, or *Scamandros*, was a river of Troas, rising, according to Strabo, on the highest part of Mount Ida, in the same hill with the Granicus and the Cædipus, and falling into the sea at Sigæum, everything tends to identify it with Menderes, as Wood, Rennell, and others maintain, the Menderes is 40 miles long, 300 feet broad, deep in the time of flood,

With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,  
 And thundering footsteps shake the sounding shore  
 Along the river's level meads they stand,  
 Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land,  
 Or leaves the trees, or thick as insects play,  
 The wandering nation of a summer's day  
 That, drawn by milky steams, at evening hours,  
 In gather'd swarms surround the rural bowers,  
 From pail to pail with busy murmur run  
 The gilded legions, glittering in the sun  
 So throng'd, so close, the Grecian squadrons stood  
 In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood  
 Each leader now his scatter'd force conjoins  
 In close array, and forms the deepening lines  
 Not with more ease the skilful shepherd-swain  
 Collects his flocks from thousands on the plain  
 The king of kings, majestically tall,  
 Towers o'er his armies, and outshines them all,  
 Like some proud bull, that round the pastures leads  
 His subject herds, the monarch of the meads,  
 Great as the gods, the exalted chief was seen,  
 His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien,<sup>24</sup>  
 Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread  
 And dawning conquest played around his head

Say, virgins, seated round the throne divine,  
 All-knowing goddesses<sup>1</sup> immortal nine!<sup>25</sup>  
 Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeasur'd height,  
 And hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight,  
 (We, wretched mortals<sup>1</sup> lost in doubts below,  
 But guess by rumour, and but boast we know,)  
 O say what heroes, fired by thirst of fame,  
 Or urged by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came  
 To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,  
 A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs  
 Daughters of Jove, assist<sup>1</sup> inspired by you  
 The mighty labour dauntless I pursue,

nearly dry in the summer Dr Clarke successfully combats the opinion of those who make the Scamander to have arisen from the springs of Bounibarish, and traces the source of the river to the highest mountain in the chain of Ida, now Kusdagh, receives the Simois in its course towards its mouth it is very muddy, and flows through marshes Between the Scamander and Simois, Homer's Troy is supposed to have stood this river, according to Homer, was called Xanthus by the gods, Scamander by men The waters of the Scamander had the singular property of giving a beautiful colour to the hair or wool of such animals as bathed in them, hence the three goddesses, Minerva Juno, and Venus, bathed there before they appeared before Paris to obtain the golden apple the name Xanthus, "yellow," was given to the Scamander, from the peculiar colour of its waters, still applicable to the Menderes, the yellow colour of whose waters attracts the attention of travellers.

<sup>24</sup> It should be "his *chief* like Neptune" The torso of Neptune, in the "Elgin Marbles," No 103, (vol II p 26,) is remarkable for its breadth and massiveness of development

<sup>25</sup> "Say first, for heav'n ludes nothing from thy view"—"Paradise Lost," 1 27

Mi di' tu, Musi, come i primi d'anni

Mandarono i Cristiani, e di qua parti

Tu l'hai, mi di tant'opra i noi si lunge

Debil aura di fama appena giunge"—"Gier Lib" II 19

What crowded armies, from what climes they bring,  
Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs I sing.

### THE CATALOGUE OF THE SHIPS<sup>25</sup>

The hardy warriors whom Bœotia bred,  
Penelus, Leitus, Prothoenor, led  
With these Arcesilaus and Clonius stand,  
Equal in arms, and equal in command  
These head the troops that rocky Aulis yields,  
And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's watery fields,  
And Schoenos, Scholos, Græa near the main,  
And Mycalessia's ample piny plain;  
Those who in Peteon or Ilesion dwell,  
Or Harma where Apollo's prophet fell,



NEPTUNE.

Heleon and Hylè, which the springs o'erflow;  
And Medeon lofty, and Ocalea low,  
Or in the meads of Haliartus stray,  
Or Thespia sacred to the god of day  
Onchestus, Neptune's celebrated groves,  
Copæ, and Thisbè, famed for silver doves,

<sup>25</sup> "The Catalogue is, perhaps, the portion of the poem in favour of which a claim to separate authorship has been most plausibly urged. Although the example of Homer has since rendered some such formal enumeration of the forces engaged, a common practice in epic poems descriptive of great warlike adventures, still so minute a statistical detail can neither be considered as imperatively required, nor perhaps such as would, in ordinary cases, suggest itself to the mind of a poet. Yet there is scarcely any portion of the *Iliad* where both historical and internal evidence are more clearly in favour of a connection from the remotest period, with the remainder of the work. The composition of the Catalogue, whenever it may have taken place, necessarily presumes its author's acquaintance with a previously existing *Iliad*. It were impossible otherwise to account for the harmony observable in the recurrence of so vast a number of proper names, most of them historically unimportant, and not a few altogether fictitious, or of so many geographical and genealogical details as are condensed in these few hundred lines, and incidentally scattered over the thousands which follow equally inexplicable were the pointed allusions occurring in this episode to events narrated in the previous and subsequent text, several of which could hardly be of traditional notoriety, but through the medium of the *Iliad*."—Mure, "Language and Literature of Greece," vol. i. p. 263.

For flocks Erythræ, Glissæ for the vine ;  
 Platea green, and Nysa the divine ;  
 And they whom Thebæ's well-built walls inclose,  
 Where Mydæ, Eutresis, Coronæ, rose,  
 And Ainæ rich, with purple harvests crown'd,  
 And Anthedon Boætia's utmost bound  
 Tull fifty ships they send, and each conveys  
 Twice sixty warriors through the foaming seas <sup>27</sup>  
 To these succeed Aspledon's martial train,  
 Who plough the spacious Orchomenian plain.  
 Two valiant brothers rule the undaunted throng,  
 Lalmen and Ascalaphus the strong  
 Sons of Astyoche, the heavenly fair,  
 Whose virgin charms subdued the god of war  
 (In Actor's court as she retired to rest,  
 The strength of Mars the blushing maid compress'd)  
 Their troops in thirty sable vessels sweep,  
 With equal oars, the hoarse-resounding deep  
 The Phocians next in forty barks repair,  
 Epistrophus and Schedius head the war  
 From those rich regions where Cephus leads  
 His silver current through the flowery meads,  
 From Pinopia, Chrysa the divine,  
 Where Anemoion's stately turrets shine,  
 Where Pytho, Daulis, Cyprissus stood,  
 And fair Lakea views the rising flood  
 These, ranged in order on the floating tide,  
 Close, on the left, the bold Boæotians' side  
 Pierce Ajax led the Locrian squadrons on,  
 Ajax the less, Oileus' valiant son,  
 Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright ;  
 Swift in pursuit, and active in the fight  
 Him, as their chief, the chosen troops attend ;  
 Which Bessa, Phronus, and rich Cynos send,  
 Opus Calliarus, and Scaphius bands,  
 And those who dwell where pleasing Augia stands,  
 And where Boagrius floats the lowly lands,  
 Or in fur Tarphe's sylvan seats reside  
 In forty vessels cut the yielding tide

<sup>27</sup> *Twice Sixty* : "Thucydides observes that the Boæotian vessels, which carried one hundred and twenty men each, were probably meant to be the largest in the fleet, and those of Philoctetes, carrying fifty each, the smallest. The average would be eighty five, and Thucydides supposes the troops to have rowed and navigated themselves, and that very few, besides the chiefs, went as mere passengers or landmen. In short, we have in the Homeric descriptions the complete picture of an Indian or African war canoe, many of which are considerably larger than the largest scale assigned to those of the Greeks. If the total number of the Greek ships be taken at twelve hundred, according to Thucydides, although in point of fact there are only eleven hundred and eighty six in the Catalogue, the amount of the army, upon the foregoing average, will be about a hundred and two thousand men. The historian considers this a small force as representing all Greece. Bryant comparing it with the allied army at Plata, thinks it so large as to prove the entire falsehood of the whole story, and his reasonings and calculations are, for their curiosity, well worth a careful perusal"—Coleridge, p. 211, sq.

Eubœa next her martial sons prepares,  
 And sends the brave Abantes to the wars.  
 Breathing revenge, in arms they take their way  
 From Chalcis' walls, and strong Eretria;  
 The Isterian fields for generous vines renown'd,  
 The fair Canistos, and the Stygian ground,  
 Where Dios from her towers o'erlooks the plain,  
 And high Cœnthus views the neighbouring main.  
 Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair;  
 Then hands dismiss not the long lance in air,  
 But with protended spears in fighting fields  
 Pierce the tough corslets and the brazen shields.  
 Twice twenty ships transport the warlike bands,  
 Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, commands

Full fifty more from Athens stem the main,  
 Led by Menestheus through the liquid plain.  
 (Athens the fair, where great Erecticus sway'd,  
 That owed his nurture to the blue-eyed maid,  
 But from the teeming furrow took his birth,  
 The mighty offspring of the foodful earth  
 Him Pallas plac'd amidst her wealthy fane,  
 Adored with sacrifice and oxen slain,  
 Where, as the years revolve, her altars blaze,  
 And all the tribes resound the goddess' praise.)  
 No chief like thee, Menestheus! Greece could yield,  
 To marshal armies in the dusty field,  
 The extended wings of battle to display,  
 Or close the embodied host in firm array.  
 Nestor alone, improved by length of days,  
 For martial conduct bore an equal praise

With these appear the Salaminian bands,  
 Whom the gigantic Telamon commands,  
 In twelve black ships to Troy they steer their course,  
 And with the great Athenians join their force

Next move to war the generous Argive train,  
 From high Troezen, and Mæsa's plain,  
 And fair Ægina circled by the main.  
 Whom strong Tyntê's lofty walls surround,  
 And Epidauræ with viny harvests crown'd  
 And where fair Asinen and Hermoin show  
 Their cliffs above, and ample bay below  
 These by the brave Euryalus were led,  
 Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed,  
 But chief Tydides bore the sovereign sway.

In fourscore barks they plough the watery way  
 The proud Mycenæ arms her martial powers,  
 Cleonæ, Corinth, with imperial towers,<sup>28</sup>

<sup>28</sup> The mention of Corinth is an anachronism, as that city was called Ephyre before its capture by the Dorians. But Velleius, vol. i. p. 3, well observes, that the poet would naturally speak of various towns and cities by the names by which they were known in his own time.

Fall Aiæthya, Orna's fruitful plain,  
 And Ægion, and Adrastus' ancient reign ;  
 And those who dwell along the sandy shore,  
 And where Pellenè yields her fleecy store,  
 Where Helicè and Hyperesia lie,  
 And Gonocssa's spires salute the sky  
 Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band,  
 A hundred vessels in long order stand,  
 And crowded nations wait his dread command.  
 High on the deck the king of men appears,  
 And his refulgent arms in triumph wears,  
 Proud of his host, unrivall'd in his reign,  
 In silent pomp he moves along the main

His brother follows, and to vengeance wains  
 The hardy Spartans, exercised in arms  
 Pharès and Brysia's valiant troops, and those  
 Whom Lacedæmon's lofty hills inclose,  
 Or Messè's towers for silver doves renown'd,  
 Amyclæ, Laas, Augia's happy ground,  
 And those whom Cetylos' low walls contain,  
 And Helos, on the margin of the main  
 These, o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cause,  
 In sixty ships with Menelaus draws  
 Eager and loud from man to man he flies,  
 Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes,  
 While vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears  
 The fair one's grief, and sees her falling tears.

In ninety sail, from Pylos' sandy coast,  
 Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host  
 From Amphigenia's ever-fruitful land,  
 Where Æpy high, and little Pteleon stand,  
 Where beauteous Aienè her structures shows,  
 And Thyon's walls Alphæus' streams inclose  
 And Dorion, famed for Thamyras' disgrace,  
 Superior once of all the tuneful race,  
 Till, vain of mortals' empty praise, he strove  
 To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove  
 Too daring bard ! whose unsuccessful pride  
 The immortal Muses in their art defied  
 The avenging Muses of the light of day  
 Deprived his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away ;  
 No more his heavenly voice was heard to sing,  
 His hand no more awak'd the silver string

Where under high Cyllenè, crown'd with wood,  
 The shaded tomb of old Æpytus stood,  
 From Ripè, Stratie, Tegea's bordering towns,  
 The Phenean fields, and Orchomenian downs,  
 Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove ;  
 And Stymphele with her surrounding grove ;  
 Parhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclined,

And high Enispè shook by wintry wind,  
 And fair Mantinea's ever-pleasing site ;  
 In sixty sail the Aicadian bands unite  
 Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head,  
 (Ancæus' son) the mighty squadron led  
 Their ships, supplied by Agamemnon's care,  
 Through roaring seas the wondering warriors bear ;  
 The first to battle on the appointed plain,  
 But new to all the dangers of the main

Those, where fair Elis and Bupiasium join ;  
 Whom Hyrmin, here, and Myrsinus confine,  
 And bounded there, where o'er the valleys rose  
 The Olenian rock, and where Alisium flows ;  
 Beneath four chiefs (a numerous army) came  
 The strength and glory of the Epean name  
 In separate squadrons these their train divide,  
 Each leads ten vessels through the yielding tide  
 One was Amphimachus, and Thalius one,  
 (Eurytus' this, and that Teatus' son,)  
 Diores sprung from Amarynceus' line,  
 And great Polyxenus, of force divine

But those who view fair Elis o'er the seas  
 From the blest islands of the Echinades,  
 In forty vessels under Meges move,  
 Begot by Phyleus, the beloved of Jove  
 To strong Dulichium from his side he fled,  
 And thence to Troy his hardy warriors led.

Ulysses follow'd through the watery road,  
 A chief, in wisdom equal to a god  
 With those whom Cephalonia's line inclosed,  
 Or till their fields along the coast opposed,  
 Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,  
 Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods,  
 Where Ægilipa's rugged sides are seen,  
 Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.  
 These in twelve galleys with vermilion prows,  
 Beneath his conduct sought the Phrygian shores.

Thoas came next, Andiaemon's valiant son,  
 From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,  
 And rough Pylencé, and the Olenian steep,  
 And Chalcis, beaten by the rolling deep  
 He led the warriors from the Ætolian shore,  
 For now the sons of Ceneus were no more !  
 The glories of the mighty race were fled !  
 Ceneus himself, and Meleager dead !

To Thoas' care now trust the martial train,  
 His forty vessels follow through the main

Next, eighty barks the Cretan king commands,  
 Of Gnossus, Lyctus, and Gortyna's bands ;  
 And those who dwell where Rhytion's domes arise,

Or white Lycastus glitters to the skies,  
 Or where by Phæstus silver Jardan runs ;  
 Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons  
 These march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,  
 And Merion, dreadful as the god of war  
 Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,  
 Led nine swift vessels through the foamy seas,  
 From Rhodes, with everlasting sunshine bright,  
 Jalyssus, Lindus, and Camirus white  
 His captive mother fierce Alcides bore  
 From Ephyr's walls and Sellé's winding shore,  
 Where mighty towns in ruins spread the plain,  
 And saw their blooming warriors early slain  
 The hero, when to manly years he grew,  
 Alcides' uncle, old Licymnius, slew,  
 For this, constrain'd to quit his native place,  
 And shun the vengeance of the Herculean race,  
 A fleet he built, and with a numerous train  
 Of willing exiles wander'd o'er the main,  
 Where, many seas and many sufferings past,  
 On happy Rhodes the chief arrived at last.  
 There in three tribes divides his native band,  
 And rules them peaceful in a foreign land,  
 Increased and prosper'd in their new abodes  
 By mighty Jove, the sire of men and gods,  
 With joy they saw the growing empire rise,  
 And showers of wealth descending from the skies.

Three ships with Nireus sought the Trojan shore,  
 Nireus, whom Aglaë to Charopus bore,  
 Nireus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,  
 The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race,  
 Pelides only match'd his early charms ;  
 But few his troops, and small his strength in arms

Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,  
 Of those Calydnæ's sea-girt isles contain,  
 With them the youth of Nisyrus repair,  
 Casus-the strong, and Crapathus the fair ;  
 Cos, where Eurypylus possess'd the sway,  
 Till great Alcides made the realms obey  
 These Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring,  
 Sprung from the god by Thessalus the king

Now, Muse, recount Pelasgic Argos' powers,  
 From Alos, Alopé, and Trechin's towers  
 From Phthia's spacious vales, and Hella, bless'd  
 With female beauty far beyond the rest  
 Full fifty ships beneath Achilles' care,  
 The Achæians, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear ;  
 Thessalians all, though various in their name,

22 "Adam, the goodliest man of men since born  
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve." — "Par. edn." 11. 222



The same their nation, and their chief the same,  
 But now inglorious, stretch'd along the shore,  
 They hear the brazen voice of war no more ;  
 No more the foe they face in dire array .  
 Close in his fleet the angry leader lay ;  
 Since fair Briseis from his arm was torn,  
 The noblest spoil from sack'd Lyncæus' house,  
 Then, when the chief the Theban walls descried ,  
 And the bold sons of great Læonæus there  
 There mourn'd Achilles , plung'd in depth of care,  
 But soon to rise in slaughter, blood, and war.

To these the youth of Phylis succed,  
 Itona, famous for her fleecy breed,  
 And grassy Pielon deck'd with cheerful green ,  
 The bowers of Ceres, and the sylvan scene  
 Sweet Pyrrhasus, with blooming flowers crown'd,  
 And Antron's watery dens, and cavern'd ground.  
 These own'd, as chief, Protesilas the brave,  
 Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave .  
 The first who boldly touch'd the Trojan shore,  
 And dyed a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore ;  
 There lies, far distant from his native plain ;  
 Unfinish'd his proud palaces remain,  
 And his sad consort beats her breast in vain  
 His troops in forty ships Podarecs led,  
 Iphiclus' son, and brother to the dead ;  
 Nor he unworthy to command the host,  
 Yet still they mourn'd their ancient leader lost.

The men who Glaphyra's fair soil partake,  
 Where hills incircle Bæbe's lowly lake,  
 Where Phære hears the neighbouring waters fall,  
 Or proud Iolcus lifts her airy wall.  
 In ten black ships embark'd for Ilion's shore,  
 With bold Eumelus, whom Alcestè bore .  
 All Pelias' race Alcestè far outshined,  
 The grace and glory of the beauteous kind,

The troops Methonè or Thaumacia yields,  
 Olizon's rocks or Melibœa's fields,  
 With Philoctetes sail'd whose matchless art  
 From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart.  
 Seven were his ships , each vessel fifty row,  
 Skill'd in his science of the dart and bow  
 But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,  
 A poisonous hydra gave the burning wound ,  
 There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain,  
 Whom Greece at length shall wish, nor wish in vain.  
 His forces Medon led from Lemnos' shore.  
 Oileus' son, whom beauteous Rhena bore.

The Cechanian race, in those high towers contain'd  
 Where once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd,

Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,  
 Or where Ithomè, rough with rocks, appears,  
 In thutty sail the sparkling waves divide,  
 Which Podalirius and Machaon guide  
 To these his skill their parent-god imparts,  
 Divine professors of the healing arts

The bold Ormenian and Asterian bands  
 In forty barks Eurypylus commands  
 Where Titan hides his hoary head in snow,  
 And where Hyperia's silver fountains flow  
 Thy troops, Argissa, Polypoetes leads, -  
 And Eleon, shelter'd by Olympus' shades,  
 Gyrtone's warriors, and where Oithè lies,  
 And Oloosson's chalky cliffs arise  
 Sprung from Pnithous of immortal race,  
 The fruit of fair Hippodamè's embrace,  
 (That day, when hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head,  
 To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled)  
 With Polypoetes join'd in equal sway  
 Leonteus leads, and forty ships obey.

In twenty sail the bold Peirhæbians came  
 From Cyphus, Guneus was their leader's name  
 With these the Emians join'd, and those who freeze  
 Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees ;  
 Or where the pleasing Titaresius glides,  
 And into Peneus rolls his easy tides ,  
 Yet o'er the silvery surface pure they flow,  
 The sacred stream unmix'd with streams below,  
 Sacred and awful ! from the dark abodes  
 Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of gods !

Last, under Prothous the Magnesians stood,  
 (Prothous the swift, of old Tenthredon's blood ,)  
 Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny boughs,  
 Obscures the glade, and nods his shaggy brows ,  
 Or where through flowery Tempé Peneus stray'd  
 (The region stretch'd beneath his mighty shade )  
 In forty sable barks they stemm'd the main ,  
 Such were the chiefs, and such the Grecian train

Say next, O Muse ! of all Achaia breeds,  
 Who bravest fought, or rein'd the noblest steeds ?  
 Eumelus' mares were foremost in the chase,  
 As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race ,  
 Bred where Pieria's fruitful fountains flow,  
 And train'd by him who bears the silver bow.  
 Fierce in the fight their nostrils breathed a flame,  
 Their height, their colour, and their age the same ;  
 O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,  
 And break the ranks, and thunder through the war  
 Ajax in arms the first renown acquired,  
 While stern Achilles in his wrath retired .

(His was the strength that mortal might exceeds,  
 And his the unrivall'd race of heavenly steeds.)  
 But Thetis' son now shines in arms no more;  
 His troops, neglected on the sandy shore,  
 In empty air their sportive javelins throw,  
 Or whirl the disk, or bend an idle bow  
 Unstain'd with blood his cover'd chariots stand;  
 The immortal coursers graze along the strand,  
 But the brave chiefs the inglorious life deplored,  
 And, wandering o'er the camp, requred their lord.

Now, like a deluge, covering all around,  
 The shining armies sweep along the ground;  
 Swift as a flood of fire, when storms arise,  
 Floats the wild field, and blazes to the skies  
 Earth groan'd beneath them, as when angry Jove  
 Hurls down the forky lightning from above,  
 On Arimé when he the thunder throws,  
 And fires Typhœus with redoubled blows,  
 Where Typhon, press'd beneath the burning-load,  
 Still feels the fury of the avenging god.

But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,  
 Speeds on the wings of winds through liquid air;  
 In Priam's porch the Trojan chiefs she found,  
 The old consulting, and the youths around.  
 Polites' shape, the monarch's son, she chose,  
 Who from Æetes' tomb observed the foes,<sup>30</sup>  
 High on the mound, from whence in prospect lay  
 The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay  
 In this dissembled form, she hastes to bring  
 The unwelcome message to the Phrygian king

"Cease to consult, the time for action calls,  
 War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!  
 Assembled armies oft have I beheld;  
 But ne'er till now such numbers charged a field:  
 Thick as autumnal leaves or driving sand,  
 The moving squadrons blacken all the strand  
 Thou, godlike Hector! all thy force employ,  
 Assemble all the united bands of Troy,  
 In just array let every leader call  
 The foreign troops this day demands them all!"

The voice divine the mighty chief alarms;  
 The council breaks, the warriors rush to arms  
 The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,  
 Nations on nations fill the dusky plain,  
 Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground:  
 The tumult thickens, and the skies resound  
 Amidst the plain, in sight of Ilion, stands

<sup>30</sup> *Æetes' tomb* Monuments were often built on the sea coast, and of a considerable height, so as to serve as watch towers or land marks. See my notes to my prose translations of the "Odyssey," u p 21, or on Eur "Alcest" vol 1 p 240

A rising mount, the work of human hands ,  
 (This for Myrinné's tomb the immortals know,  
 Though call'd Bateia in the world below ,)  
 Beneath their chiefs in martial order here,  
 The auxiliar troops and Trojan hosts appear

The godlike Hector, high above the rest,  
 Shakes his huge spear, and nods his plumed crest :  
 In throngs around his native bands repair,  
 And groves of lances glitter in the air

Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,  
 Anchises' son, by Venus' stolen embrace,  
 Born in the shades of Ida's secret grove ,  
 (A mortal mixing with the queen of love ,)  
 Archilochus and Acamas divide

The warrior's toils, and combat by his side

Who fair Zeleia's wealthy valleys till,<sup>31</sup>  
 Fast by the foot of Ida's sacred hill,  
 Or drink, Æsepus, of thy sable flood,  
 Were led by Pandarus, of royal blood ,  
 To whom his art Apollo deign'd to show,  
 Graced with the presents of his shafts and bow

From rich Apæsus and Adrestia's towers,  
 High Tereus's summits, and Pityea's bowers ,  
 From these the congregated troops obey  
 Young Amphius and Adrastus' equal sway ,  
 Old Merops' sons , whom, skill'd in fates to come,  
 The sire forewarn'd, and prophesied their doom  
 Fate urged them on ' the sire forewarn'd in vain,  
 They rush'd to war, and perish'd on the plain

From Practus' stream, Percotæ's pasture lands,  
 And Sestos and Abydos' neighbouring strands,  
 From great Arisba's walls and Sellæ's coast,  
 Asius Hyrtacides conducts his host  
 High on his car he shakes the flowing reins,  
 His fiery coursers thunder o'er the plains

The fierce Pelasgi next, in war renown'd,  
 March from Larissa's ever-fertile ground  
 In equal arms their brother leaders shine,  
 Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine

Next Acamas and Pyrrhus lead their hosts,  
 In dread array, from Thracia's wintry coasts ,  
 Round the bleak realms where Hellespontus roars,  
 And Boëas beats the hoarse-resounding shores

With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,  
 Sprung from Troezenian Ceus, loved by Jove  
 Pyrrachmes the Præonian troops attend,  
 Skill'd in the fight their crooked bows to bend ,  
 From Anius' ample bed he leads them on,

<sup>31</sup> *Zeleia*, another name for *Lycia* The inhabitants were greatly devoted to the worship of Apollo See Müller, "Dorians," vol. i p 248

Axius, that laves the distant Amydon,  
 Axius, that swells with all his neighbouring rills,  
 And wide around the floating region fills.

The Paphlagonians Pylæmenes rules,  
 Where rich Henetia breeds her savage mules,  
 Where Erythinus' rising cliffs are seen,  
 Thy groves of box, Cytorus' ever green,  
 And where Ægialus and Ciomna lie,  
 And lofty Sesamus invades the sky,  
 And where Parthenius, roll'd through banks of flowers,  
 Reflects her bordering palaces and bowers.

Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band,  
 Whom Odius and Epistiophus command,  
 From those far regions where the sun refines  
 The ripening silver in Alybean mines.

There mighty Chromis led the Mysian train,  
 And augur Ennomus, inspired in vain,  
 For stern Achilles lopp'd his sacred head,  
 Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.

Phorcys and brave Ascanius here unite  
 The Ascanian Phrygians, eager for the fight  
 Of those who round Mæonia's realms reside,  
 Or whom the vales in shades of Tmolus hide,  
 Mestles and Antiphus the charge partake,  
 Born on the banks of Gyges' silent lake  
 There, from the fields where wild Mæander flows,  
 High Mycale, and Latmos' shady brows,  
 And proud Miletus, came the Carian throngs,  
 With mingled clamours and with barbarous tongues;<sup>32</sup>  
 Amphimachus and Naustes guide the train,  
 Naustes the bold, Amphimachus the vain,  
 Who, trick'd with gold, and glittering on his car,  
 Rode like a woman to the field of war  
 Fool that he was! by fierce Achilles slain,  
 The river swept him to the briny main  
 There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior lies  
 The valiant victor seized the golden prize.

The forces last in fair array succeed,  
 Which blameless Glaucus and Saipedon lead  
 The warlike bands that distant Lycia yields,  
 Where gulfy Xanthus foams along the fields.

<sup>32</sup> *Barbarous tongues* "Various as were the dialects of the Greeks—and these differences existed not only between the several tribes, but even between neighbouring cities—they yet acknowledged in their language that they formed but one nation—were but branches of the same family. Homer has 'men of other tongues' and yet Homer had no general name for the Greek nation"—Heeren, "Ancient Greece," § vii. p. 107, sq.

## BOOK III.

### ARGUMENT

#### THE DUPE OF MELEAUS AND PARIS.

The armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Meleæus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helen to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priamus is with his counsellors observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues, wherein Paris being overcome, is transported away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Hector from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the conditions.

The three and twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

THUS by their leaders' care each martial band  
Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land  
With shouts the Trojans, rushing from afar,  
Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war.  
So when inclement winters vex the plain  
With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,  
To warmer seas the cranes embodied fly,  
With noise, and order, through the midway sky,  
To piny nations wounds and death they bring,  
And all the war descends upon the wing.  
But silent, breathing rage, resolved and skilled  
By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,

Swift march the Greeks the rapid dust around  
 Darkening arises from the labour'd ground  
 Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds  
 A night of vapours round the mountain heads,  
 Swift-gliding mists the dusky fields invade,  
 To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade ;  
 While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,  
 Lost and confused amidst the thicken'd day  
 So wrapp'd in gathering dust, the Grecian train,  
 A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.

Now front to front the hostile armies stand,  
 Eager of fight, and only wait command ,  
 When, to the van, before the sons of fame  
 Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came :  
 In form a god ' the panther's speckled hide  
 Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride  
 His bended bow across his shoulders flung,  
 His sword beside him negligently hung ,  
 Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,  
 And dared the bravest of the Grecian race

As thus, with glorious air and proud disdain,  
 He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain,  
 Him Menelaus, loved of Mars, espies,  
 With heart elated, and with joyful eyes -  
 So joys a lion, if the branching deer,  
 Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear ,  
 Eager he seizes and devours the slain,  
 Press'd by bold youths and baying dogs in vain.  
 Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,  
 In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground  
 From his high chariot him, approaching near,  
 The beauteous champion views with marks of fear,  
 Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind,  
 And shuns the fate he well deserved to find.  
 As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees <sup>3</sup>  
 Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees,  
 Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright  
 And all confused precipitates his flight  
 So from the king the shining warrior flies,  
 And plunged amid the thickest Trojans lies.

As godlike Hector sees the prince retreat,  
 He thus upbraids him with a generous heat  
 " Unhappy Paris ! <sup>4</sup> but to women brave !  
 So fairly form'd, and only to deceive !

<sup>3</sup> "As when some peasant in a bushy brake  
 Has with unwary footing press'd a snake,  
 He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies  
 His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes "

<sup>4</sup> Δυσπαρίς, i.e. unluck'd, ill fated, Paris This alludes to the evils which resulted from his having been brought up, despite the omens which attended his birth

Dryden's Virgil, ii 510

Oh, hadst thou died when first thou saw'st the light,  
Or died at least before thy nuptial rite !  
A better fate than vainly thus to boast,  
And fly, the scandal of thy Trojan host  
Gods ! how the scornful Greeks exult to see  
Their fears of danger undeceived in thee !  
Thy figure promised with a martial air,  
But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair  
In former days, in all thy gallant pride,  
When thy tall ships triumphant stemm'd the tide,  
When Greece beheld thy punted canvas flow,  
And crowds stood wondering at the passing show,  
Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,  
You met the approaches of the Spartan queen,  
Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,  
And both her warlike lords outshined in Helen's eyes ?  
This deed, thy foes' delight, thy own disgrace,  
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race,  
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight,  
O! hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right ?  
Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know  
Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe  
Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,  
Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,  
Beauty and youth, in vain to these you trust,  
When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust  
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow  
Crush the dire author of his country's woe "

His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks  
" 'Tis just, my brother, what your angel speaks .  
But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,  
So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate ?  
Thy force, like steel, a temper'd hardness shows,  
Still edged to wound, and still untired with blows,  
Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain,  
With falling woods to strew the wasted plain  
Thy gifts I praise, nor thou despise the charms  
With which a lover golden Venus arms,  
Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show,  
No wish can gain them, but the gods bestow  
Yet, would'st thou have the proffer'd combat stand,  
The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand,  
Then let a midway space our hosts divide,  
And, on that stage of war, the cause be tried  
By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,  
For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought ;  
And who his rival can in arms subdue,  
His be the fair, and his the treasure too  
Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease,  
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace ;



Thus may the Greeks receive their native host,  
Much famed for generous deed, for heroic contest."

He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,  
Then with his spear surrounded the youth of Troy,  
Held by the middle, adwards, as near the foe  
Advanced with tops of spears well raised;  
While round his death he doted the chariot pour  
Then stones and arrows he unnumbered showered.

Then thus the monarch, great Atreus' son, said:  
"I forbear, ye warriors! by the dark gods  
A parley Hector asks, a moment's truce;  
We know him by the various plumes he wears;  
Awed by his high command the chariot attend,  
The tumult silence, and the host befriend."

While from the centre Hector rises high,  
On either host, and thus to both applies:  
"Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands,  
What Paris, author of the war, demands.  
Your shining swords within the chariot turn,  
And pitch your lances but to slay, not wound.  
Here in the midst, in either army's sight,  
He dotes the Spartan king to send to flight;  
And wills that Helen and the ravished maid,  
That caused the contest, shall reward the toil.  
Let these the brave triumph in victor's spoil,  
And different rations part in leagues of power."

He spoke in still suspense on either side  
Each army stood the Spartan chief replied.

"Me too, ye warriors, hear, whose fate is right  
A world engages in the toils of fight  
To me the labour of the field re-ign,  
Me Paris injured, all the war be mine;  
Fall he that must, beneath his rival's arms;  
And live the rest, secure of future harms.  
Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,  
To earth a sable, to the sun a white,  
Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring  
Select to Jove, the inviolable king  
Let reverend Priam in the truce engage,  
And add the sanction of considerate age;  
His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,  
And youth itself an empty wavering state,  
Cool age advances, venerably wise.

Turns on all hands its deep-discerning eyes,  
Sees what befell, and what may yet befall,  
Concludes from both, and best provides for all.

The nations hear with rising hopes possessed,  
And peaceful prospects dawn in every breast  
Within the lines they drew their steeds around,  
And from their chariots issued on the ground

Next, all unbuckling the rich mail they wore,  
 Laid then bright arms along the sable shore  
 On either side the meeting hosts are seen  
 With lances fix'd, and close the space between.  
 Two heralds now, despatch'd to Troy, invite  
 The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite  
 Talthybius hastens to the fleet, to bring  
 The lamb for Jove, the inviolable king  
 Meantime to beauteous Helen, from the skies  
 The various goddess of the rainbow flies  
 (Like fair Laodice in form and face,  
 The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race )  
 Her in the palace, at her loom she found ,  
 The golden web her own sad story crown'd,  
 The Trojan wars she weaved (herself the prize)  
 And the due triumphs of her fatal eyes  
 To whom the goddess of the painted bow  
 "Approach, and view the wondrous scene below"<sup>5</sup>  
 Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight,  
 So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,  
 Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields ,  
 Ceased is the war, and silent all the fields  
 Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,  
 In single fight to toss the beamy lance ,  
 Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,  
 Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize "

This said, the many-coloured maid inspires  
 Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires ,  
 Her country, parents, all that once were dear,  
 Rush to her thought, and force a tender tear,  
 O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,  
 And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew.  
 Her handmaids, Chrymene and Ethra, wait  
 Her silent footsteps to the Scæan gate

There sat the seniors of the Trojan race  
 (Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace,)  
 The king the first , Thymetes at his side ;  
 Lampus and Clytus, long in council tried ,  
 Panthus, and Hicetaon, once the strong ,  
 And next, the wisest of the reverend throng,  
 Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon -  
 Lean'd on the walls and bask'd before the sun  
 Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,  
 But wise through time, and narrative with age,  
 In summer days, like grasshoppers rejoice,  
 A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice

<sup>5</sup> The following scene, in which Homer has contrived to introduce so full and a sketch of the Grecian warriors, has been imitated by Euripides, who in his "Phrygians" represents Antigone surveying the opposing chimaeras from a high tower, while the prodigies describe their insignia and details their histories.

These, when the Spartan queen approach'd the tower,  
 In secret own'd resistless beauty's power.  
 They cried, "No wonder<sup>6</sup> such celestial charms  
 For nine long years have set the world in arms,  
 What winning graces! what majestic mien!  
 She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen!  
 Yet hence, O Heaven, convey that fatal face,  
 And from destruction save the Trojan race"

The good old Priam welcomed her, and cried,  
 "Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side.  
 See on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears,  
 The friends and kindred of thy former years  
 No crime of thine our present sufferings draws,  
 Not thou, but Heaven's disposing will, the cause  
 The gods these armies and this force employ,  
 The hostile gods conspire the fate of Troy.  
 But lift thy eyes, and say, what Greek is he  
 (Far as from hence these aged orbs can see)  
 Around whose brow such martial graces shine,  
 So tall, so awful, and almost divine!  
 Though some of larger stature tread the green,  
 None match his grandeur and exalted mien:  
 He seems a monarch, and his country's pride"  
 Thus ceased the king, and thus the fair replied.

"Before thy presence, father, I appear,  
 With conscious shame and reverential fear.  
 Ah! had I died, ere to these walls I fled,  
 False to my country, and my nuptial bed,  
 My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,  
 False to them all, to Paris only kind!  
 For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease  
 Shall waste the form whose fault it was to please!  
 The king of kings, Atreides, you survey,  
 Great in the war, and great in arts of sway  
 My brother once, before my days of shame!  
 And oh! that still he bore a brother's name!"

With wonder Priam view'd the godlike man,  
 Extol'd the happy prince, and thus began.  
 "O bless'd Atreides! born to prosperous fate,  
 Successful monarch of a mighty state!  
 How vast thy empire! Of your matchless train  
 What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain!  
 In Phrygia once were gallant armies known,  
 In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,  
 When godlike Mygdon led their troops of horse,  
 And I, to join them, raised the Trojan force  
 Against the manlike Amazons we stood,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *No wonder*, &c. Zeuxis, the celebrated artist, is said to have appended these lines to his picture of Helen, as a motto. Valer. Max. in 7.

<sup>7</sup> The early epic was largely occupied with the exploits and sufferings of women, or heroines, the wives and daughters of the Grecian heroes. A nation of courageous, hardy,

And Sangar's stream ran purple with their blood.  
But far inferior those, in martial grace,  
And strength of numbers, to this Grecian race "

This said, once more he view'd the warrior train,  
"What's he, whose arms lie scatter'd on the plain?  
Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread,  
Though great Atides overtops his head  
Nor yet appear his care and conduct small,  
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all  
The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,  
And, master of the flock, surveys them round "

Then Helen thus "Whom your discerning eyes  
Have singled out, is Ithacus the wise,  
A barren island boasts his glorious birth,  
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth "

Antenor took the word, and thus began.<sup>8</sup>  
"Myself, O king! have seen that wondrous man  
When, trusting Jove and hospitable laws,  
To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cause,  
(Great Menelaus urged the same request,)  
My house was honour'd with each royal guest  
I knew their persons, and admired their parts,  
Both brave in arms, and both approved in arts.  
Erect, the Spartan most engaged our view,  
Ulysses seated, greater reverence drew  
When Atreus' son harangued the listening train,  
Just was his sense, and his expression plain,  
His words succinct, yet full, without a fault,  
He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.  
But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,  
His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground,  
As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,

indefatigable women, dwelling apart from men, permitting only a short temporary intercourse, for the purpose of renovating their numbers, burning out their right breast with a view of enabling themselves to draw the bow freely—this was at once a general type, stimulating to the fancy of the poet, and a theme eminently popular with his hearers. We find these warlike females constantly reappearing in the ancient poems, and universally accepted as poetical realities in the *Iliad*. When Priam wishes to illustrate emphatically the most numerous host in which he ever found himself included, he tells us that it was assembled in Phrygia, on the banks of the Sangarius, for the purpose of resisting the formidable Amazons. When Bellerophon is to be employed in a deadly and perilous undertaking, by those who prudently wished to procure his death, he is despatched against the Amazons—Grote, vol. 1 p. 287

<sup>8</sup> Antenor, like Menes, had always been favourable to the restoration of Helen. Liv. 1. 1.

9 "His lab'ring heart with sudden rapture seized  
He prais'd, and on the ground in silence gazed  
Unskill'd and uninspired he seems to stand,  
Nor lifts the eye, nor graceful moves the hand  
Then, while the chiefs in still attention hung,  
Pours the full tide of eloquence along  
While from his lips the melting torrent flows,  
Soft as the flakes of descending snows  
Now stronger notes engage the listening crowd,  
Louder the accents rise, and yet more loud,  
Like thunders rolling from a distant cloud "

Merrick's "Tryphiodorus," 147, 22

Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his scepter'd hand ;  
 But, when he speaks, what elocution flows !  
 Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,<sup>10</sup>  
 The copious accents fall, with easy art ;  
 Melting they fall, and sink into the heart !  
 Wondering we hear, and fix'd in deep surprise,  
 Our ears refute the censure of our eyes "

The king then ask'd (as yet the camp he view'd)  
 " What chief is that, with giant strength endued,  
 Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,  
 And lofty stature, far exceed the rest ?  
 " Ajax the great, (the beauteous queen replied,)  
 Himself a host the Grecian strength and pride.  
 See ! bold Idomeneus superior towers  
 Amid yon circle of his Cretan powers,  
 Great as a god ! I saw him once before,  
 With Menelaus on the Spartan shore.  
 The rest I know, and could in order name,  
 All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame  
 Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,  
 Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in vain :  
 Castor and Pollux, first in martial force,  
 One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse.  
 My brothers these, the same our native shore,  
 One house contain'd us, as one mother bore  
 Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,  
 For distant Troy refused to sail the seas,  
 Perhaps then swords some nobler quarrel draws,  
 Ashamed to combat in their sister's cause "

So spoke the fair, nor knew her brothers' doom ;<sup>11</sup>  
 Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb,  
 Adorn'd with honours in their native shore,  
 Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more

Meantime the heralds, through the crowded town,  
 Bring the rich wine and destined victims down.

Idæus' arms the golden goblets press'd,<sup>12</sup>

Who thus the venerable king address'd .

" Arise, O father of the Trojan state !

The nations call, thy joyful people wait  
 To seal the truce, and end the dire debate.

Paris, thy son, and Sparta's king advance,  
 In measured lists to toss the weighty lance ;

And who his rival shall in arms subdue,

His be the dame, and his the treasure too

<sup>10</sup> Duport, "Gnomes of Homer," p. 20, well observes that this comparison may also be sarcastically applied to the *frigid* style of oratory. It, of course, here merely denotes the ready fluency of Ulysses.

<sup>11</sup> *Her brothers' doom*. They perished in combat with Lynceus and Idas, whilst besieging Sparta. See Hygin Poet Astr. 32, 22. Virgil and others, however, make them share immortality by turns.

<sup>12</sup> Idæus was the arm-bearer and charioteer of King Priam, slain during this war. Cf. *Æn.* .

Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,  
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace  
So shall the Greeks review their native shore,  
Much famed for generous steeds, for beauty more."

With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs prepare  
To join his milk-white coursers to the car,  
He mounts the seat, Antenor at his side,  
The gentle steeds through Scæa's gates they guide.<sup>13</sup>  
Next from the car descending on the plain,  
Amid the Grecian host and Trojan train,  
Slow they proceed the sage Ulysses then  
Arose, and with him rose the king of men.

On either side a sacred herald stands,  
The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands  
Pour the full urn, then draws the Grecian lord  
His cutlass sheathed beside his ponderous sword,  
From the sign'd victims crops the curling hair,<sup>14</sup>  
The heralds part it, and the princes share,  
Then loudly thus before the attentive bands  
He calls the gods, and spreads his lifted hands.

"O first and greatest power! whom all obey,  
Who high on Ida's holy mountain sway,  
Eternal Jove! and you bright orb that roll  
From east to west, and view from pole to pole!  
Thou mother Earth! and all ye living floods!  
Infernal furies, and Tartarean gods,  
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare  
For perjured kings, and all who falsely swear!  
Hear, and be witness! If, by Paris slain,  
Great Menelaüs press the fatal plain,  
The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep,  
And Greece returning plough the watery deep  
If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed,  
Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed:  
The appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,  
And every age record the signal day  
This if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield,  
Arms must revenge, and Mars decide the field."

With that the chief the tender victims slew,  
And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw,  
The vital spirit issued at the wound,  
And left the members quivering on the ground  
From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,  
And add libations to the powers divine  
While thus their prayers united mount the sky,  
"Hear, mighty Jove! and hear, ye gods on high!  
And may their blood, who first the league confound,

*a's gates*, rather *Scæan gates*, i. e. the left-hand gates  
; was customary in all sacrifices Hence we find Iris descending to cut off the hair  
before which she could not expire

Shed like this wine, disdain the thirsty ground ;  
 May all their consorts serve promiscuous lust,  
 And all their lust be scatter'd as the dust !"  
 Thus either host their imprecations join'd,  
 Which Jove refused, and mingled with the wind

The rites now finish'd, reverend Priam rose,  
 And thus express'd a heart o'ercharged with woes :  
 " Ye Greeks and Trojans, let the chiefs engage,  
 But spare the weakness of my feeble age .  
 In yonder walls that object let me shun.  
 Nor view the danger of so dear a son,  
 Whose arms shall conquer and what prince shall fall,  
 Heaven only knows , for heaven disposes all "

Thus said, the hoary king no longer stay'd,  
 But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid .  
 Then seiz'd the reins his gentle steeds to guide,  
 And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side

Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose  
 The lists of combat, and the ground inclose .  
 Next to decide, by sacred lots prepare,  
 Who first shall launch his pointed spear in air.  
 The people pray with elevated hands,  
 And words like these are heard through all the bays :  
 " Immortal Jove, high Heaven's superior lord,  
 On lofty Ida's holy mount adored !  
 Whoe'er involved us in this dire debate,  
 O give that author of the war to fate  
 And shades eternal ! let division cease,  
 And joyful nations join in leagues of peace."

With eyes averted Hector hastes to turn  
 The lots of fight and shakes the brazen urn.  
 Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth , by fatal chance  
 Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance  
 Both armies sat the combat to survey.  
 Beside each chief his azure armour lay,  
 And round the lists the generous couriers neigh.  
 The beauteous warriors now arrays for fight,  
 In gilded arms magnificently bright  
 The purple cushions clasp his thighs around,  
 With flowers adorn'd, with silver buckles bound :  
 Lycaon's corslet his fan body dress'd,  
 Braced in and fitted to his softer breast ,  
 A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder tied,  
 Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side  
 His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread ,  
 The waving horse-hair nodded on his head ;  
 His figured shield, a shining orb, he takes,  
 And in his hand a pointed javelin shakes.  
 With equal speed and fired by equal charms,  
 The Spartan hero sheathes his limbs in arms.

Now round the lists the admiring armies stand,  
 With javelins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band  
 Amidst the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance,  
 All pale with rage, and shake the threatening lance.  
 The Trojan first his shining javelin threw,  
 Full on Atides' ringing shield it flew,  
 Nor pierced the brazen orb, but with a bound<sup>25</sup>  
 Leap'd from the buckle, blunted, on the ground.  
 Atrides then his massy lance prepares,  
 In act to throw, but first prefers his prayers  
 "Give me, great Jove! to punish lawless lust,  
 And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust.  
 Destroy the aggressor, aid my righteous cause,  
 Avenge the breach of hospitable laws!  
 Let this example future times reclaim,  
 And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name"  
 He said, and poised in air the javelin sent,  
 Through Paris' shield the forceful weapon went,  
 His corslet pieces, and his garment rends,  
 And glancing downward, near his flank descends.  
 The wary Trojan, bending from the blow,  
 Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe  
 But fierce Atrides waved his sword, and strook  
 Full on his casque the crested helmet shook,  
 The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,  
 Broke short the fragments glitter'd on the sand.  
 The raging warrior to the spacious skies  
 Raised his upbraiding voice and angry eyes.  
 "Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust?  
 And is it thus the gods assist the just?  
 When crimes provoke us, Heaven success denies;  
 The dart falls harmless, and the falchion flies"  
 Furious he said, and towards the Grecian crew  
 (Seized by the crest) the unhappy warrior drew,  
 Struggling he follow'd, while the embroider'd thong  
 That tied his helmet, dragg'd the chief along  
 Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy,  
 But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy  
 Unseen she came, and burst the golden band,  
 And left an empty helmet in his hand  
 The casque, enraged, amidst the Greeks he threw;  
 The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy view.  
 Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart,  
 In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart,  
 The queen of love her favour'd champion shrouds

<sup>25</sup> *Nor pierc'd*

"This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,  
 Which, flutt'ring, seemed to loiter as it flew,  
 Just, and but barely, to the mark it held  
 And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield"

Dryden's Virgil, ii. 722



(For gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.  
 Raised from the field the panting youth she led,  
 And gently laid him on the bridal bed,  
 With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews,  
 And all the dome perfumes with heavenly dews.  
 Meantime the brightest of the female kind,  
 The matchless Helen, o'er the walls reclined ;  
 To her, beset with Trojan beauties, came,  
 In borrow'd form, the laughter-loving dame.  
 (She seem'd an ancient maid, well-skill'd to cull  
 The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool.)  
 The goddess softly shook her silken vest,  
 That shed perfumes, and whispering thus address'd :



VENUS, DISGUISED, INVITING HELEN TO THE CHAMBER OF PARIS.

"Haste, happy nymph ! for thee thy Paris calls,  
 Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls,  
 Fair as a god, with odours round him spread,  
 He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed,  
 Not like a warrior parted from the foe,  
 But some gay dancer in the public show "

She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was moved ;  
 She scorn'd the champion, but the man she loved.  
 Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,  
 And breast, reveal'd the queen of soft desire "

<sup>13</sup> *Reveal'd the queen*

"Thus having said, she turn'd and made appear  
 Her neck refulgent and dishevell'd hair,  
 Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground,  
 And widely spread ambrosial scents around  
 In length of train descends her sweeping gown  
 And, by her graceful walk, the queen of love is known "

Dryden's Virgil, l. 556

Struck with her presence, straight the lively red  
 Forsook her cheek, and trembling, thus she said  
 "Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive?  
 And woman's frailty always to believe!  
 Say, to new nations must I cross the main,  
 Or carry wars to some soft Asian plain?  
 For whom must Helen break her second vow?  
 What other Paris is thy darling now?  
 Left to Atreides, (victor in the strife,)  
 An odious conquest and a captive wife,  
 Hence let me sail, and if thy Paris bear  
 My absence ill, let Venus ease his care  
 A handmaid goddess at his side to wait,  
 Renounce the glories of thy heavenly state,  
 Be fix'd for ever to the Trojan shore,  
 His spouse, or slave, and mount the skies no more.  
 For me, to lawless love no longer led,  
 I scorn the coward, and detest his bed,  
 Else should I merit everlasting shame,  
 And keen reproach, from every Phrygian dame.  
 Ill suits it now the joys of love to know,  
 Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe."



VENUS PRESENTING HELEN TO PARIS

Then thus incensed, the Paphian queen replies  
 "Obey the power from whom thy glories rise  
 Should Venus leave thee, every charm must fly,  
 Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye  
 Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more  
 The world's aversion, than their love before,  
 Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,  
 Than, the sad victim of the public rage"

At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,  
 And veild her blushes in a silken shade;  
 Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,  
 Led by the goddess of the Smiles and Loves.  
 Arrived, and enter'd at the palace gate,  
 The maids officious round their mistress wait;  
 Then, all dispersing, various tasks attend;  
 The queen and goddess to the prince attend.  
 Full in her Paris' sight, the queen of love  
 Had placed the beautiful progeny of Jove;  
 Where, as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away  
 Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say:

"Is this the chief, who, lost to sense of shame,  
 Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame?  
 O hadst thou died beneath the righteous sword  
 Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord!  
 The boaster Paris oft desired the day  
 With Sparta's king to meet in single fray.  
 Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,  
 Provoke Atreides, and renew the fight.  
 Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd  
 Shouldst fall an easy conquest on the field"

The prince replies. "Al! cease, divinely fair,  
 Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;  
 This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' power:  
 We yet may vanquish in a happier hour.  
 There want not gods to favour us above;  
 But let the business of our life be love;  
 These softer moments let delights employ,  
 And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy.  
 Not thus I loved thee, when from Sparta's shore  
 My forced, my willing heavenly prize I bore,  
 When first entranced in Cranae's isle I lay,<sup>17</sup>  
 Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolved away!"  
 Thus having spoke, the enamour'd Phrygian boy  
 Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy  
 Him Helen follow'd slow with bashful charms,  
 And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms

While these to love's delicious rapture yield,  
 The stern Atreides rages round the field.  
 So some fell lion whom the woods obey,  
 Roars through the desert, and demands his prey.  
 Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,  
 But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy,  
 Even those had yielded to a foe so brave  
 The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.  
 Then speaking thus, the king of kings arose,  
 "Ye Trojans, Daidans, all our generous foes!"

<sup>17</sup> *Cranae's isle*, i. e. Athens. See the "Schol." and Alberti's "*Hesychius*," vol. II p. 338.  
 This name was derived from one of its early kings, Cranaus.

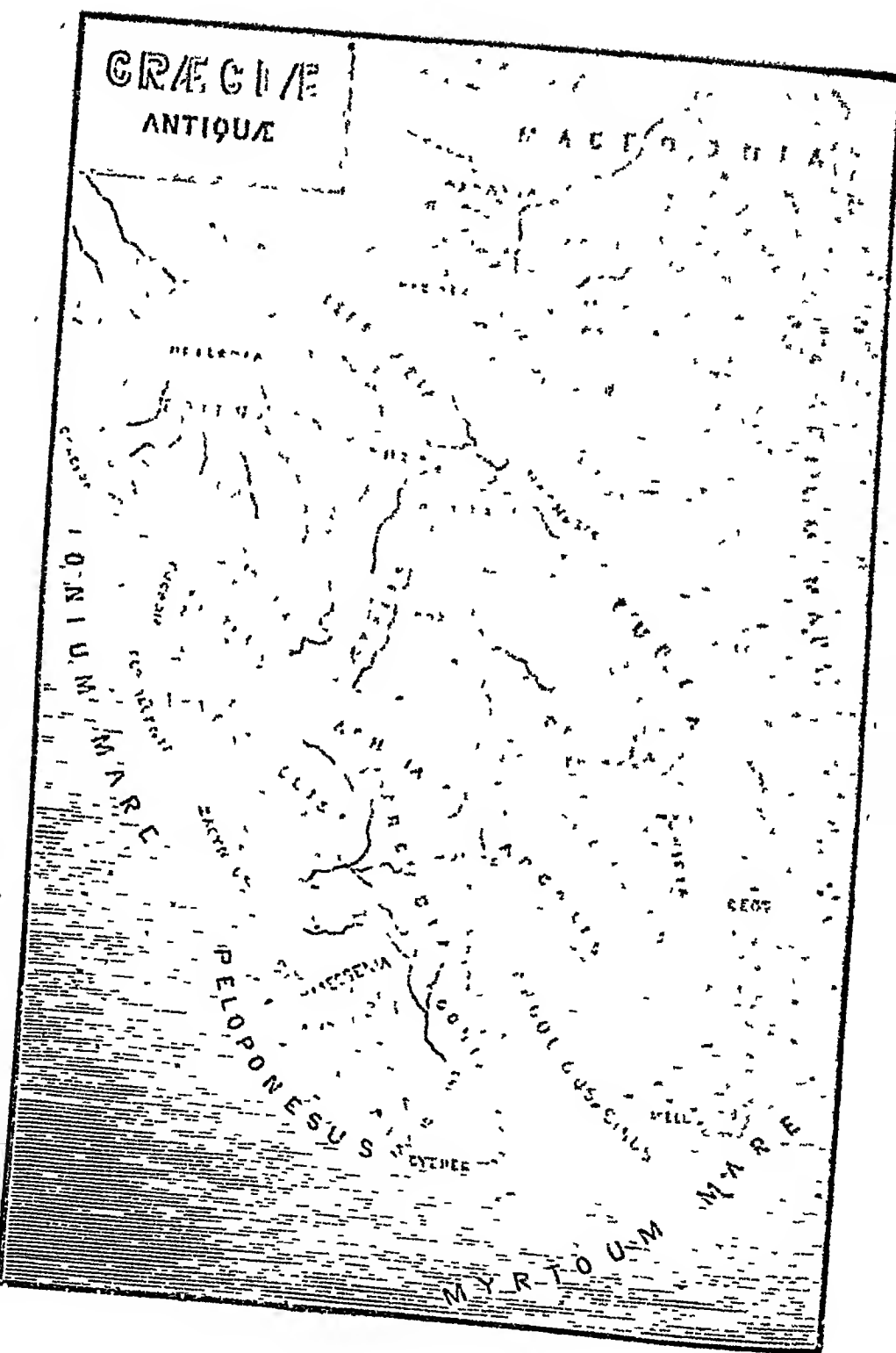
Hear and attest ' from Heaven with conquest crown'd,  
Our brother's arms the just success have found  
Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restor'd,  
Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord,  
    he appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,  
And age to age record this signal day."

He ceased, his army's loud applauses rise,  
And the long shout runs echoing through the skies.



VENUS

CRÆCINE  
ANTIQUÆ



## BOOK IV.

### ARGUMENT

#### THE BREACH OF THE TRUCE, AND THE FIRST BATTLE

The gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to run an arrow at Menelaüs, who is wounded, but cured by Machon. In the meantime some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general, he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises and others by reproof. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this as through the last book (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book.) The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

AND now Olympus' shining gates unfold ;  
The gods, with Jove, assume their thrones of gold .  
Immortal Hebe, fresh with bloom divine,  
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine  
While the full bowls flow round, the powers employ  
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy

When Jove, disposed to tempt Saturnia's spleen,  
Thus waked the fury of his partial queen,  
"Two powers divine the son of Atreus aid,  
Imperial Juno, and the martial maid ,<sup>1</sup>  
But high in heaven they sit, and gaze from far,  
The tame spectators of his deeds of war  
Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight,  
The queen of pleasures shares the toils of fight,  
Each danger wards, and constant in her care,  
Saves in the moment of the last despair  
Her act has rescued Paris' forfeit life,  
Though great Atrides gain'd the glorious strife  
Then say, ye powers ! what signal issue waits  
To crown this deed, and finish all the fates !

<sup>1</sup> *The martial maid* In the original, "Minerva Alalco vocans," i.e. *the defender*, so called from her temple at Alalcomene in Boeotia.

Shall Heaven by peace the bleeding kingdoms spare,  
Or rouse the furies, and awake the wai?  
Yet, would the gods for human good provide,  
Atreides soon might gain his beauteous bride,  
Still Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow,  
And through his gates the crowding nations flow."

Thus while he spoke, the queen of heaven, enraged,  
And queen of war, in close consult engaged  
Apart they sit, then deep designs employ,  
And meditate the future woes of Tröy.  
Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,  
The prudent goddess yet her wrath suppress'd;  
But Juno, impotent of passion, broke  
Her sullen silence, and with fury spoke.



THE COUNCIL OF THE GODS

" Shall then, O tyrant of the ethereal reign!  
My schemes, my labours, and my hopes be vain?  
Have I, for this, shook Ilion with alarms,  
Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?  
To spread the wai, I flew from shore to shore;  
The immortal coursers scarce the labour bore  
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,  
But Jove himself the faithless race defends  
Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,  
Not all the gods are partial and unjust."

The sire whose thunder shakes the cloudy skies,  
Sighs from his inmost soul, and thus replies.

" Oh lasting rancour! oh insatiate hate  
To Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian state!  
What high offence has fired the wife of Jove?  
Can wretched mortals harm the powers above,

That Troy, and Troy's whole race thou wouldst confound,  
 And yon fair structures level with the ground !  
 Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,  
 Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire !  
 Let Priam bleed ! if yet you thirst for more,  
 Bleed all his sons, and Ilium float with gore  
 To boundless vengeance the wide realm be given,  
 Till vast destruction glut the queen of heaven !  
 So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy,<sup>2</sup>  
 When heaven no longer hears the name of Troy  
 But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate  
 On thy loved realms, whose guilt demands their fate ,  
 Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay,  
 Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way.  
 For know, of all the numerous towns that rise  
 Beneath the rolling sun and starry skies,  
 Which gods have raised, or earth-born men enjoy,  
 None stands so dear to Jove as sacred Troy  
 No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace  
 Than godlike Priam, or than Priam's race  
 Still to our name then hecatombs expire,  
 And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire "

At this the goddess rolled her radiant eyes,  
 Then on the Thunderer fix'd them, and replies  
 "Three towns are Juno's on the Grecian plains,  
 More dear than all the extended earth contains,  
 Mycenæ, Argos, and the Spartan wall ,<sup>3</sup>

These thou mayst raze, nor I forbid their fall  
 'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove ,  
 The crime's sufficient that they share my love  
 Of power superior why should I complain ?  
 Resent I may, but must resent in vain  
 Yet some distinction Juno might require,  
 Sprung with thyself from one celestial sire,  
 A goddess born, to share the realms above,  
 And styled the consort of the thundering Jove ;  
 Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny ,<sup>4</sup>  
 Let both consent, and both by terms comply ,  
 So shall the gods our joint decrees obey,  
 And heaven shall act as we direct the way  
 See ready Pallas waits thy high commands  
 To raise in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands ;

<sup>2</sup> "Any thing for a quiet life !"

<sup>3</sup> *Argos* The worship of Juno at Argos was very celebrated in ancient times, and she was regarded as the patron deity of that city. Apul. Met., vi. p. 453. Servius on Virg. *Æn.*, i. 28

<sup>4</sup> *A wife and sister*

"But I, who walk in awful state above  
 The majesty of heav'n, the sister wife of Jove "

Dryden's "Virgil," i. 70.

So Apuleius, &c. speaks of her as "Jovis germana et conjux," and so Horace, *Od.* iii. 3.  
 64, "conjuges me Jovis et sorore "



Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease,  
And the proud Trojans first infringe the peace."

The sire of men and monarch of the sky  
The advice approved, and bade Minerva fly,  
Dissolve the league, and all her arts employ  
To make the breach the faithless act of Troy.  
Fired with the charge, she headlong urged her flight,  
And shot like lightning from Olympus' height  
As the red comet, from Saturnius sent  
To fright the nations with a dire portent,  
(A fatal sign to armies on the plain,  
Or trembling sailors on the wintry main,)  
With sweeping glories glides along in air,  
And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair :<sup>5</sup>  
Between both armies thus, in open sight,  
Shot the bright goddess in a trail of light,  
With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire  
The power descending, and the heavens on fire !  
"The gods (they cried), the gods this signal sent,  
And fate now labours with some vast event  
Jove seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares,  
Jove, the great arbiter of peace and wars"

They said, while Pallas through the Trojan throng,  
(In shape a mortal,) pass'd disguised along.  
Like bold Laodocus, her course she bent,  
Who from Antenor traced his high descent.  
Amidst the ranks Lycaon's son she found,  
The warlike Pandarus, for strength renown'd,  
Whose squadrons, led from black Æsepus' flood,<sup>6</sup>  
With flaming shields in martial circle stood  
To him the goddess "Phrygian ! canst thou hear  
A well-timed counsel with a willing ear ?  
What praise were thine, couldst thou direct thy dart,  
Amidst his triumph, to the Spartan's heart ?  
What gifts from Troy, from Paris wouldst thou gain,  
Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory slain ?  
Then seize the occasion, dare the mighty deed,  
Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed !  
But first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow  
To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow,  
And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay,  
On Zelia's altars, to the god of day."<sup>7</sup>

He heard, and madly at the motion pleased,

<sup>5</sup> "Thither came Uriel, gleaming through the even  
On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star  
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired  
Impress the air, and shows the manner  
From what point of his compass to beware  
Impetuous winds"—"Paradise Lost," iv 555

<sup>6</sup> *Æsepus' flood*  
the chain of Ida.

<sup>7</sup> *Zelia*, a town of Troas, at the foot of Ida.

His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seized  
'Twas form'd of horn, and smooth'd with artful toil :  
A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil  
Who pierced long since beneath his arrows bled ;  
The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead,  
And sixteen palms his brow's large honours spread  
The workmen join'd, and shap'd the bended horns,  
And beaten gold each taper point adorns  
Thus, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends,  
Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends .  
There meditates the mark , and couching low,  
Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.  
One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,  
Fated to wound, and cause of future woes ,  
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown  
Apollo's altars in his native town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,  
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends ,  
Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,  
Till the barb'd points approach the circling bow ,  
The impatient weapon whizzes on the wing ,  
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quivering string.

But thee, Atides ! in that dangerous hour  
The gods forget not, nor thy guardian power,  
Pallas assists, and (weakened in its force)  
Diverts the weapon from its destined course .  
So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,  
The watchful mother wafts the envenom'd fly  
Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,  
Where linen folds the double corslet lined,  
She turn'd the shaft, which, hissing from above,  
Pass'd the broad belt, and through the corslet drove ;  
The folds it pierced, the plaited linen tore,  
And razed the skin, and diw the purple gore  
As when some stately trappings are decreed  
To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,  
A nymph in Caria or Mæonia bred,  
Stains the pure ivory with a lively red ,  
With equal lustre various colours vie,  
The shining whiteness, and the Tyrian dye  
So great Atrides ! show'd thy sacred blood,  
As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming flood.  
With horror seized, the king of men descried  
The shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide  
Nor less the Spartan fear'd, before he found  
The shining barb appear above the wound,  
Then, with a sigh, that heaved his manly breast,  
The royal brother thus his grief express'd,  
And grasp'd his hand ; while all the Greeks around  
With answering sighs return'd the plaintive sound.

"Oh, dear as life ! did I for this agree  
 The solemn truce, a fatal truce to thee !  
 Wert thou exposed to all the hostile train,  
 To fight for Greece, and conquer, to be slain !  
 The race of Trojans in thy ruin join,  
 And faith is scorn'd by all the perjured line  
 Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,  
 Those hands we plighted, and those oaths we swore,  
 Shall all be vain . when Heaven's revenge is slow,  
 Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer blow  
 The day shall come, that great avenging day,  
 When Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,  
 When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,  
 And one prodigious ruin swallow all  
 I see the god, already, from the pole  
 Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll ;  
 I see the Eternal all his fury shed,  
 And shake his ægis o'er then guilty head  
 Such mighty woes on perjured princes wait ;  
 But thou, alas ! deserv'st a happier fate  
 Still must I mourn the period of thy days,  
 And only mourn, without my share of praise ?  
 Deprived of thee, the heartless Greeks no more  
 Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore ;  
 Troy seized of Helen, and our glory lost,  
 Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast ;  
 While some proud Trojan thus insulting cries,  
 (And spurns the dust where Menelaus lies,)  
 'Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings,  
 And such the conquest of her king of kings !  
 Lo his proud vessels scatter'd o'er the main,  
 And unrevenged his mighty brother slain.'  
 Oh ! ere that due disgrace shall blast my fame,  
 O'erwhelm me, earth ! and hide a monarch's shame."

He said a leader's and a brother's fears  
 Possess his soul, which thus the Spartan cheers .

"Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate ;  
 The feeble dart is guiltless of my fate  
 Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,  
 My varied belt repell'd the flying wound "

To whom the king "My brother and my friend,  
 Thus, always thus, may Heaven thy life defend !  
 Now seek some skilful hand, whose powerful art  
 May stanch the effusion, and extract the dart.  
 Herald, be swift, and bid Machaon bring  
 His speedy succour to the Spartan king ,  
 Pierced with a winged shaft (the deed of Troy),  
 The Grecian's sorrow, and the Dardan's joy."

With hasty zeal the swift Talthybius flies,  
 Through the thick files he darts his searching eyes,

And finds Machaon, where sublime he stands<sup>8</sup>  
 In arms incircled with his native bands  
 Then thus "Machaon, to the king repair,  
 His wounded brother claims thy timely care;  
 Pierced by some Lycian or Dardanian bow,  
 A grief to us, a triumph to the foe"

The heavy tidings grieved the godlike man  
 Swift to his succour through the ranks he ran  
 The dauntless king yet standing firm he found,  
 And all the chiefs in deep concern around.  
 Where to the steely point the reed was join'd,  
 The shaft he diew, but left the head behind.  
 Straight the broad belt with gay embroidery graced,  
 He loosed, the corslet from his breast unbiaced,  
 Then suck'd the blood, and sovereign balm infused,<sup>9</sup>  
 Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius used

While round the prince the Greeks employ their care,  
 The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war,  
 Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,  
 Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms.  
 Nor had you seen the king of men appear  
 Confused, unactive, or surpris'd with fear,  
 But fond of glory, with severe delight,  
 His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight  
 No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd,  
 Or press'd the car with polish'd brass inlaid  
 But left Euiymedon the reins to guide,  
 The fiery coursers snorted at his side  
 On foot through all the martial ranks he moves,  
 And these encourages, and those reproves.  
 "Brave men!" he cries, (to such who boldly dare  
 Urge their swift steeds to face the coming war),  
 "Your ancient valour on the foes approve,  
 Jove is with Greece, and let us trust in Jove

<sup>8</sup> "*Podaleirius* and *Machaon* are the leeches of the Grecian army, highly prized and consulted by all the wounded chiefs. Their medical renown was further prolonged in the subsequent poem of *Arktinus*, the *Iliu Persis*, wherein the one was represented as unrivalled in surgical operations, the other as sagacious in detecting and appreciating morbid symptoms. It was *Podaleirius* who first noticed the glaring eyes and disturbed deportment which preceded the suicide of *Ajux*."

"Galen appears uncertain whether *Asklepius* (as well as *Dionysus*) was originally a god, or whether he was first a man and then became afterwards a god, but *Apollodorus* professed to fix the exact date of his apotheosis. Throughout all the historical ages the descendants of *Asklepius* were numerous and widely diffused. The many families or gentes, called *Asklepiads*, who devoted themselves to the study and practice of medicine, and who principally dwelt near the temples of *Asklepius*, whether sick and suffering men came to obtain relief—all recognized the god not merely as the object of their common worship, but also as their actual progenitor"—Grote vol. i. p. 248

<sup>9</sup> "The plant she bruises with a stone, and stands  
 Tempering the juice between her ivory hands  
 This o'er her breast she sheds with sovereign art,  
 And bathes with gentle touch the wounded part  
 The wound such virtue from the juice derives,  
 At once the blood is stanch'd, the youth revives."

"*Orlando Furioso*," book 7

'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy, to dread,  
Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjured heard,  
Her sons and matrons Greece shall lead in chains,  
And her dead warriors strew the mournful plains."

Thus with new ardour he the brave inspires;  
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires:  
"Shame to your country, scandal of your kind;  
Born to the fate ye well deserve to find!  
Why stand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,  
Prepared for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?  
Confused and panting thus, the hunted deer  
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.  
Still must ye wait the foe, and still retire,  
Till yon tall vessels blaze with Trojan fire?  
Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chase,  
To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race?"

This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along,  
To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng;  
High at their head he saw the chief appear,  
And bold Meriones excite the rear.

At this the king his generous joy express'd,  
And clasp'd the warrior to his armed breast.  
"Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe  
To worth like thine! what praise shall we bestow?  
To thee the foremost honours are decreed,  
First in the fight and every graceful deed.  
For this, in banquets, when the generous bowls  
Restore our blood, and raise the warriors' souls,  
Though all the rest with stated rules we bound,  
Unmix'd, unmeasured, are thy goblets crown'd.  
Be still thyself, in arms a mighty name,  
Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.  
To whom the Cretan thus his speech address'd:  
"Secure of me, O king! exhort the rest.  
Fix'd to thy side, in every toil I share,  
Thy firm associate in the day of war  
But let the signal be this moment given;  
To mix in fight is all I ask of Heaven  
The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,  
And chains or death avenge the impious deed."

Charm'd with this heat, the king his course pursues,  
And next the troops of either Ajax views.  
In one firm orb the bands were ranged around,  
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground  
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow  
A swain surveys the gathering storm below,  
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,  
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,  
Till black as night the swelling tempest shows,  
The cloud condensing as the west-wind blows

He dreads the impending storm, and drives his flock  
To the close covert of an arching rock

Such, and so thick, the embattled squadrons stood,  
With spears erect, a moving iron wood

A shady light was shot from glimmering shields,  
And their brown arms obscured the dusky fields

"O heroes ! worthy such a dauntless train,  
Whose godlike virtue we but urge in vain,  
(Exclaim'd the king), who raise your eager bands  
With great examples, more than loud commands  
Ah ! would the gods but breathe in all the rest  
Such souls as burn in your exalted breast,  
Soon should our aims with just success be crown'd,  
And Troy's proud walls be smoking on the ground."

Then to the next the general bends his course,  
(His heart exults, and glories in his force),

There reverend Nestor ranks his Pyliaean bands,

And with inspiring eloquence commands,

With strictest order sets his train in arms,

The chiefs advise, and the soldiers warm

Alastor, Chromius, Hæmon, round him wait,

Bias the good, and Pelagon the great

The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,

The foot (the strength of war) he ranged behind :

The middle space suspected troops supply,

Inclosed by both, nor left the power to fly,

He gives command to "curb the fiery steed,

Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed

Before the rest let none too rashly ride,

No strength nor skill, but just in time, be tried.

The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein,

But fight, or fall, a firm embodied train

He whom the fortune of the field shall cast

From forth his chariot, mount the next in haste,

Nor seek unpractised to direct the car,

Content with javelins to provoke the war

Our great forefathers held this prudent course,

Thus ruled their aidour, thus preserved their force ;

By laws like these immortal conquests made,

And earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid "

So spoke the master of the martial art,

And touch'd with transport great Atreides' heart

"Oh ! hadst thou strength to match thy brave desires,

And nerves to second what thy soul inspires "

But wasting years, that wither human race,

Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace

What once thou wert, oh ever mightst thou be "

And age the lot of any chief but thee "

Thus to the experienced prince Atreides cried ;

He shook his hoary locks, and thus replied

"Well might I wish, could mortal wish renew"<sup>10</sup>  
 That strength which once in boiling youth I knew.  
 Such as I was, when Ereuthalion, slain  
 Beneath this arm, fell prostrate on the plain.  
 But heaven its gifts not all at once bestows,  
 These years with wisdom crowns, with action those :  
 The field of combat fits the young and bold,  
 The solemn council best becomes the old :  
 To you the glorious conflict I resign,  
 Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine "

He said With joy the monarch march'd before,  
 And found Menestheus on the dusty shore,  
 With whom the firm Athenian phalanx stands ;  
 And next Ulysses, with his subject bands.  
 Remote their forces lay, nor knew so far  
 The peace infringed, nor heard the sounds of war ;  
 The tumult late begun, they stood intent  
 To watch the motion, dubious of the event.  
 The king, who saw their squadrons yet unmoved,  
 With hasty aidou thus the chiefs reproved .

"Can Peleus' son forget a warrior's part,  
 And fears Ulysses, skill'd in every art?  
 Why stand you distant, and the rest expect  
 To mix in combat which yourselves neglect?  
 From you 'twas hoped among the first to dare  
 The shock of armies, and commence the war,  
 For this your names are call'd before the rest,  
 To share the pleasures of the genial feast  
 And can you, chiefs ! without a blush survey  
 Whole troops before you labouring in the fray?  
 Say, is it thus those honours you requite?  
 The first in banquets, but the last in fight."

Ulysses heard the hero's warmth o'erspread  
 His cheek with blushes and severe, he said .  
 "Take back the unjust reproach ! Behold we stand  
 Sheathed in bright arms, and but expect command.  
 If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight,  
 Behold me plunging in the thickest fight—  
 Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,  
 Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'st to view "  
 Struck with his generous wrath, the king replies .

"O great in action, and in council wise !  
 With ours, thy care and ardour are the same,

<sup>10</sup> *Well might I wish*

"Would heav'n (said he) my strength and youth recall,  
 Such as I was beneath Fræneste's wall—  
 Then when I made the foremost foes retire,  
 And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire,  
 When Herilus in single fight I slew,  
 Whom with three lives Feronia did endue "

Dryden's Virgil, viii 742.

Nor need I to commend, nor aught to blame.  
Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,  
Forgive the transport of a martial mind.  
Haste to the fight, secure of, just amends ;  
The gods that make, shall keep the worthy, friends "

He said, and pass'd where great Tydides lay,  
His steeds and chariots wedged in firm array ,  
(The warlike Sthenelus attends his side ,) "<sup>11</sup>  
To whom with stern reproach the monarch cried  
"O son of Tydeus ! (he, whose strength could tame  
The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name)  
Canst thou, remote, the mingling hosts descry,  
With hands unactive, and a careless eye ?  
Not thus thy sire the fierce encounter fear'd ,  
Still first in front the matchless prince appear'd  
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,  
Who view'd him labouring through the ranks of fight ?  
I saw him once, when gathering martial powers,  
A peaceful guest, he sought Mycenæ's towers ,  
Armies he ask'd, and armies had been given,  
Not we denied, but Jove forbade from heaven ,  
While dreadful comets glaring from afar,  
Forewarn'd the horrors of the Theban war "<sup>12</sup>  
Next, sent by Greece from where Asopus flows,  
A fearless envoy, he approach'd the foes ;  
Thebes' hostile walls unguarded and alone,  
Dauntless he enters, and demands the throne  
The tyrant feasting with his chiefs he found,  
And dared to combat all those chiefs around  
Dared, and subdued before their haughty lord ,  
For Pallas strung his arm and edged his sword -  
Stung with the shame, within the winding way,  
To bar his passage fifty warriors lay ,  
Two heroes led the secret squadron on,  
Mæon the fierce, and handy Lycophon ,  
Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale  
He spared but one to bear the dreadful tale,  
Such Tydeus was, and such his martial fire ,  
Gods ! how the son degenerates from the sire ! "<sup>13</sup>

No words the godlike Diomed return'd,  
But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd  
Not so fierce Capaneus' undaunted son ,  
Stern as his sire, the boaster thus begun .

"What needs, O monarch ! this invidious praise,  
Ourselves to lessen, while our sire you raise ?  
Dare to be just, Atreides ! and confess

<sup>11</sup> *Sthenelus*, a son of Capaneus, one of the Epigoni. He was one of the suitors of Helen, and is said to have been one of those who entered Troy inside the wooden horse.  
<sup>12</sup> *Forewarn'd the horrors*. The same portent has already been mentioned. To this day, modern nations are not wholly free from this superstition.



Our value equal, though our fury less.  
 With fewer troops we storm'd the Theban wall,  
 And happier saw the sevenfold city fall,<sup>13</sup>  
 In impious acts the guilty father died,  
 The sons subdued, for Heaven was on their side.  
 Far more than hairs of all our parents' fame,  
 Our glories darken their diminish'd name."

To him Tydides thus . ' My friend, forbear ;  
 Suppress thy passion, and the king revere ;  
 His high concern may well excuse this rage,  
 Whose cause we follow, and whose war we wage :  
 His the first praise, were Itho's towers o'erthrown,  
 And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own.  
 Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,  
 'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight "

He spoke, and ardent, on the trembling ground  
 Sprung from his car : his ringing arms resound.  
 Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,  
 Of arm'd Tydides rushing to the war.  
 As when the winds, ascending by degrees,<sup>14</sup>  
 First move the whitening surface of the seas,  
 The billows float in order to the shore,  
 The wave behind rolls on the wave before ;  
 Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,  
 Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.  
 So to the fight the thick battalions throng,  
 Shields urged on shields, and men drove men along  
 Sedate and silent move the numerous bands ;  
 No sound, no whisper, but the chief's commands,  
 Those only heard , with awe the rest obey,  
 As if some god had snatch'd their voice away.  
 Not so the Trojans , from their host ascends  
 A general shout that all the region rends  
 As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand  
 In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,  
 The hollow vales incessant bleating fill,  
 The lambs reply from all the neighbouring hills .  
 Such clamours rose from various nations round,  
 Mix'd was the murmur, and confused the sound.  
 Each host now joins, and each a god inspires,  
 These Mars incites, and those Minerva fires,  
 Pale flight around, and dreadful terror reign ;  
 And discord raging bathes the purple plain ;

<sup>13</sup> *Sevenfold city* Bæotian Thebes, which had seven gates

<sup>14</sup> *As when the winds*

" Thus, when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,  
 White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries ,  
 Then roars the main, the billows mount the skies ,  
 Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,  
 The muddy billow o'er the clouds is thrown "

Dryden's Virgil, vii 736.

Discord ! dire sister of the slaughtering power,  
 Small at her birth, but rising every hour,  
 While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,  
 She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around ;<sup>15</sup>  
 The nations bleed, where'er her steps she turns,  
 The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet closed,  
 To armour armour, lance to lance opposed,  
 Host against host with shadowy squadrons drew,  
 The sounding darts in noon tempests flew,  
 Victois and vanquish'd join'd promiscuous cries,  
 And shilling shouts and dying groans arise,  
 With streaming blood the slippery fields are dyed,  
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide

As torrents roll, increased by numerous rills,  
 With rage impetuous, down their echoing hills  
 Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain,  
 Roar through a thousand channels to the main  
 The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound ;  
 So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound

The bold Antilochus the slaughter led,  
 The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead .  
 At great Echepolus the lance arrives,  
 Razed his high crest, and through his helmet drives ;  
 Warn'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,  
 And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes

So sinks a tower, that long assaults had stood  
 Of force and fire, its walls besmear'd with blood  
 Him, the bold leader of the Abantian throng,<sup>16</sup>  
 Seized to despoil, and dragg'd the corpse along  
 But while he strove to tug the inserted dart,  
 Agenor's javelin reach'd the hero's heart  
 His flank, unguarded by his ample shield,  
 Admits the lance he falls, and spurns the field ,  
 The nerves, unbraced, support his limbs no more ,  
 The soul comes floating in a tide of gore  
 Trojans and Greeks now gather round the slain ;  
 The war renews, the warriors bleed again .  
 As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,  
 Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage

In blooming youth fair Simoisius fell,  
 Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell ,  
 Fair Simoisius, whom his mother bore  
 Amid the flocks on silver Simois' shore  
 The nymph descending from the hills of Ide,  
 To seek her parents on his flowery side,

<sup>15</sup> " Stood

Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved

His stature reach'd the sky "—"Paradise Lost," iv. 986

<sup>16</sup> The Abantes seem to have been of Thracian origin

Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,  
 And thence from Simois named the lovely boy.  
 Shoit was his date<sup>1</sup> by dreadful Ajax slain,  
 He falls, and renders all their cares in vain !  
 So falls a poplar, that in watery ground  
 Raised high the head, with stately branches crown'd,  
 (Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,  
 To shape the circle of the bending wheel,)  
 Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,  
 With all its beauteous honours on its head ;  
 There, left a subject to the wind and rain,  
 And scorch'd by suns, it withers on the plain  
 Thus pierced by Ajax, Simoisius lies  
 Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.

At Ajax, Antiphos his javelin thiev ,  
 The pointed lance with ringing fury flew,  
 And Leucus, loved by wise Ulysses, slew.  
 He drops the corpse of Simoisius slain,  
 And sinks a breathless carcase on the plain.  
 Thus saw Ulysses, and with grief eniaged,  
 Strode where the foremost of the foes engaged ;  
 Aim'd with his spear, he meditates the wound,  
 In act to throw ; but cautious look'd around,  
 Struck at his sight the Trojans backward drew,  
 And trembling heard the javelin as it flew.  
 A chief stood nigh, who from Abydos came,  
 Old Priam's son, Democoon was his name  
 The weapon enter'd close above his ear,  
 Cold through his temples glides the whizzing spear ;  
 With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his breath,  
 His eye-balls darken with the shades of death ;  
 Ponderous he falls , his clanging arms resound,  
 And his broad buckler rings against the ground  
 Seized with affright the boldest foes appear ,  
 E'en godlike Hector seems himself to fear ,  
 Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled ,  
 The Greeks with shouts press on, and spoil the dead :  
 But Phœbus now from Ilion's towering height  
 Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.  
 " Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppose ;  
 Your foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes !  
 Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel ;  
 Your weapons enter, and your strokes they feel.  
 Have ye forgot what seem'd your dread before ?  
 The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more "

Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty towers,  
 Ariay'd in terrors, roused the Trojan powers .  
 While war's fierce goddess fires the Grecian foe,

<sup>17</sup> I may, once for all, remark that Homer is most anatomically correct as to the parts of the body in which a wound would be immediately mortal

And shouts and thunders in the fields below  
 Then great Diores fell, by doom divine,  
 In vain his valour and illustrious line  
 A broken rock the force of Pyrus threw,  
 (Who from cold *Ænus* led the Thracian crew,) <sup>18</sup>  
 Full on his ankle dropp'd the ponderous stone,  
 Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid bone  
 Supine he tumbles on the crimson sands,  
 Before his helpless friends, and native bands,  
 And spreads for aid his unavailing hands  
 The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,  
 And through his navel drove the pointed death  
 His gushing entrails smoked upon the ground,  
 And the warm life came issuing from the wound

His lance bold Thoas at the conqueror sent,  
 Deep in his breast above the pap it went,  
 Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,  
 And quivering in his heaving bosom stood  
 Till from the dying chief, approaching near,  
 The *Ætolian* warrior tugg'd his weighty spear  
 Then sudden waved his flaming falchion round,  
 And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound,  
 The corpse now breathless on the bloody plain,  
 To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain,  
 The Thracian bands against the victor press'd,  
 A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast  
 Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,  
 In sullen fury slowly quits the prize

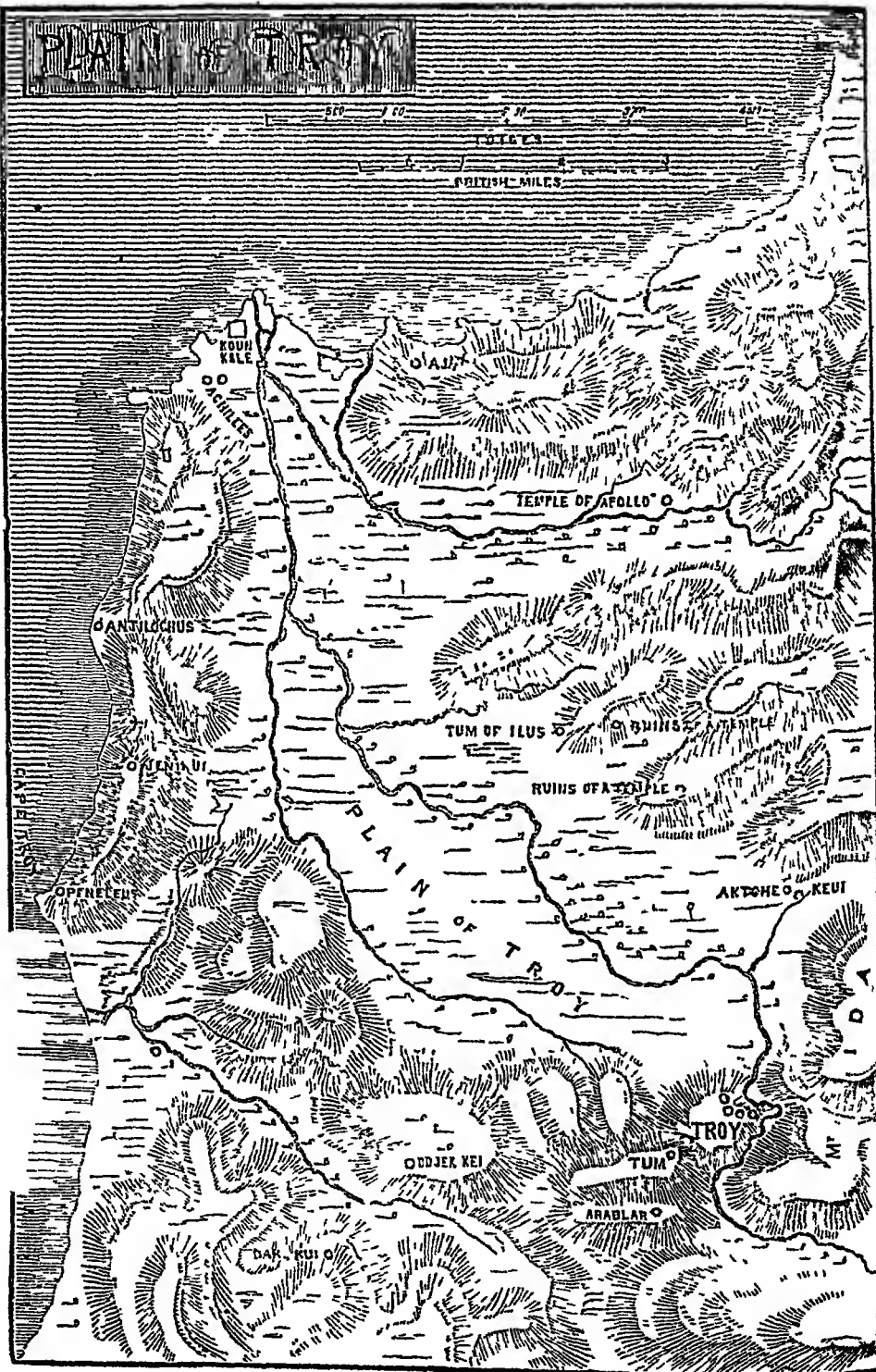
Thus fell two heroes, one the pride of Thrace,  
 And one the leader of the *Epeian* race,  
 Death's sable shade at once o'ercaст their eyes,  
 In dust the vanquish'd and the victor lies  
 With copious slaughter all the fields are red,  
 And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead

Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld,  
 By *Pallas* guarded through the dreadful field,  
 Might daits be bid to turn their points away,  
 And swords around him innocently play,  
 The war's whole art with wonder had he seen,  
 And counted heroes where he counted men

So fought each host, with thirst of glory fired,  
 And crowds on crowds triumphantly expired

<sup>18</sup> *Ænus*, a fountain almost proverbial for its coldness

# PLAIN OF TROY



## BOOK V.

### ARGUMENT

#### THE ACTS OF DIOMED

Diomed, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the goddess cures him, enables him to discern gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him, Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger but for the assistance of Venus, who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the meantime Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks, among the rest Polydorus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars, the latter incites Diomed to go against that god, he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former

BUT Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,<sup>1</sup>  
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,  
Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,  
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise  
High on his helm celestial lightnings play,  
His beamy shield emits a living ray,  
The unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,  
Like the red star that fires the autumnal skies,  
When fresh he rears his radiant orb to sight,  
And, bathed in ocean, shoots a keener light  
Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,  
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd.  
Onward she drives him, furious to engage,  
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.  
The sons of Dares first the combat sought,  
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault,

<sup>1</sup> Compare Tasso, *Gier Lib*, *xx* 7.

"Nuovo favor del cielo in lui m'ha  
E' l'fa grande, et angusto oltre il costume  
Gl'empie d'honor la faccia, e vi riduce  
Di giovinezza il bel purpurco lume"

In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,  
 The sons to toils of glorious battle bred ;  
 These singled from their troops the fight maintain,  
 These, from their steeds, Tydides on the plain.  
 Fierce for renown the brother-chiefs draw near,  
 And first bold Phegeus cast his sounding spear,  
 Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,  
 And spent in empty air its erring force.  
 Not so, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain,  
 But pierced his breast, and stretch'd him on the plain.  
 Seized with unusual fear, Idæus fled,  
 Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead.  
 And had not Vulcan lent celestial aid,  
 He too had sunk to death's eternal shade ;  
 But in a smoky cloud the god of fire  
 Preserved the son, in pity to the sire.  
 The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,  
 Increased the spoils of gallant Diomed.

Struck with amaze and shame, the Trojan crew,  
 Or slain, or fled, the sons of Daïes view,  
 When by the blood-stain'd hand Minerva press'd  
 The god of battles, and this speech address'd.

" Stern power of war ! by whom the mighty fall,  
 Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall !  
 Let the brave chiefs then glorious toils divide ;  
 And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide  
 While we from interdicted fields retire,  
 Nor tempt the wrath of heaven's avenging sire "

Her words allay the impetuous warrior's heat,  
 The god of arms and martial maid retreat,  
 Removed from fight, on Xanthus' flowery bounds  
 They sat, and listen'd to the dying sounds

Meantime, the Greeks the Trojan race pursue,  
 And some bold chieftain every leader slew.  
 First Odus falls, and bites the bloody sand,  
 His death ennobled by Atreides' hand :

As he to flight his wheeling car address'd,  
 The speedy javelin drove from back to breast.  
 In dust the mighty Halizonian lay,  
 His arms resound, the spirit wings its way

Thy fate was next, O Phæstus ! doom'd to feel  
 The great Idomeneus' pretended steel ;  
 Whom Borus sent (his son and only joy)  
 From fruitful Tarnè to the fields of Troy  
 The Cretan javelin reach'd him from afar,  
 And pierced his shoulder as he mounts his car ;  
 Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,  
 And everlasting shades his eyes surround.

Then died Scamandrius, expert in the chase,  
 In woods and wilds to wound the savage race,

Diana taught him all her sylvan arts,  
 To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts -  
 But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,  
 The fatal lance arrests him as he flies,  
 From Menelaus' aim the weapon sent,  
 Through his broad back and heaving bosom went  
 Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,  
 His brazen armour rings against the ground

Next artful Phereclus untimely fell,  
 Bold Menon sent him to the realms of hell  
 Thy father's skill, O Phereclus ! was thine,  
 The graceful fabric and the fair design,  
 For loved by Pallas, Pallas did impart  
 To him the shipwright's and the builder's art  
 Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris rose,  
 The fatal cause of all his country's woes,  
 But he, the mystic will of heaven unknown,  
 Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own  
 The hapless artist, while confused he fled,  
 The spear of Merion mingled with the dead  
 Through his right hip, with forceful fury cast,  
 Between the bladder and the bone it pass'd ;  
 Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,  
 And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes

From Meges' force the swift Pedæus fled,  
 Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,  
 Whose generous spouse, Theanor, heavenly fair,  
 Nursed the young stranger with a mother's care  
 How vain those cares ! when Meges in the rear  
 Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear,  
 Swift through his crackling jaws the weapon glides,  
 And the cold tongue and grinning teeth divides

Then died Hypsenor, generous and divine,  
 Sprung from the brave Dolopion's mighty line,  
 Who near adored Scamander made abode,  
 Priest of the stream, and honoured as a god  
 On him, amidst the flying numbers found,  
 Eurypylos inflicts a deadly wound,  
 On his broad shoulders fell the forceful brand,  
 Thence glancing downwards, lopp'd his holy hand,  
 Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand  
 Down sunk the priest the purple hand of death  
 Closed his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath

Thus toil'd the chiefs, in different parts engaged  
 In every quarter fierce Tydides raged,  
 Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train,  
 Rapt through the ranks he thunders o'er the plain,  
 Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,  
 Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face  
 Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong



Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,  
Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,  
O'erwhelm's the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds;  
The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year,  
And flattod vineyards, one sad waste appear!<sup>2</sup>  
While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain,  
And all the labours of mankind are vain.

So raged Tydides, boundless in his ire,  
Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire.  
With grief the leader of the Lycian band  
Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand.  
His bended bow against the chief he drew;  
Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew,  
Whose forky point the hollow breastplate tore,  
Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank the gore:  
The rushing stream his brazen armour dyed,  
While the proud archer thus exulting cried:

"Hither, ye Trojans, hither drive your steeds!  
Lo! by our hand the bravest Grecian bleeds,  
Not long the deathful dart he can sustain;  
O! Phoebus urged me to these fields in vain."  
So spoke he, boastful but the winged dart  
Stopp'd short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.  
The wounded chief, behind his car retired,  
The helping hand of Sthenelus required,  
Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,  
And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound;  
When thus the king his guardian power address'd,  
The purple current wandering o'er his vest

"O progeny of Jove! unconquer'd maid!  
If e'er my godlike sire deserved thy aid,  
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field;  
Now, goddess, now, thy sacred succour yield.  
O give my lance to reach the Trojan knight,  
Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in fight;  
And lay the boaster grovelling on the shore,  
That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more."

Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard,  
His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirits cheer'd,  
He feels each limb with wonted vigour light,  
His beating bosom claim'd the promised fight  
"Be bold, (she cried), in every combat shine,  
War be thy province, thy protection mine,  
Rush to the fight, and every foe control,  
Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul:

<sup>2</sup> "Or deluges, descending on the plains,  
Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains  
Of lab'ring oxen, and the peasant's gains,  
Uproot the forest oaks, and bear away  
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey"

Strength swells thy boiling breast, infused by me,  
 And all thy godlike father breathes in thee,  
 Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy eyes,<sup>3</sup>  
 And set to view the warring deities  
 These see thou shun, through all the embattled plain,  
 Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.  
 If Venus mingle in the martial band,  
 Her shalt thou wound so Pallas gives command"

With that, the blue-eyed virgin wing'd her flight,  
 The hero rush'd impetuous to the fight,  
 With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,  
 Wild with delay, and more enraged by pain  
 As on the fleecy flocks when hunger calls,  
 Amidst the field a brindled lion falls;  
 If chance some shepherd with a distant dart  
 The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,  
 He foams, he roars, the shepherd dares not stay,  
 But trembling leaves the scattering flocks a prey,  
 Heaps fall on heaps, he bathes with blood the ground,  
 Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.  
 Not with less fury stein Tydides flew,  
 And two brave leaders at an instant slew,  
 Astynous breathless fell, and by his side,  
 His people's pastor, good Hypenor, died,  
 Astynous' breast the deadly lance receives,  
 Hypenor's shoulder his broad falchion cleaves  
 Those slain he left, and sprung with noble rage  
 Abas and Polydus to engage,  
 Sons of Eurydamus, who, wise and old,  
 Could fate foresee, and mystic dreams unfold,  
 The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,  
 And the sad father tried his arts in vain,  
 No mystic dream could make their fates appeal,  
 Though now determined by Tydides' spear

Young Xanthus next, and Thoon felt his rage  
 The joy and hope of Phænops' feeble age  
 Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs  
 Of all his labours and a life of cares  
 Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,  
 And leaves the father unavailing tears  
 To strangers now descends his heapy store,  
 The race forgotten, and the name no more

Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride,  
 Glittering in arms, and combat side by side  
 As when the lordly lion seeks his food  
 Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,

<sup>3</sup> *From mortal mists'*

"But to nobler sights

Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed"

"Paradise Lost," vi 411

He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,  
 Bends then strong necks, and tears them to the ground :  
 So from their seats the brother chiefs are torn,  
 Their steeds and chariot to the navy borne.

With deep concern divine Æneas view'd  
 The foe prevailing, and his friends pursued ;  
 Through the thick storm of singing spears he flies,  
 Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes  
 At length he found Lycaon's mighty son ;  
 To whom the chief of Venus' race begun :

"Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now,  
 Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,  
 Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrivall'd fame,  
 And boasted glory of the Lycian name ?  
 O pierce that mortal ! if we mortal call  
 That wondrous force by which whole armies fall ;  
 Or god incensed, who quits the distant skies  
 To punish Troy for slighted sacrifice,  
 (Which, oh avert from our unhappy state !  
 For what so dreadful as celestial hate) ?  
 Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with prayer ;  
 If man, destroy, if god, entreat to spare "

To him the Lycian "Whom your eyes behold,  
 If right I judge, is Diomed the bold  
 Such coursers wheel him o'er the dusty field,  
 So towers his helmet, and so flames his shield  
 If 'tis a god, he wears that chief's disguise  
 Or if that chief, some guardian of the skies,  
 Involved in clouds, protects him in the fray,  
 And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.  
 I wing'd an arrow which not idly fell,  
 The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell ;  
 And, but some god, some angry god withstands,  
 His fate was due to these unerring hands  
 Skill'd in the bow, on foot I sought the war,  
 Not join'd swift horses to the rapid car  
 Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home,  
 And still they grace Lycaon's princely dome  
 There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand,  
 And twice ten coursers wait their lord's command.  
 The good old warrior bade me trust to these,  
 When first for Troy I sail'd the sacred seas,  
 In fields, aloft, the whirling car to guide,  
 And through the ranks of death triumphant ride.  
 But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclined,  
 I heard his counsels with unheeding mind,  
 And thought the steeds (your large supplies unknown)  
 Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town,  
 So took my bow and pointed darts in hand  
 And left the chariots in my native land

"Too late, O friend ! my rashness I deplore ,  
 These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more  
 Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found,  
 And undissembled gore pursued the wound  
 In vain they bleed this unavailing bow  
 Serves, not to slaughter, but provoke the foe  
 In evil hour these bended horns I strung,  
 And seized the quiver where it idly hung.  
 Cursed be the fate that sent me to the field  
 Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield !  
 If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,  
 If e'er I see my spouse and sire again,  
 This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,  
 Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames "

To whom the leader of the Dardan race  
 "Be calm, nor Phœbus' honom'd gift disgrace.  
 The distant dart be praised, though here we need  
 The rushing chariot and the bounding steed.  
 Against yon hero let us bend our course,  
 And, hand to hand, encounter force with force  
 Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height  
 Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight ,  
 Practised alike to turn, to stop, to chase,  
 To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race ;  
 Secure with these, through fighting fields we go ,  
 Or safe to Troy, if Jove assist the foe  
 Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein ,  
 The warrior's fury let this arm sustain ,  
 Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,  
 Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine "

"O prince ! (Lycaon's valiant son replied)  
 As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide  
 The horses, practised to their lord's command,  
 Shall bear the rein, and answer to thy hand ,  
 But, if, unhappy, we desert the fight,  
 Thy voice alone can animate their flight ,  
 Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,  
 And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led  
 Thine be the guidance, then with spear and shield  
 Myself will charge this terror of the field "

And now both heroes mount the glittering car ,  
 The bounding coursers rush amidst the war ,  
 Their fierce approach bold Sthenelus espied,  
 Who thus, alarm'd, to great Tydides cried

"O friend ! two chiefs of force immense I see,  
 Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee  
 Lo the brave heir of old Lycaon's line,  
 And great Æneas, sprung from race divine !  
 Enough is given to fame Ascend thy car !  
 And save a life, the bulwark of our wai."

At this the hero cast a gloomy look,  
 Fix'd on the chief with scorn, and thus he spoke:  
 "Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight?  
 Me wouldst thou move to base, inglorious flight?  
 Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,  
 Nor was Tydides born to tremble here.  
 I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,  
 And the long distance of the flying lance,  
 But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,  
 Thus front the foe, and emulate my sire.  
 Nor shall yon steeds, that fierce to fight convey  
 Those threatening heroes, bear them both away;  
 One chief at least beneath this arm shall die;  
 So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.  
 But if she dooms, and if no god withstand,  
 That both shall fall by one victorious hand,  
 Then heed my words. my horses here detain,  
 Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein;  
 Swift to Æneas' empty seat proceed,  
 And seize the coursers of ethereal breed,  
 The race of those, which once the thundering god<sup>4</sup>  
 For ravish'd Ganymede on Tios bestow'd,  
 The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run,  
 Beneath the rising or the setting sun  
 Hence great Anchises stole a breed unknown,  
 By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon  
 Four of this race his ample stalls contain,  
 And two transport Æneas o'er the plain.  
 These, were the rich immortal prize our own,  
 Through the wide world should make our glory known."  
 Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on,  
 And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun  
 "Prince, thou art met. Though late in vain assail'd,  
 The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd."  
 He said, then shook the ponderous lance, and flung,  
 On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung,  
 Pierced the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung,  
 "He bleeds! the pride of Greece! (the boaster cries,)  
 Our triumph now, the mighty warrior lies!"  
 "Mistaken vaunter! (Diomed replied.)  
 Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be tried,  
 Ye 'scape not both, one, headlong from his car,  
 With hostile blood shall glut the god-of-war"  
 He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,

<sup>4</sup> The race of those

"A pair of coursers, born of heavenly breed  
 Who from their nostrils breathed ethereal fire,  
 Whom Circe stole from her celestial sire,  
 By substituting mares produced on earth,  
 Whose wombs conceived a more than mortal birth  
 Dryden's Virgil, vii. 386, sqq

Which, driven by Pallas, pierced a vital part ;  
 Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt  
 The nose and eye-ball the proud Lycian fix'd ,  
 Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,  
 Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin  
 Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground  
 Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound ;  
 The starting coursers tremble with affright ,  
 The soul indignant seeks the realms of night.  
 To guard his slaughter'd friend, Æneas flies,  
 His spear extending where the carcase lies ,  
 Watchful he wheels, protects it every way,  
 As the grim lion stalks around his prey  
 O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd,  
 He hides the hero with his mighty shade,  
 And threats aloud ! the Greeks with longing eyes  
 Behold at distance, but forbear the prize  
 Then fierce Tydides stoops , and from the fields  
 Heaved with vast force, a rocky fragment wields  
 Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise,  
 Such men as live in these degenerate days <sup>5</sup>  
 He swung it round ; and, gathering strength to throw,  
 Discharged the ponderous ruin at the foe  
 Where to the hip the inserted thigh unites,  
 Full on the bone the pointed marble lights ,  
 Through both the tendons broke the rugged stone,  
 And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone  
 Sunk on his knees, and staggering with his pains,  
 His falling bulk his bended arm sustains ;  
 Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies ,  
 A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes  
 There the brave chief, who mighty numbers sway'd,  
 Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade,  
 But heavenly Venus, mindful of the love  
 She bore Anchises in the Idæan grove,  
 His danger views with anguish and despair,  
 And guards her offspring with a mother's care.  
 About her much-loved son her arms she throws,  
 Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows  
 Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,  
 The swords wave harmless, and the javelins fall  
 Safe through the rushing horse, and feather'd flight  
 Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.  
 Nor Sthenelus, with unassisting hands,  
 Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands  
 His panting steeds, removed from out the war,  
 He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car,  
 Next, rushing to the Dardan spoil, detains

<sup>5</sup> The belief in the existence of men of larger stature in earlier times, is by no means confined to Homer

The heavenly coursers with the flowing manes  
 These in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,  
 No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd.  
 That charge to bold Deipylus he gave,  
 (Whom most he loved, as brave men love the brave,)  
 Then mounting on his car, resumed the rein,  
 And follow'd where Tydides swept the plain  
 Meanwhile (his conquest ravished from his eyes)  
 The raging chief in chase of Venus flies  
 No goddess she, commission'd to the field,  
 Like Pallas dreadful with her sable shield,  
 Or fierce Bellona thundering at the wall,  
 While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall,  
 He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,  
 New to the field, and still a foe to fame.  
 Through breaking ranks his furious course he bends,  
 And at the goddess his broad lance extends,  
 Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove,  
 The ambrosial veil which all the Graces wove;  
 Her snowy hand the raging steel profaned,  
 And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd,  
 From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,  
 Such stream as issues from a wounded god,<sup>6</sup>  
 Pure emanation ' uncorrupted flood '  
 Unlike our gross, diseased, terrestrial blood.  
 (For not the bread of man their life sustains,  
 Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins )  
 With tender shrieks the goddess fill'd the place,  
 And dropp'd her offspring from her weak embrace.  
 Him Phoebus took he casts a cloud around  
 The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound  
 Then with a voice that shook the vaulted skies,  
 The king insults the goddess as she flies  
 " Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,  
 The field of combat is no scene for thee  
 Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care,  
 Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair  
 Taught by this stroke renounce the war's alarms,  
 And learn to tremble at the name of arms "  
 Tydides thus The goddess, seized with dread,  
 Confused, distracted, from the conflict fled.  
 To aid her, swift the winged Iris flew,  
 Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.  
 The queen of love with faded charms she found  
 Pale was her check, and livid look'd the wound  
 To Mars, who sat remote, they bent their way .

<sup>6</sup> Such stream, &c. the *schor*, or blood of the gods

" A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flow'd,  
 Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed "

" Paradise Lost," vi 332

Far, on the left, with clouds involved he lay ;  
 Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore,  
 And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before  
 Low at his knee, she begg'd with streaming eyes  
 Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies,  
 And show'd the wound by fierce Tydides given,  
 A mortal man, who dares encounter heaven  
 Stern Mars attentive hears the queen complain,  
 And to her hand commits the golden rein ,  
 She mounts the seat, oppress'd with silent woe  
 Driven by the goddess of the painted bow  
 The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies,  
 And in a moment scales the lofty skies



VENUS, WOUNDED IN THE HAND, CONDUCTED BY IRIS TO MARS

They stopp'd the car, and there the coursers stood,  
 Fed by fair Iris with ambrosial food ,  
 Before her mother, love's bright queen appears,  
 O'erwhelmed with anguish, and dissolved in tears  
 She raised her in her arms, beheld her bleed,  
 And ask'd what god had wrought this guilty deed ?

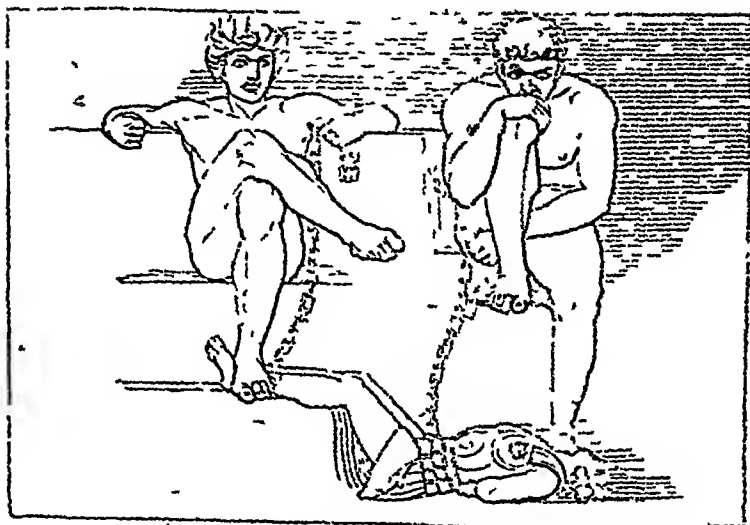
Then she . " This insult from no god I found,  
 An impious mortal gave the daring wound !  
 Behold the deed of haughty Diomed !

'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled  
 The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage ,  
 But with the gods (the immortal gods) engage "

Dione then " Thy wrongs with patience bear,  
 And share those griefs inferior powers must share .



Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sus'tain,  
 And men with woes afflict the gods again  
 The mighty Maïs in mortal fetters bound,  
 And lodged in brazen dungeons underground.  
 Full thirteen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain,  
 Otus and Ephialtes held the chain :  
 Perhaps had perish'd had not Hermes' care  
 Restored the groaning god to upper air.  
 Great Juno's self has borne her weight of pain,  
 The imperial partner of the heavenly reign ;



OTUS AND EPHIALTES HOLDING JUPITER'S CAPTIVE

Amphitryon's son infix'd the deadly dart,<sup>s</sup>  
 And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart  
 E'en hell's grim king Alcides' power confess'd,  
 The shaft found entrance in his iron breast ;  
 To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,  
 Pierced in his own dominions of the dead,  
 Where Pæon, sprinkling heavenly balm around,  
 Assuaged the glowing pangs, and closed the wound.  
 Rash, impious man ! to stain the bless'd abodes,  
 And drench his arrows in the blood of gods !  
 " But thou (though Pallas urged thy frantic deed),  
 Whose spear ill-fated makes a goddess bleed,  
 Know thou, whoe'er with heavenly power contends,  
 Short is his date, and soon his glory ends,  
 From fields of death when late he shall retire,  
 No infant on his knees shall call him sire.

This was during the wars with the Titans  
*Amphitryon's son*, Hercules, born to Jove by Alcmena, the wife of Amphitryon

Strong as thou art, some god may yet be found,  
To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground,  
Thy distant wife, *Ægialé* the fair,  
Starting from sleep with a distracted air,  
Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord deplore,  
The brave, the great, the glorious now no more !

This said, she wiped from *Venus'* wounded palm  
The sacred ichor, and infused the balm  
Juno and *Pallas* with a smile survey'd,  
And thus to Jove began the blue-eyed maid

"Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove ! to tell  
How this mischance the Cyprian queen befell,  
As late she tried with passion to inflame  
The tender bosom of a Grecian dame,  
Allured the fair, with moving thoughts of joy,  
To quit her country for some youth of Troy ;  
The clasping zone, with golden buckles bound,  
Razed her soft hand with this lamented wound !

The sire of gods and men superior smiled,  
And, calling *Venus*, thus address'd his child  
"Not these, O daughter are thy proper cares,  
Thee milder arts besit, and softer wars ;  
Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing charms ;  
To Mars and *Pallas* leave the deeds of arms !

Thus they in heaven : while on the plain below  
The fierce *Iydides* charged his *Daïd* in foe,  
Flush'd with celestial blood pursued his way,  
And fearless dared the threatening god of day,  
Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd.  
Though screen'd behind *Apollo's* mighty shield  
Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he strook ;  
His blazing buckler thrice *Apollo* shook  
He tried the fourth when, breaking from the cloud,  
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud

"O son of *Iydens*, cease ! be wise and see  
How vast the difference of the gods and thee ;  
Distance immense ! between the powers that share  
Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,  
And mortal man ! a wretch of humble birth,  
A short-lived reptile in the dust of earth !

So spoke the god who dwells celestial fires :  
He dreads his fury, and some steps retreats.  
Then *Phœbus* bore the chief of *Venus'* race  
To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place,  
*Luton* there and *Phœbe* heard the word.  
With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd  
This done, the patron of the silver bow

A phantom raised, the same in shape and show  
 With great Æneas ; such the form he bore,  
 And such in fight the radiant arms he wore  
 Around the spectre bloody wars are waged,  
 And Greece and Troy with clashing shields engaged.  
 Meantime on Ilion's tower Apollo stood,  
 And calling Mars, thus urged the raging god .

" Stern power of arms, by whom the mighty fall ;  
 Who bathest in blood, and shakest the embattled wall,  
 Rise in thy wrath ' to hell's abhorr'd abodes  
 Despatch yon Greek, and vindicate the gods.  
 First rosy Venus felt his brutal rage ;  
 Me next he charged, and dares all heaven engage :  
 The wretch would brave high heaven's immortal sire,  
 His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire "

The god of battle issues on the plain,  
 Stuns all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train ;  
 In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,  
 Enraged to Troy's retiring chiefs he cried :

" How long, ye sons of Priam ' will ye fly,  
 And unrevenge'd see Priam's people die ?  
 Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,  
 And stretch the slaughter to the gates of Troy ?  
 Lo, brave Æneas sinks beneath his wound,  
 Not godlike Hector more in arms renown'd  
 Haste all, and take the generous warrior's part  
 He said ;—new courage swell'd each hero's heart.  
 Saipedon first his ardent soul express'd,  
 And, turn'd to Hector, these bold words address'd .

" Say, chief, is all thy ancient valour lost ?  
 Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boast,  
 That propp'd alone by Priam's race should stand  
 Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand ?  
 Now, now thy country calls her wonted friends,  
 And the proud vaunt in just derision ends.  
 Remote they stand while alien troops engage,  
 Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage  
 Far distant hence I held my wide command,  
 Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian land ;  
 With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) bless'd,  
 A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast ,  
 With those I left whatever dear could be  
 Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me ;  
 Yet first in fight my Lycian bands I cheer,  
 And long to meet this mighty man ye fear ,  
 While Hector idle stands, nor bids the brave  
 Their wives, their infants, and their altars save.  
 Haste, warrior, haste ' preserve thy threaten'd state,  
 Or one vast burst of all-involving fate  
 Full o'er your towers shall fall, and sweep away

Sons, sires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey  
Rouse all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight,  
These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night,  
With force incessant the brave Greeks oppose.  
Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes."

Stung to the heart the generous Hector hears,  
But just reproof with decent silence bears  
From his proud ear the prince impetuous springs,  
On earth he leaps, his brazen armour rings  
Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands;  
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,  
Reveals their ardour, turns their steps from flight,  
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight  
They turn, they stand, the Greeks then fury dare,  
Condense their powers, and wait the growing war

As when, on Ceres' sacred floor, the swain  
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,  
And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,  
Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn,  
The grey dust, rising with collected winds,  
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds  
So white with dust the Grecian host appears,  
From trampling steeds, and thundering charioteers;  
The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,  
And roll in smoking volumes to the skies  
Mars hovers o'er them with his sable shield,  
And adds new horrors to the darken'd field  
Pleased with his charge, and ardent to fulfil,  
In Troy's defence, Apollo's heavenly will  
Soon as from fight the blue-eyed maid retires,  
Each Trojan bosom with new warmth he fires  
And now the god, from forth his sacred fane,  
Produced Æneas to the shouting train,  
Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,  
Erect he stood, and vigorous from his wound  
Inquiries none they made, the dreadful day  
No pause of words admits, no dull delay,  
Fierce Discord storms, Apollo loud exclaims,  
Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field's in flames

Stern Diomed with either Ajax stood,  
And great Ulysses, bathed in hostile blood  
Embodied close, the labouring Grecian train  
The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain.  
Unmoved and silent, the whole war they wait,  
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate  
So when the embattled clouds in dark array,  
Along the skies their gloomy hues display,  
When now the North his boisterous rage has spent,  
And peaceful sleeps the liquid element  
The low-hung vapours, motionless and still,

Rest on the summits of the shaded hill ;  
Till the mass scatters as the winds arise,  
Dispersed and broken through the ruffled skies.

Nor was the general wanting to his train ;  
From troop to troop he toils through all the plain,  
" Ye Greeks, be men ! the charge of battle bear ;  
Your brave associates and yourselves revere !  
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,  
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire !  
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,  
The brave live glorious, or lamented die ;  
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,  
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame ! "

These words he seconds with his flying lance,  
To meet whose point was strong Deicoon's chance :  
Æneas' friend, and in his native place  
Honour'd and loved like Priam's royal race :  
Long had he fought the foremost in the field,  
But now the monarch's lance transpierced his shield :  
His shield too weak the furious dart to stay,  
Through his broad belt the weapon forced its way :  
The grisly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell,  
His arms around him rattled as he fell.

Then fierce Æneas, brandishing his blade,  
In dust Orsilochus and Cæthon laid,  
Whose sire Diocleus, wealthy, brave and great,  
In well-built Pheræ held his lofty seat .<sup>10</sup>  
Sprung from Alpheus' plenteous stream, that yields  
Increase of harvests to the Pylæan fields  
He got Orsilochus, Diocleus he,  
And these descended in the third degree.  
Too early expert in the martial toil,  
In sable ships they left their native soil,  
To avenge Atreides now, untimely slain,  
They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain.  
So two young mountain lions, nursed with blood  
In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,  
Rush fearless to the plains, and uncontroll'd  
Depopulate the stalls and waste the fold .  
Till pierced at distance from their native den,  
O'erpowered they fall beneath the force of men.  
Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,  
Like mountain firs, as tall and straight as they.  
Great Menelaus views with pitying eyes,  
Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies ;  
Mars urged him on , yet, ruthless in his hate,  
The god but urged him to provoke his fate  
He thus advancing, Nestor's valiant son  
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own ;

<sup>10</sup> *Pheræ*, a town of Pelasgiotis, in Thessaly

Struck with the thought, should Helen's lord be slain,  
 And all his country's glorious labours vain  
 Already met, the threatening heroes stand,  
 The spears already tremble in their hand  
 In rush'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,  
 And fall or conquer by the Spartan king  
 These seen, the Dardan backward turn'd his course,  
 Brave as he was, and shunn'd unequal force  
 The breathless bodies to the Greeks they drew,  
 Then mix in combat, and their toils renew  
 First, Pylamenes, great in battle, bled,  
 Who sheathed in brass the Paphlagonians led  
 Atides mark'd him where sublime he stood,  
 Fiv'd in his throat the javelin drank his blood.  
 The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight  
 His flying coursers, sunk to endless night,  
 A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown  
 His bended arm received the falling stone,  
 From his numb'd hand the ivory-studded reins,  
 Dropp'd in the dust, are trail'd along the plains  
 Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound;  
 He groans in death, and ponderous sinks to ground  
 Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there  
 The head stood fix'd, the quivering legs in air,  
 Till trampled flat beneath the coursers' feet  
 The youthful victor mounts his empty seat,  
 And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet

Great Hector saw, and, raging at the view,  
 Pours on the Greeks. the Trojan troops pursue  
 He fires his host with animating cries,  
 And brings along the fumes of the skies,  
 Mars, stern destroyer! and Bellona dread,  
 Flame in the front, and thunder at their head  
 This swells the tumult and the rage of fight,  
 That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light  
 Where Hector march'd, the god of battles shined,  
 Now stoin'd before him, and now raged behind

Tydidcs prused amidst his full career,  
 Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear  
 As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,  
 And wide through fens an unknown journey takes  
 If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,  
 And foam impervious 'cross the wanderer's way,  
 Confused he stops, a length of country pass'd,  
 Eyes the rough waves, and tired, returns at last  
 Amazed no less the great Tydides stands  
 He stay'd, and turning thus address'd his bands.

"No wonder, Greeks! that all to Hector yield;  
 Secure of favouring gods, he takes the field,  
 His strokes they second, and avert our spears.

Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears !  
 Retire then, warriors, but sedate and slow ;  
 Retire, but with your faces to the foe.  
 Trust not too much your unavailing might,  
 'Tis not with Troy, but with the gods ye fight "

Now near the Greeks the black battalions drew ;  
 And first two leaders valiant Hector slew .  
 His force Anchialus and Mnesthes found,  
 In every art of glorious war renown'd ;  
 In the same car the chiefs to combat ride,  
 And fought united, and united died.  
 Struck at the sight, the mighty Ajax glows  
 With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes.  
 His massy spear with matchless fury sent,  
 Through Amphius' belt and heaving belly went ,  
 Amphius Apæsus' happy soil possess'd,  
 With herds abounding, and with treasure bless'd ;  
 But fate resistless from his country led  
 The chief, to perish at his people's head.  
 Shook with his fall his brazen armour rung,  
 And fierce, to seize it, conquering Ajax sprung ;  
 Around his head an iron tempest rain'd ,  
 A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd  
 Beneath one foot the yet warm corpse he press'd,  
 And drew his javelin from the bleeding breast  
 He could no more ; the showering darts denied  
 To spoil his glittering arms, and plummy pride  
 Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,  
 With bristling lances, and compacted shields ;  
 Till in the steely circle straiten'd round,  
 Forced he gives way, and steinly quits the ground.

While thus they strive, Tlepolemus the great, "  
 Urged by the force of unresisted fate,  
 Burns with desire Sarpedon's strength to prove ;  
 Alcides' offspring meets the son of Jove.  
 Sheathed in bright arms each adverse chief came on.  
 Jove's great descendant, and his greater son  
 Prepared for combat, ere the lance he toss'd,  
 The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boast .

" What brings this Lycian counsellor so far,  
 To tremble at our arms, not mix in war !  
 Know thy vain self, nor let then flattery move,  
 Who style thee son of cloud-compelling Jove.  
 How far unlike those chiefs of race divine,  
 How vast the difference of their deeds and thine !

" *Tlepolemus*, son of Hercules and Astyochea. Having left his native country, Argos, in consequence of the accidental murder of Lycimnius, he was commanded by an oracle to retire to Rhodes. Here he was crowned king, and accompanied the Trojan expedition. After his death, certain games were instituted at Rhodes in his honour, the victors being rewarded with crowns of poplar.

Jove got such heroes as my sire, whose soul  
 No fear could daunt, nor earth nor hell controul.  
 Troy felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts stand  
 Raised on the ruins of his vengeful hand  
 With six small ships, and but a slender train,  
 He left the town a wide-deserted plain  
 But what art thou, who deedless look'st around,  
 While unrevenge'd thy Lycians bite the ground !  
 Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be ;  
 But wert thou greater, thou must yield to me  
 Pierced by my spear, to endless darkness go !  
 I make this present to the shades below "

The son of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,  
 Thus haughty spoke The Lycian king replied  
 Thy sire, O prince ! o'erturn'd the Trojan state,  
 Whose perjured monarch well deserved his fate ,  
 Those heavenly steeds the hero sought so far,  
 False he detain'd, the just reward of war  
 Nor so content, the generous chief defied,  
 With base reproaches and unmanly pride  
 But you, unworthy the high race you boast,  
 Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost  
 Now meet thy fate, and by Sarpedon slain,  
 Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign "

He said both javelins at an instant flew ,  
 Both struck, both wounded, but Sarpedon's slew  
 Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood,  
 Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood ;  
 The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,  
 And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light

Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown  
 Thy angry lance ; which piercing to the bone  
 Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath ;  
 But Jove was present, and forbade the death  
 Borne from the conflict by his Lycian throng,  
 The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along.  
 (His friends, each busied in his several part,  
 Through haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart )  
 The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retired ,  
 Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fired ,  
 Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue,  
 Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew  
 But heaven and fate the first design withstand,  
 Nor this great death must grace Ulysses' hand.  
 Minerva drives him on the Lycian train ,  
 Alastor, Cronus, Halus, strew'd the plain,  
 Alcander, Prytanis, Noemon fell <sup>12</sup>  
 And numbers more his sword had sent to hell.

<sup>12</sup> These heroes' names have since passed into a kind of proverb, designating the *effulles*  
 or mob



But Hector saw, and, furious at the sight,  
 Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight  
 With joy Sarpidon view'd the valiant chief,  
 And, faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the chief :  
 "O suffer not the foe to be so far,  
 My helpless corpse, an unburied prey ;  
 If I, unblest'd, must see my son no more,  
 My much-loved consort, and my native shore,  
 Yet let me die in Ihon's sacred will ;  
 Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall."

He said, nor Hector to the chief replies,  
 But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies ;  
 Swift as a whirlwind, drives the scattering foe ;  
 And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.

Beneath a beech, Jove's consecrated shade,  
 His mournful friends divine Sarpidon laid ;  
 Brave Pelagon, his favourite chief, was nigh,  
 Who wrench'd the javelin from his enemy's thigh,  
 The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight,  
 And o'er his eye-balls swam the shade of night ;  
 But Boreas rising fresh, with gentle breath,  
 Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.

The generous Greeks recede with tardy pace,  
 Though Mars and Hector thunder in their face ;  
 None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,  
 Slow they retreat, and even retreating fight,  
 Who first, who last, by Mars' and Hector's hand,  
 Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand ;  
 Tenthra's the great, Orestes the renown'd  
 For managed steeds, and Trechus press'd the ground ;  
 Next Enomaus and Enops' offspring died ;  
 Oresbius last fell groaning at their side.

Oresbius, in his painted mitre gay,  
 In fat Boeotia held his wealthy sway,  
 Where lakes surround low Hylæ's watery plain ;  
 A prince and people studio is of their gain

The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,  
 And touch'd with grief bespoke the blue-eyed maid :  
 "Oh, sight accursed ! Shall faithless Troy prevail,  
 And shall our promise to our people fail ?

How vain the word to Menelaus given  
 By Jove's great daughter and the queen of heaven,  
 Beneath his arms that Priam's towers should fall,  
 If warring gods for ever guard the wall !

Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes -  
 Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose !"

She spoke, Minerva burns to meet the war :  
 And now heaven's empress calls her blazing car.  
 At her command rush forth the steeds divine ;  
 Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.

Bright Hebe waits, by Hebe, ever young,  
 The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.  
 On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel  
 Of sounding brass, the polished axle steel  
 Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame,  
 The circles gold, of uncorrupted flame,  
 Such as the heavens produce and round the gold  
 Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd  
 The bossy naves of solid silver shone,  
 Braces of gold suspend the moving throne  
 The ear, behind, an arching figure bore,  
 The bending concave form'd an arch before  
 Silver the beam, the extended yoke was gold,  
 And golden reins the immortal coursers hold.  
 Himself, impatient, to the ready ear,  
 The courser joins, and breathes revenge and war.

Pallas disrobes, her radiant veil untied,  
 With flowers adorn'd, with art diversified,  
 (The labour'd veil her heavenly fingers wove,)  
 Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove  
 Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,  
 Jove's cunass blazes on her ample breast,  
 Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field,  
 O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,  
 Due, black, tremendous! Round the margin roll'd,  
 A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold  
 Here all the terrors of grim War appear,  
 Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear,  
 Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,  
 And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd  
 The massy golden helm she next assumes,  
 - That dreadful nod with fowl o'er-shading plumes,  
 So vast, the broad circumference contains  
 A hundred armies on a hundred plains  
 The goddess thus the imperial car ascends,  
 Shook by her arm the mighty javelin bends,  
 Ponderous and huge, that when her fury burns,  
 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.

Swift at the scourge the ethereal coursers fly,  
 While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky  
 Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,<sup>13</sup>  
 Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours,<sup>14</sup>

<sup>13</sup> *Spontaneous open*

"Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, upspringing light  
 Flew through the midst of heaven, th' angelic quires,  
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
 Through all th' empyreal roid, till at the gate  
 Of heaven arriv'd, the gate self open'd wide,  
 On golden hinges turning"—"Paradise Lost," v. 250

<sup>14</sup> "Till Morn,

Walk'd by the circling Hours, with rosy hand  
 Unburr'd the gates of light"—"Paradise Lost," vi. 2

Commissiō'd in alternate watch they stand,  
 The sun's bright portals and the skies command,  
 Involve in clouds the eternal gates of day,  
 Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.  
 The sounding hinges ring · on either side ·  
 The gloomy volumes, piccied with light, divide.  
 The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient skies,  
 Confused, Olympus' hundied heads arise,  
 Where far apart the Thunderer fills his throne,  
 O'er all the gods superior and alone.

There with her snowy hand the queen restrains  
 The fiery steeds, and thus to Jove complains

"O sire ! can no resentment touch thy soul ?  
 Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll ?  
 What lawless rage on yon forbidden plain,  
 What rash destruction ! and what heroes slain !  
 Venus, and Phœbus with the dreadful bow,  
 Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe  
 Mad, furious power ! whose unrelenting mind  
 No god can govern, and no justice bind.  
 Say, mighty father ! shall we scourge this pride,  
 And drive from fight the impetuous homicide ?"

To whom assenting, thus the Thunderer said .

"Go ! and the great Minerva be thy aid  
 To tame the monster-god Minerva knows,  
 And oft afflicts his brutal breast with woes."

He said, Satvnia, aident to obey,  
 Lash'd her white steeds along the aerial way.  
 Swift down the steep of heaven the chariot rolls,  
 Between the expanded earth and starry poles  
 Far as a shepheid, from some point on high,<sup>15</sup>  
 O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye,  
 Through such a space of air, with thundering sound,  
 At every leap the immortal coursers bound  
 Troy now they reach'd and touch'd those banks divine,  
 Where silver Simois and Scamander join.  
 There Juno stopp'd, and (her fair steeds unloosed)  
 Of air condensed a vapour circumfused  
 For these, impregnate with celestial dew,  
 On Simois, brink ambrosial herbage grew.  
 Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng,  
 Smooth as the sailing doves they glide along  
 The best and bravest of the Grecian band  
 (A warlike circle) round Tydides stand  
 Such was their look as lions bathed in blood,  
 Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.

<sup>15</sup> *Far as a shepherd* "With what majesty and pomp does Homer exalt his deities ! He here measures the leap of the horses by the extent of the world. And who is there, that, considering the exceeding greatness of the space, would not with reason cry out, that 'If the steeds of the deities were to take a second leap, the world would want room for it'?"—Longinus, § 8

Heaven's empress mingles with the mortal crowd,  
 And shouts, in Stentor's sounding voice, aloud ;  
 Stentor the strong, endued with brazen lungs,<sup>16</sup>  
 Whose throats surpass'd the force of fifty tongues.

"Inglorious Argives ! to your race a shame,-  
 And only men in figure and in name !  
 Once from the walls your timorous foes engaged,  
 While fierce in war divine Achilles raged ,  
 Now issuing fearless they possess the plain,  
 Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain "

Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd ,  
 While near Tydides stood the Athenian maid ,  
 The king beside his panting steeds she found,  
 O'erspent with toil reposing on the ground ,  
 To cool his glowing wound he sat apart,  
 (The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart,)  
 Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend,  
 Beneath his ponderous shield his sinews bend,  
 Whose ample belt, that o'er his shoulder lay,  
 He eased , and wash'd the clotted gore away  
 The goddess leaning o'er the bending yoke,  
 Beside his coursers, thus her silence broke

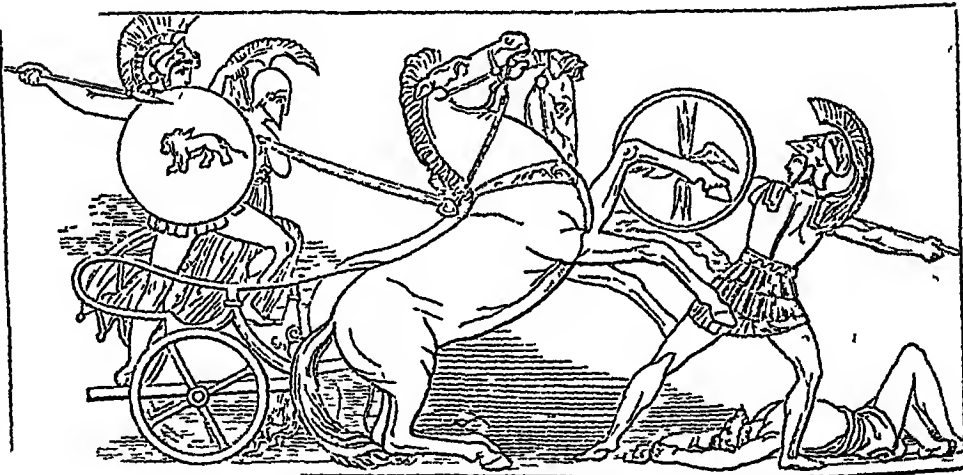
"Degenerate prince ! and not of Tydeus' kind,  
 Whose little body lodged a mighty mind ;  
 Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share,  
 And scarce refrain'd when I forbade the war.  
 Alone, unguarded, once he dared to go  
 And feast, incircled by the Theban foe ,  
 There braved, and vanquish'd, many a hardy knight ;  
 Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight  
 Thou too no less hast been my constant care ,  
 Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war  
 But thee or fear deters, or sloth detains ,  
 No drop of all thy father's warns thy veins "

The chief thus answered mild "Immortal maid !  
 I own thy presence, and confess thy aid  
 Not fear, thou know'st, withholds me from the plains,  
 Nor sloth hath seized me, but thy word restrains .  
 From warring gods thou bad'st me turn my spear,  
 And Venus only found resistance here  
 Hence, goddess ! heedful of thy high commands,  
 Loth I gave way, and warn'd our Argive bands  
 For Mais, the homicide, these eyes beheld,  
 With slaughter red, and raging round the field "  
 Then thus Minerva — "Brave Tydides, hear !

<sup>16</sup> "No trumpets, or any other instruments of sound, are used in the Homeric action itself ; but the trumpet was known, and is introduced for the purpose of illustration as employed in war. Hence arose the value of a loud voice in a commander, Stentor was an indispensable officer. In the early Syrian campaigns frequent mention is made of the service rendered by men of uncommonly strong voices. The battle of Heliopolis was restored by the shouts and menaces of Abbas, the uncle of Mohammed," &c.—Coleridge, p. 213

Not Mars himself, nor aught immortal, fear.  
 Full on the god impel thy foaming horse  
 Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee force  
 Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,  
 And every side of wavering combat tries ;  
 Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made :  
 Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid." <sup>17</sup>

She said, and to the steeds approaching near,  
 Drew from his seat the martial charioteer  
 The vigorous power the trembling car ascends,  
 Fierce for revenge, and Diomed attends.  
 The groaning axle bent beneath the load ;  
 So great a hero, and so great a god,  
 She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,  
 And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse  
 But first, to hide her heavenly visage, spread  
 Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.



DIOMED CASTING HIS SPEAR AT MARS

Just then gigantic Periphas lay slain,  
 The strongest wairior of the Ætolian train,  
 The god, who slew him, leaves his prostrate prize  
 Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies.  
 Now rushing fierce, in equal aims appear  
 The daring Greek, the dreadful god of war !  
 Full at the chief, above his courser's head,  
 From Mars's arm the enormous weapon fled  
 Pallas opposed her hand, and caused to glance  
 Far from the car the strong immortal lance.

<sup>17</sup> "Long had the warring god the war delay'd,  
 While Greece and Troy alternate own'd his aid"  
 Merrick's "Tryphiodorus," vi 761, sq

Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son ;  
 The javelin hiss'd , the goddess urged it on  
 Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,  
 It pierced the god his groin received the wound  
 From the rent skin the warrior tugs again  
 The smoking steel Mars bellows with the pain  
 Loud as the roar encountering armies yield,  
 When shouting millions shake the thundering field.  
 Both armies start, and trembling gaze around ,  
 And earth and heaven re-bellow to the sound  
 As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,  
 Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of death,  
 Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise,  
 Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies ,  
 In such a cloud the god from combat driven,  
 High o'er the dusky whirlwind scales the heaven  
 Wild with his pain, he sought the bright abodes,  
 There sullen sat beneath the sire of gods,  
 Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan  
 Thus pour'd his plaints before the immortal throne :

" Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,  
 And brook the furies of this daring day ?  
 For mortal men celestial powers engage,  
 And gods on gods exert eternal rage  
 From thee, O father<sup>1</sup> all these ills we bear,  
 And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear  
 Thou gavest that fury to the realms of light,  
 Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right  
 All heaven beside reveres thy sovereign sway,  
 Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey  
 'Tis hers to offend, and even offending share  
 Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care  
 So boundless she, and thou so partial grown,  
 Well may we deem the wondrous birth thy own.  
 Now frantic Diomed, at her command,  
 Against the immortals lifts his raging hand  
 The heavenly Venus first his fury found,  
 Me next encountering, me he dared to wound ,  
 Vanquish'd I fled , even I, the god of fight,  
 From mortal madness scarce was saved by flight  
 Else hadst thou seen me sink on yonder plain,  
 Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain !  
 Or pierced with Grecian darts, for ages lie,  
 Condemn'd to pain though fated not to die "

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look  
 The lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke  
 " To me, perfidious ! this lamenting strain "  
 Of lawless force shall lawless Mars complain "  
 Of all the gods who tread the spangled skies,  
 Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes "

Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,  
 The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.  
 No bounds, no law, thy fiery temper quells,  
 And all thy mother in thy soul rebels  
 In vain our threats, in vain our power we use ;  
 She gives the example, and her son pursues  
 Yet long the inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn,  
 Sprung since thou art from Jove, and heavenly-born  
 Else, singed with lightning, hadst thou hence been thrown,  
 Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans groan."

Thus he who shakes Olympus with his nod ;  
 Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding god <sup>18</sup>  
 With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,  
 And heal'd the immortal flesh, and closed the wound.  
 As when the fig's press'd juice, infused in cream,  
 To curds coagulates the liquid stream,  
 Sudden the fluids fix the parts combined ;  
 Such, and so soon, the ethereal texture join'd  
 Cleansed from the dust and gore, fair Hebe dress'd  
 His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.  
 Glorious he sat, in majesty restored,  
 Fast by the throne of heaven's superior lord.  
 Juno and Pallas mount the bless'd abodes,  
 Their task perform'd, and mix among the gods.

<sup>18</sup> *Pæon* seems to have been to the gods, what Podaleirius and Machaon were to the Grecian heroes



JUNO

## BOOK VI.

### ARGUMENT

THE EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMEDE, AND OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

The gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies, where, coming to the knowledge, of the friendship and hospitality passed between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevails upon Paris to return to the battle, and, taking a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the rivers Simois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

Now heaven forsakes the fight the immortals yield  
To human force and human skill the field  
Dark showers of javelins fly from foes to foes,  
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows,  
While Troy's famed streams, that bound the deathful plain  
On either side, run purple to the main

Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,  
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day  
The Thracian Acamas his falchion found,  
And hew'd the enormous giant to the ground,  
His thundering arm a deadly stroke impress'd  
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest,  
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,  
And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes  
Next Teuthras' son distam'd the sands with blood,  
Aylus, hospitable, rich, and good  
In fair Arisbe's walls (his native place)<sup>1</sup>  
He held his seat<sup>1</sup> a friend to human race  
Fast by the road, his ever-open door  
Obliged the wealthy, and relieved the poor  
To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,  
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Arisbe*, a colony of the Myliæns in Troas



Breathless the good man fell, and by his side  
His faithful servant, old Calesius died.

By great Euryalus was Dresus slain,  
And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.  
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,  
From a fair naiad and Bucolion sprung.  
(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,  
That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed,  
In secret woods he won the naiad's grace,  
And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace)  
Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;  
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.

Astyalus by Polypætes fell,  
Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell;  
By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaon bled,  
And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead;  
Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,  
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,  
Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,<sup>2</sup>  
And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.  
Melanthius by Euiypylos was slain;  
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain

Unblest'd Adiaslus next at mercy lies  
Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.  
Scared with the din and tumult of the fight,  
His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,  
Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke  
The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke,  
Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,  
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.  
Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel  
Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel,  
The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd  
The victor's knees, and thus his prayer address'd:

"O spare my youth, and for the life I owe  
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow  
When fame shall tell, that, not in battle slain,  
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain  
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,<sup>3</sup>  
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold"

He said—compassion touch'd the hero's heart.  
He stood, suspended with the lifted dart  
As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize,

<sup>2</sup> *Pedasus*, a town near Pylos

<sup>3</sup> *Rich heaps of brass* "The halls of Alcinous and Menelaus glitter with gold, copper, and electrum, while large stocks of yet unemployed metal—gold, copper, and iron—are stored up in the treasure chamber of Odysseus and other chiefs. Coined money is unknown in the Homeric age—the trade carried on being one of barter. In reference also to the metals, it deserves to be remarked, that the Homeric descriptions universally suppose copper, and not iron, to be employed for arms, both offensive and defensive. By what process the copper was tempered and hardened, so as to serve the purpose of the warrior, we do not know, but the use of iron for these objects belongs to a later age"—Grote, vol. II. p. 142

Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,  
 And, furious, thus "Oh impotent of mind"<sup>4</sup>  
 Shall these, shall these Atreides' mercy find?  
 Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,  
 And well her natives merit at thy hand!  
 Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,  
 Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage  
 Ilium shall perish whole, and bury all,  
 Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall,<sup>5</sup>  
 A dreadful lesson of exampled fate,  
 To warn the nations, and to curb the great!"

The monarch spoke, the words, with warmth address'd,  
 To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast  
 Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust,  
 The monarch's javelin stretch'd him in the dust,  
 Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,  
 Forth from the slain he tugg'd the seeking dart.  
 Old Nestor saw, and roused the warrior's rage,  
 "Thus, heroes! thus the vigorous combat wage,  
 No son of Mars descend, for servile gains,  
 To touch the booty, while a foe remains  
 Behold yon glittering host, your future spoil!  
 First gain the conquest, then reward the toil!"

And now had Greece eternal fame acquired,  
 And frighted Troy within her walls, retired,  
 Had not sage Helenus her state redress'd,  
 Taught by the gods that moved his sacred breast.  
 Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,  
 The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind

"Ye generous chiefs! on whom the immortals lay  
 The cares and glories of this doubtful day,  
 On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend,  
 Wise to consult, and active to defend!  
 Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,  
 Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight,  
 Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards gain,  
 The spoil and insult of the hostile train  
 When your commands have hearten'd every band,  
 Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dangerous stand;  
 Press'd as we are, and sore of former fight,  
 These straits demand our last remains of might  
 Meanwhile thou, Hector, to the town retire,

<sup>4</sup> *Oh impotent, &c.* "In battle, quarter seems never to have been given, except with a view to the ransom of the prisoner. Agamemnon reproaches Menelaüs with unmanly softness, when he is on the point of sparing a fallen enemy, and himself puts the suppliant to the sword"—Thirlwall, vol. 1 p. 281

<sup>5</sup> "The ruthless steel, impatient of delay,  
 Forbids the sire to linger out the day  
 It struck the bending father to the earth,  
 And cropt the wailing infant at the birth  
 Can innocents the rage of parties know,  
 And they who ne'er offended find a foe?"

Rowe & Lucan, bk. 11.

And teach our mother what the gods require :  
 Direct the queen to lead the assembled train  
 Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane ;<sup>6</sup>  
 Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the power,  
 With offer'd vows, in Ilium's topmost tower.  
 The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,  
 Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,  
 Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread,  
 And twelve young heifers to her altars led  
 If so the power, atoned by fervent prayer,  
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,  
 And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,  
 That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire,  
 Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to die,  
 Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed ;  
 Not thus resistless ruled the stream of fight,  
 In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might."

Hector obedient heard and, with a bound,  
 Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground ;  
 Through all his host inspiring force he flies,  
 And bids the thunder of the battle rise  
 With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,  
 And turn the tide of conflict on the foe  
 Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears,  
 All Greece recedes, and 'midst her triumphs fears,  
 Some god, they thought, who ruled the fate of wars,  
 Shot down avenging from the vault of stars

Then thus aloud "Ye dauntless Dardanians, hear !  
 And you whom distant nations send to war !  
 Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore ;  
 Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.  
 One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,  
 To bid our altars flame, and victims fall  
 Nor shall, I trust, the nations' holy train,  
 And reverend elders, seek the gods in vain "

This said, with ample strides the hero pass'd ;  
 The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,  
 His neck o'ershading, to his ankle hung ;  
 And as he march'd the brazen buckler rung  
 Now paused the battle (godlike Hector gone),<sup>7</sup>

- 6 "Meantime the Trojan dames, oppress'd with woe,  
 To Pallas' fane in long procession go,  
 In hopes to reconcile their heavenly foe  
 They weep they beat their breasts, they rend their hair,  
 And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear"

Dryden's Virgil, 1 670  
<sup>7</sup> The manner in which this episode is introduced, is well illustrated by the following remarks of Mure, vol. i. p. 293 "The poet's method of introducing his episode, also, illustrates in a curious manner his tact in the dramatic department of his art. Where, for example, one or more heroes are despatched on some commission, to be executed at a certain distance of time or place, the fulfilment of this task is not, as a general rule, immediately described. A certain interval is allowed them for reaching the appointed scene of action, which interval is dramatised, as it were, either by a temporary continuation of the previous narrative, or by

Where daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son  
Between both armies met the chiefs from far  
Observed each other, and had mark'd for war  
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began

"What art thou, boldest of the race of man?  
Our eyes till now that aspect ne'er beheld,  
Whence fame is reap'd amid the embattled field,  
Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear,  
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear  
Unhappy they, and born of luckless sires,  
Who tempt our fury when Minerva flies!  
But if from heaven, celestial, thou descend,  
Know with immortals we no more contend  
Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,  
That daring man who mix'd with gods in fight.  
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove,  
With brandish'd steel, from Nyssa's sacred grove  
Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round,  
With curling vines and twisted ivy bound,  
While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,  
And Thetis' arms received the trembling god  
Nor fail'd the crime the immortals' wrath to move,  
(The immortals bless'd with endless ease above,)  
Deprived of sight by their avenging doom,  
Cheerless he breathed, and wander'd in the gloom,  
Then sunk unpitied to the dire abodes,  
A wretch accursed, and hated by the gods!  
I brave not heaven but if the fruits of earth  
Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth,  
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,  
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death"

"What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,  
(Replied the chief,) can Tydeus' son inquire?  
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground,  
Another race the following spring supplies,  
They fall successive, and successive rise  
So generations in their course decay,  
So flourish these, when those are pass'd away  
But if thou still persist to search my birth,  
Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth

"A city stands on Argos' utmost bound,  
(Argos the fair, for wall-like steeds renowned,  
Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom bless'd,  
In ancient time the happy wall possess'd,  
Then call'd Ephyré Glaucus was his son,  
Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,  
Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shined,

fixing attention for a while on some new transaction, at the close of which the further account  
of the mission is resumed"

Loved for that valour which preserves mankind.  
 Then mighty Prætus Argos' sceptre sway'd,  
 Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.  
 With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,  
 And the brave prince in numerous toils engaged.  
 For him Antæa burn'd with lawless flame,  
 And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame.  
 In vain she tempted the relentless youth,  
 Endued with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth  
 Fired at his scorn the queen to Prætus fled,  
 And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed :  
 Incensed he heard, resolving on his fate ;  
 But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate .  
 To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,  
 With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent.<sup>8</sup>  
 Now bless'd by every power who guards the good,  
 The chief arrived at Xanthus' silver flood  
 There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due,  
 Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew  
 But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,  
 The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd :  
 The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,  
 The deathful secret to the king reveal'd  
 First, due Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd ;  
 A mingled monster of no mortal kind !  
 Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread ;  
 A goat's rough body bore a lion's head ;  
 Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire ,  
 Her gaping throat emits infernal fire  
 " This pest he slaughter'd, (for he read the skies,  
 And trusted heaven's informing prodigies,)  
 Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,<sup>9</sup>  
 (Fiercest of men,) and those the warrior slew ;  
 Next the bold Amazons' whole force defied ,  
 And conquer'd still, for heaven was on his side.  
 " Nor ended here his toils his Lycian foes,  
 At his return, a treacherous ambush rose,  
 With level'd spears along the winding shore .  
 There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.  
 " At length the monarch, with repentant grief,  
 Confess'd the gods, and god-descended chief ,  
 His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,  
 With half the honours of his ample reign  
 The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,  
 With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.  
 There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,  
 With two brave sons and one fair daughter bless'd ;

<sup>8</sup> *With tablets sealed* These probably were only devices of a hieroglyphical character  
 Whether writing was known in the Homeric times is utterly uncertain See Grote, vol. v.  
 p. 102 599

<sup>9</sup> *Solyman crew*, a people of Lycia

(Fair e'en in heavenly eyes her fruitful love  
 Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth the embrace of Jove,)  
 But when at last, distracted in his mind,  
 Forsook by heaven, forsaking humankind,  
 Wide o'er the Aëlian field he chose to stray,  
 A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way<sup>120</sup>  
 Woes heap'd on woes consumed his wasted heart  
 His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart;  
 His eldest born by raging Mars was slain,  
 In combat on the Solyman plain  
 Hippolochus survived from him I came,  
 The honour'd author of my birth and name,  
 By his decree I sought the Trojan town;  
 By his instructions learn to win renown,  
 To stand the first in worth as in command,  
 To add new honours to my native land,  
 Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,  
 And emulate the glories of our race'

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart;  
 In earth the generous warrior fix'd his dart,  
 Then friendly, thus the Læcian prince address'd  
 "Welcome, my brave hereditary guest'  
 Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,  
 Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race  
 Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old,  
 Ceneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold  
 Our ancient seat his honour'd presence graced,  
 Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd  
 The parting heroes mutual presents left,  
 A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift,  
 Ceneus a belt of matchless work bestowed,  
 That rich with Tyrian dye resplendent glow'd  
 (This from his pledge I learn'd, which safely stored  
 Among my treasures, still adorns my board  
 For Tydeus left me young, when Thebæ's wall  
 Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall)  
 Mindful of this, in friendship let us join,  
 If heaven our steps to foreign lands incline,  
 My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine  
 Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,  
 In the full harvest of yon ample field,  
 Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore,  
 But thou and Diomed be foes no more  
 Now change we arms, and prove to either host  
 We guard the friendship of the line we boast"

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,  
 Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight,

<sup>120</sup> From this "melancholy madness" of Bellerophon, hypochondria received the name of  
 "Morbus Bellerophontæus." See my notes in my prose translation p. 112. The "Aëlian  
 field," i.e. "the plain of wandering," was situated between the rivers Parnassus and Pinarus,  
 in Cilicia.

Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd,  
 (Jove warm'd his bosom, and enlarged his mind,)  
 For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,  
 For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price,)  
 He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought;<sup>11</sup>  
 A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought  
 Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,  
 Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.<sup>12</sup>  
 Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,  
 The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids  
 Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care  
 For husbands, brothers, sons, engaged in war.  
 He bids the train in long procession go,  
 And seek the gods, to avert the impending woe.  
 And now to Priam's stately courts he came,  
 Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;  
 O'er these a range of marble structure runs,  
 The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,  
 In fifty chambers lodged and rooms of state;<sup>13</sup>  
 Opposed to those, where Priam's daughters sate  
 Twelve domes for them and their loved spouses shone,  
 Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.  
 Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen  
 Of royal Hecuba, his mother-queen.  
 (With her Laodice, whose beauteous face  
 Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race.)  
 Long in a strict embrace she held her son,  
 And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun.

"O Hector! say, what great occasion calls  
 My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls;  
 Com'st thou to supplicate the almighty power  
 With lifted hands, from Ilion's lofty tower?  
 Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,  
 In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,  
 And pay due vows to all the gods around  
 Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,  
 And draw new spirits from the generous bowl,  
 Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,  
 The brave defender of thy country's right."

"Far hence be Bacchus' gifts; (the chief rejoind;)   
 Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,  
 Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.  
 Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice  
 To sprinkle to the gods, its better use

<sup>11</sup> *His own, of gold* This bad bargain has passed into a common proverb. See Aulus Gellius, ii. 23

<sup>12</sup> *Scæan, i. e. left hand*

<sup>13</sup> *In fifty chambers*

"The fifty nuptial beds, (such hopes had he,  
 So large a promise of a progeny,)  
 The ports of plated gold, and hung with spoils"

Dryden's Virgil, ii. 658.

By me that holy office were profaned,  
 Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,  
 To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,  
 Or offer heaven's great Sire polluted praise  
 You, with your matrons, go! a spotless train,  
 And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane  
 The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,  
 Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,  
 Before the goddess honour'd knees be spread,  
 And twelve young heifers to her altar led.  
 So may the power, atoned by fervent prayer,  
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare;  
 And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,  
 Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire  
 Be this, O mother, your religious care.  
 I go to rouse soft Paris to the war,  
 If yet not lost to all the sense of shame,  
 The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame  
 Oh, would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,  
 That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!<sup>14</sup>  
 Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,  
 Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end."

This heard, she gave command and summon'd came  
 Each noble matron and illustrious dame  
 The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,  
 Where treasured odours breathed a costly scent  
 There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,  
 Sidonian maids embroider'd every part,  
 Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,  
 With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore  
 Here, as the queen revolved with careful eyes  
 The various textures and the various dyes,  
 She chose a veil that shone superior far,  
 And glow'd refulgent as the morning star  
 Herself with this the long procession leads;  
 The train majestically slow proceeds  
 Soon as to Ilion's topmost tower they come,  
 And awful reach the high Palladian dome,  
 Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits  
 As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates  
 With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,  
 They fill the dome with supplicating cries.

<sup>14</sup> *O woeful kind earth* &c. "It is apparently a sudden, irregular burst of popular indignation to which Hector alludes, when he regrets that the Trojans had not spirit enough to cover Paris with a mantle of stones. This however was also one of the ordinary formal modes of punishment for great public offences. It may have been originally connected with the same feeling—the desire of avoiding the pollution of blood-shed—which seems to have suggested the practice of burying prisoners alive, with a scantling of food by their side. Though Homer makes no mention of this horrible usage the example of the Roman vestals affords reasons for believing that, in ascribing it to the heroic ages, Sophocles followed an authentic tradition."—Thirlwall's *Greece*, vol. 1. p. 272, sq.



The priestess then the shining veil displays,  
Placed on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays :

" Oh awful goddess ! ever-dreadful maid,  
Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid !  
Break thou Lydies' spear, and let him fall  
Pione on the dust before the Trojan wall !  
So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,  
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.  
But thou, atoned by penitence and prayer,  
Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare !"  
So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane ;  
So vow'd the nations, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appear before the power with prayers,  
Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs <sup>15</sup>

Himself the mansion raised, from every part  
Assembling architects of matchless art.

Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands  
The pompous structure, and the town commands.

A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength,  
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length ;  
The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,  
Before him brandish'd, at each motion shined  
Thus entering, in the glittering rooms he found  
His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,  
His eyes delighting with their splendid show,  
Brightening the shield, and polishing the bow.  
Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,  
Guides their rich labours, and instructs their hands.

Him thus inactive, with an aident look  
The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke.

" Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show ?

(O wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe !)

Paris and Greece against us both conspire ;  
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire  
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,  
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall ;  
For thee the soldier bleeds, the nation mourns,  
And wasteful war in all its fury burns

Ungrateful man ! deserves not this thy care,  
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share ?  
Rise, or behold the conquering flames ascend,  
And all the Phrygian glories at an end "

" Brother, 'tis just, (rephed the beauteous youth,)

<sup>15</sup> *Paris' lofty dome* " With respect to the private dwellings, which are oftenest described, the poet's language barely enables us to form a general notion of their ordinary plan, and affords no conception of the style which prevailed in them, or of their effect on the eye. It seems indeed probable, from the manner in which he dwells on their metallic ornaments, that the higher beauty of proportion was but little required or understood, and it is, perhaps, strength and convenience, rather than elegance, that he means to commend, in speaking of the fair house which Paris had built for himself with the aid of the most skilful masons of Troy."—Thirlwall's Greece, vol. 1 p. 231

Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth  
 Yet charge my absence less, O generous chief !  
 On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief :  
 Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sate,  
 And mourn'd, in secret, his and Ilion's fate  
 'Tis now enough now glory spreads her charms,  
 And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms  
 Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,  
 'Tis man's to fight, but heaven's to give success.  
 But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind,  
 Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind "



HECTOR CHIDING PARIS

He said, nor answer'd Priam's wailful son,  
 When Helen thus with lowly grace begun  
 " Oh, generous brother ! (if the guilty dame  
 That caused these woes deserve a sister's name !)  
 Would heaven, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,  
 The day that show'd me to the golden sun  
 Had seen my death ! why did not whirlwinds bear  
 The fatal infant to the fowls of air ?  
 Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,  
 And midst the roarings of the waters died ?  
 Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accursed  
 Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.  
 Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,  
 Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame !  
 Now tired with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,  
 With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine.  
 The gods have link'd our miserable doom,  
 Our present woe, and infamy to come

Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long,  
Example sad' and theme of future song."

The chief repli'd . "This time forbids to rest ;  
The Trojan bands, by hostile fury press'd,  
Demand their Hector, and his arm require ,  
The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.  
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,  
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls  
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,  
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay ;  
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)  
Demands a parting word, a tender tear :  
This day, some god who hates our Trojan land  
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand"

He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart  
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part ,  
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain ;  
She, with one maid of all her nuptial train,  
Had hence retired ; and with her second joy,  
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,  
Pensive she stood on Ihon's towery height,  
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight ;  
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,  
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desired,  
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fired,  
Stood in the gates, and ask'd " what way she bent  
Her parting step ? If to the fane she went,  
Where late the mourning matrons made resort ;  
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court ? "

" Not to the court, (replied the attendant train,)  
Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane .  
To Ihon's steepy tower she bent her way,  
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day  
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword ;  
She heard, and trembled for her absent lord .  
Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,  
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.  
The nurse attended with her infant boy,  
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy "

Hector this heard, return'd without delay ,  
Swift through the town he trod his former way,  
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state ;  
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate  
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair.  
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir :  
( Cilician Thebè great Aëtion sway'd,  
And Hippoplacus' wide extended shade )  
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces press'd,  
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,

Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,  
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn  
 To this loved infant Hector gave the name  
 Scamandrius, from Scámander's honour'd stream,  
 Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,  
 From his great father, the defence of Troy  
 Silent the warrior smiled, and pleas'd resign'd  
 To tender passions all his mighty mind,  
 His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,  
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke,  
 Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,  
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.



THE MEETING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

"Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?  
 Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!  
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,  
 A widow I, a helpless orphan he?  
 For sure such courage length of life denies,  
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice  
 Greece in her single heroes strove in vain,  
 Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain.  
 O grant me, gods, ere Hector meets his doom,  
 All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb!  
 So shall my days in one sad tenor run,  
 And end with sorrows as they first begun  
 No parent now remains my griefs to share,  
 No father's aid, no mother's tender care  
 The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,  
 Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire!

His fate compassion in the victor bled ;  
 Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead,  
 His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,  
 And laid him decent on the funeral pile ;  
 Then raised a mountain where his bones were burn'd ,  
 The mountain-nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd.  
 Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms be-tow'r  
 A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

" By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell ;  
 In one sad day beheld the gates of hell ;  
 While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,  
 Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled !  
 My mother lived to wear the victor's bands,  
 The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands .  
 Redeem'd too late she scarce beheld again  
 Her pleasing empire and her native plain,  
 When ah ! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,  
 She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

" Yet while my Hector still survives, I see  
 My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee :  
 Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all  
 Once more will perish, if my Hector fall,  
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share :  
 Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care !  
 That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,  
 Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy ;  
 Thou, from this tower defend the important post ;  
 There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,  
 That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,  
 And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.  
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,  
 Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven  
 Let others in the field their arms employ,  
 But stay my Hector here and guard his Troy "

The chief replied " That post shall be my care,  
 Not that alone, but all the works of war  
 How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,  
 And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground  
 Attaint the lustre of my former name,  
 Should Hector basely quit the field of fame ?  
 My early youth was bred to martial pains,  
 My soul impels me to the embattled plains !  
 Let me be foremost to defend the throne,  
 And guard my father's glories, and my own

" Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates !  
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue relates !)  
 The day when thou, imperial Troy ! must bend,  
 And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end  
 And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,  
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,

Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,  
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,  
 As thine, Andromache ! Thy griefs I dread  
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led !  
 In Argive looms our battles to design,  
 And woes, of which so large a part was thine !  
 To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring  
 The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring  
 There while you groan beneath the load of life,  
 They cry, ' Behold the mighty Hector's wife !'  
 Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,  
 Imbitters all thy woes, by naming me.  
 The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,  
 A thousand griefs shall waken at the name !  
 May I lie cold before that dreadful day,  
 - Press'd with a load of monumental clay !  
 Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,  
 Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy  
 Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy  
 The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,  
 Scared at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.  
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,  
 And Hector hasted to relieve his child,  
 The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,  
 And placed the beaming helmet on the ground,  
 Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,  
 Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer

" O thou ! whose glory fills the ethereal throne,  
 And all ye deathless powers ! protect my son !  
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,  
 To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,  
 Against his country's foes the war to wage,  
 And rise the Hector of the future age !  
 So when triumphant from successful toils  
 Of heroes slain he hears the reeking spoils,  
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,  
 And say, ' This chief transcends his father's fame.'  
 While pleased amidst the general shouts of Troy,  
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy"

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,  
 Restored the pleasing burden to her arms,  
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,  
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd  
 The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,  
 She mingled with a smile a tender tear  
 The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,  
 And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued  
 " Andromache ! my soul's far better part,  
 Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart ?

No hostile hand can antedate my doom,  
 Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.  
 Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth;  
 And such the hard condition of our birth:  
 No force can then resist, no flight can save,  
 All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.  
 No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,  
 There guide the spindle, and direct the loom.  
 Me glory summons to the martial scene,  
 The field of combat is the sphere for men.  
 Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,  
 The first in danger as the first in fame."

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes  
 His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.  
 His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,  
 Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye  
 That stream'd at every look; then, moving slow,  
 Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.  
 There, while her tears deplored the godlike man,  
 Through all her train the soft infection ran;  
 The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,  
 And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,  
 Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.  
 In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,  
 Swift through the town the warrior bends his way.  
 The wanton courser thus with reins unbound  
 Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;  
 Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,  
 And laves, in height of blood his shining sides;  
 His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;  
 His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies;  
 He snuffs the females in the distant plain,  
 And springs, exulting, to his fields again.  
 With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay,  
 In arms refulgent as the god of day,  
 The son of Priam, glorying in his might,  
 Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.

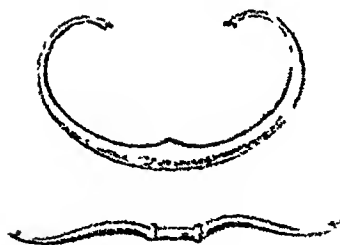
And now, the warriors passing on the way,  
 The graceful Paris first excused his stay.  
 To whom the noble Hector thus replied -  
 "O chief! in blood, and now in arms, allied!  
 Thy power in war with justice none contest;  
 Known is thy courage, and thy strength confess'd.  
 What pity sloth should seize a soul so brave,

∴ *The wanton courser*

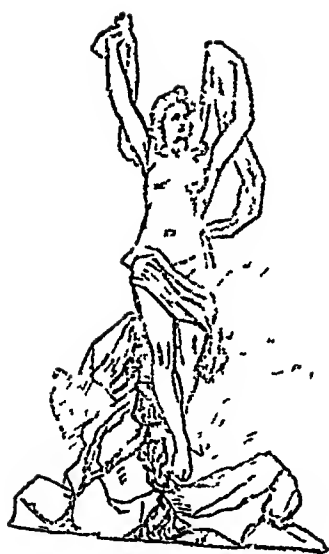
"Come destrier, c'è da le regie stalle  
 Ove a l'usa de l'arme si riserbà,  
 Fugge, e libero al fin per largo calle  
 Va tragl' armenti, o al fiume usato, o a l'erba."

Gier Lib ix 75

Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave !  
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say  
And hopes thy deeds shall wipe the stain away  
Haste then, in all their glorious labours share,  
For much they suffer, for thy sake in war  
These ills shall cease, & hence er by Jove's decree  
We crown the bowl to heaven and Ibero  
While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,  
And Greece indignant through her sons returns !







IRIS.

## BOOK VII.

### ARGUMENT.

#### THE SINGLE COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX.

The battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo, seeing her descend from Olympus joins her near the Scaean gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and invite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accept the challenge, the lot is cast and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor purposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore her to the Greeks. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burying the dead. The last offer is only agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in fast agony. Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder, and other signs of his wrath.

The three-and-twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax, the next day the truce is agreed, another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain and another in building the fortification before the ships. So that somewhat about three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

So spoke the guardian of the Trojan state.  
Then rush'd impetuous through the Scaean gate.  
Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms,  
Both breathing slaughter, both resolved in arms  
As when to sailors labouring through the main,  
That long have heaved the weary oar in vain,  
Jove bids at length the expected gales arise;  
The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies.  
So welcome these to Troy's desiring train,  
The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again.  
Bold Paris first the work of death begun  
On great Menestheus, Arethous' son.  
Sprung from the fair Philomedes' embrace,  
The pleasing Arctus was his native place.  
Then sunk Lioneus to the shades below;  
Beneath his steely casque<sup>1</sup> he felt the blow

<sup>1</sup> Crest. The origin of word doubtful. Some take it for a crest, cone, of the helmet.

Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand ;  
 And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.  
 By Glaucus' spear the bold Iphinous bleeds,  
 Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds ;  
 Headlong, he tumbles his slack nerves unbound,  
 Drop the cold useless members on the ground

When now Minerva saw her Argives slain,  
 From vast Olympus to the gleaming plain  
 PIERCE she descends : Apollo marked her flight,  
 Nor shot less swift from Ilion's towery height.  
 Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade ;  
 When thus Apollo to the blue-eyed maid .

"What cause, O daughter of Almighty Jove !  
 Thus wings thy progress from the realms above ?  
 Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,  
 To give to Greece the long divided day ?  
 Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,  
 Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate ;  
 This day, the business of the field suspend ;  
 War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend ,  
 Since vengeful goddesses confederate join  
 To raze her walls, though built by hands divine "

To whom the progeny of Jove replies  
 "I left, for this, the council of the skies  
 But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,  
 What art shall calm the furious sons of war ?"  
 To her the god "Great Hector's soul incite  
 To dare the boldest Greek to single fight,  
 Till Greece, provoked, from all her numbers show  
 A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe."

At this agreed, the heavenly powers withdrew ;  
 Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew ;  
 Hector, inspired, he sought to him address'd,  
 Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast --

"O son of Priam ! let thy faithful ear  
 Receive my words . thy friend and brother hear !  
 Go forth persuasive, and a while engage  
 The warring nations to suspend their rage ;  
 Then dare the boldest of the hostile train  
 To mortal combat on the listed plain  
 For not this day shall end thy glorious date ;  
 The gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate."

He said the warrior heard the word with joy ;  
 Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,  
 Held by the midst athwart. On either hand  
 The squadrons part ; the expecting Trojans stand ;  
 Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear  
 They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.  
 The Athenian maid,<sup>2</sup> and glorious god of day,

<sup>2</sup> *Athenian maid*. Minerva.

With silent joy the settling hosts survey  
 In form of vultures, on the beech's height  
 They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight  
 The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,  
 Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields.  
 As when a general darkness veils the main,  
 (Soft Zephyr curling the wide wat'ry plain,)  
 The waves scarce heave, the face of ocean sleeps,  
 And a still horror saddens all the deeps,  
 Thus in thick orders settling wide around,  
 At length composed they sit, and shade the ground  
 Great Hector first amidst both armies broke  
 The solemn silence, and their powers bespoke  
 "Hear, all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands,  
 What my soul prompts, and what some god commands.  
 Great Jove, averse our warfare to compose,  
 O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes;  
 War with a fiercer tide once more returns,  
 Till Ilion falls, or till yon navy burns  
 You then, O princes of the Greeks! appear,  
 'Tis Hector speaks, and calls the gods to hear  
 From all your troops select the boldest knight,  
 And him, the boldest, Hector dares to fight  
 Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,  
 Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain,  
 But let my body, to my friends return'd,  
 By Trojan hands and Trojan flames be burn'd  
 And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust,  
 Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust;  
 If mine the glory to despoil the foe,  
 On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms bestow  
 The breathless carcase to your navy sent,  
 Greece on the shore shall raise a monument,  
 Which when some future mariner surveys,  
 Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas,  
 Thus shall he say, 'A valiant Greek lies there,  
 By Hector slain, the mighty man of war,'  
 The stone shall tell your vanquish'd hero's name  
 And distant ages learn the victor's fame"  
 This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd heard,  
 Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd  
 Stern Menelaus first the silence broke,  
 And, only groaning, thus opprobrious spoke  
 "Women of Greece! O scandal of your race,  
 Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace,  
 How great the shame, when every age shall know  
 That not a Grecian met this noble foe!  
 Go then! resolve to earth, from whence ye grew,  
 A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!  
 Be what ye seem, unanimated clay,

Myself will dare the danger of the day ;  
 'Tis man's bold task the generous strife to try,  
 But in the hands of God is victory."

These words scarce spoke, with generous ardour press'd,  
 His manly limbs in azure arms he dress'd.  
 That day, Atreides ! a superior hand  
 Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile strand ;  
 But all at once, thy fury to compose,  
 The kings of Greece, an awful band, arose ;  
 Even he their chief, great Agamemnon, press'd  
 Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd -  
 " Whither, O Menelaus ! wouldst thou run,  
 And tempt a fate which prudence bids thee shun ?  
 Grieved though thou art, forbear the rash design ;  
 Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine  
 Even fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,  
 And trembling met this dreadful son of war.  
 Sit thou secure, amidst thy social band,  
 Greece in our cause shall arm some powerful hand.  
 The mightiest warrior of the Achaian name,  
 Though bold and burning with desire of fame,  
 Content the doubtful honour might forego,  
 So great the danger, and so brave the foe "

He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind ;  
 He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd,  
 No longer bent to rush on certain harms,  
 His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms

He from whose lips divine persuasion flows,  
 Grave Nestor, then, in graceful act arose ;  
 Thus to the kings he spoke " What grief, what shame  
 Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name !  
 How shall, alas ! her hoary heroes mourn  
 Their sons degenerate, and their race a scorn !  
 What tears shall down thy silvery beard be roll'd,  
 O Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old !  
 Once with what joy the generous prince would hear  
 Of every chief who fought this glorious war,  
 Participate their fame, and pleased inquire  
 Each name, each action, and each hero's sue !  
 Gods ! should he see our warriors trembling stand,  
 And trembling all before one hostile hand,  
 How would he lift his aged arms on high,  
 Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die !  
 Oh ! would to all the immortal powers above,  
 Minerva, Phœbus, and almighty Jove !  
 Years might again roll back, my youth renew,  
 And give this arm the spring which once it knew .  
 When fierce in war, where Jordan's waters fall,  
 I led my troops to Phea's trembling wall,  
 And with the Arcadian spears my prowess tried,

Where Celadon rolls down his rapid tide<sup>3</sup>  
 There Ereuthalion braved us in the field,  
 Proud Areithous' dreadful arms to wield,  
 Great Areithous, known from shore to shore  
 By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore,  
 No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,  
 But broke, with this, the battle of the foe  
 Him not by manly force Lycurgus slew,  
 Whose guileful javelin from the thicket flew,  
 Deep in a winding way his breast assailed,  
 Nor aught the warrior's thundering mace avail'd.  
 Supine he fell - those arms which Mars before  
 Had given the vanquish'd, now the victor bore.  
 But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,  
 To Ereuthalion he consign'd the prize  
 Furious with this he crush'd our level'd bands,  
 And dared the trial of the strongest hands,  
 Nor could the strongest hands his fury stay  
 All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous sway  
 Till I, the youngest of the host, appear'd,  
 And, youngest, met whom all our army fear'd  
 I fought the chief - my arms Minerva crown'd  
 Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground  
 What then I was, O were your Nestor now!  
 Not Hector's self should want an equal foe  
 But, warriors, you that youthful vigour boast,  
 The flower of Greece, the examples of our host,  
 Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway,  
 Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?"

His warm reproofs the listening kings inflame,  
 And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name,  
 Up-started fierce - but far before the rest  
 The king of men advanced his dauntless breast.  
 Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd,  
 And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd,  
 Oilcus follow'd, Idomen was there,<sup>4</sup>  
 And Merion, dreadful as the god of war  
 With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand,  
 And wise Ulysses closed the daring band  
 All these, alike inspired with noble rage,  
 Demand the fight - To whom the Pylian sage  
 "Lest thirst of glory your brave souls divide,  
 What chief shall combat, let the gods decide  
 Whom heaven shall choose, be his the chance to raise  
 His country's fame, his own immortal praise"

The lots produced, each hero signs his own  
 Then in the general's helm the fates are thrown,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Celadon*, a river of Elis

<sup>4</sup> *Oilcus*, i.e. Ajax, the son of Oilcus, in contradistinction to Ajax, son of Telamon

<sup>5</sup> *In the general's helm* - It was customary to put the lots into a helmet, in which they were well shaken up, each man then took his choice.

The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,  
 And vows like these ascend from all the bands :  
 " Grant, thou Almighty ! in whose hand is fate,  
 A worthy champion for the Grecian state .  
 This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,  
 Or he, the king of kings, beloved by Jove."  
 Old Nestor shook the casque. By heaven inspired,  
 Leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek desired.  
 This from the right to left the herald bears,  
 Held out in order to the Grecian peers ,  
 Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,  
 Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own ,  
 Surveys the inscription with rejoicing eyes,  
 Then casts before him, and with transport cries :  
 " Warriors ! I claim the lot, and arm with joy ;  
 Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy -  
 Now while my brightest arms my limbs invest,  
 To Saturn's son be all your vows address'd  
 But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,  
 And deem your prayers the mean effect of fear.  
 Said I in secret ? No, your vows declare  
 In such a voice as fills the earth and air,  
 Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread ?  
 Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred ! -  
 From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,  
 And, born to combats, fear no force on earth "

He said The troops with elevated eyes,  
 Implore the god whose thunder rends the skies .  
 " O father of mankind, superior lord !  
 On lofty Ida's holy hill adored  
 Who in the highest heaven hast fix'd thy throne,  
 Supreme of gods ! unbounded and alone .  
 Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away  
 The praise and conquest of this doubtful day ;  
 Or, if illustrious Hector be thy care,  
 That both may claim it, and that both may share "

Now Ajax braced his dazzling armour on ,  
 Sheathed in bright steel the giant-warrior shone :  
 He moves to combat with majestic pace ,  
 So stalks in arms the grisly god of Thrace,<sup>6</sup>  
 When Jove to punish faithless men prepares,  
 And gives whole nations to the waste of wars,  
 Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a god ,  
 Grimly he smiled , earth trembled as he strode .<sup>7</sup>

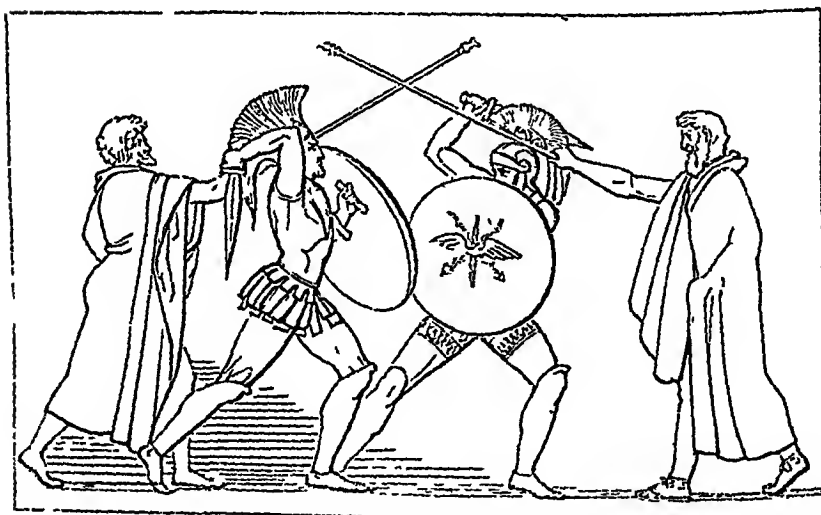
<sup>6</sup> *God of Thrace.* Mars, or Mavors, according to his Thracian epithet Hence "Mavortia  
 Mama" *Gr 1 by 12 sn ited*

"And death  
 Grinn'd horribly, a ghastly smile" — "Paradise Lost," ii 845.  
 "There Mavors stands  
 Grinning with ghastly feature" — Carey's Dante He'll, v.

His massy javelin quivering in his hand,  
 He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band  
 Through every Argive heart new transport ran,  
 All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man  
 Even Hector paused, and with new doubt oppress'd,  
 Felt his great heart suspended in his breast  
 'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear,  
 Himself had challenged, and the foe drew near.  
 Stern Telamon behind his ample shield  
 As from a brazen tower, o'erlook'd the field  
 Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'er-cast,  
 Of tough bull-hides; of solid brass the last,  
 (The work of Tychius, who in Hylè dwell'd  
 And in all arts of armoury excell'd.)  
 This Ajax bore before his manly breast,  
 And, threatening, thus his adverse chief address'd  
 "Hector! approach my arm, and singly know  
 What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian foe.  
 Achilles shuns the fight, yet some there are,  
 Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war  
 Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore.  
 Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more,  
 Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,  
 And sends thee one, a sample of her host.  
 Such as I am, I come to prove thy might,  
 No more——be sudden, and begin the fight."  
 "O son of Telamon, thy country's pride"  
 (To Ajax thus the Trojan prince replied)  
 Me, as a boy, or woman, wouldst thou fright,  
 New to the field, and trembling at the fight?  
 Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,  
 To combat born, and bred amidst alarms  
 I know to shift my ground, remount the car,  
 Turn, charge, and answer every call of war,  
 To right, to left, the dexterous lance I wield,  
 And bear thick battle on my sounding shield  
 But open be our fight, and bold each blow,  
 I steal no conquest from a noble foe."  
 He said, and rising, high above the field  
 Whirl'd the long lance against the sevenfold shield  
 Full on the brass descending from above  
 Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,  
 Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw  
 Through Hector's shield the forceful javelin fire,  
 His corslet enters, and his garment rends,  
 And glancing downwards, near his sink descends.  
 The wary Trojan shrinks, and bending low  
 Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow  
 From their bored shields the chiefs their javelins cast,  
 Then close impetuous, and the charge renew;



Fierce as the mountain-lions bathed in blood,  
 Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.  
 At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends,  
 The blunted point against the buckler bends,  
 But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near,  
 Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty spear;  
 It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength impell'd  
 Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.  
 Yet ceased not Hector thus; but stooping down,  
 In his strong hand up-heaved a flinty stone,  
 Black, craggy, vast to this his force he bends;  
 Full on the brazen boss the stone descends,  
 The hollow brass resounded with the shock  
 Then Ajax seized the fragment of a rock,  
 Applied each nerve, and swinging round on high,  
 With force tempestuous, let the ruin fly,  
 The huge stone thundering through his buckler broke:  
 His slacken'd knees received the numbing stroke,  
 Great Hector falls extended on the field;  
 His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield.



HECTOR AND AJAX SEPARATED BY THE HERALDS

Nor wanted heavenly aid Apollo's might  
 Confirm'd his sinews, and restored to fight.  
 And now both heroes then broad falchions drew:  
 In flaming circles round their heads they flew,  
 But then by heralds' voice the word was given  
 The sacred ministers of earth and heaven  
 Divine Talthybius, whom the Greeks employ,  
 And sage Idæus on the part of Troy,

Between the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd,  
And first Idæus' awful voice was heard :

"Forbear, my sons ! your further force to prove,  
Both dear to men, and both beloved of Jove  
To either host your matchless worth is known,  
Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own.  
But now the Night extends her awful shade ;  
The goddess parts you , be the night obey'd " <sup>8</sup>

To whom great Ajax his high soul express'd  
"O sage ! to Hector be these words address'd  
Let him, who first provoked our chiefs to fight,  
Let him demand the sanction of the night ,  
If first he ask'd it, I content obey,  
And cease the strife when Hector shows the way."

"O first of Greeks ! (his noble foe rejoind)  
Whom heaven adorns, superior to thy kind,  
With strength of body, and with worth of mind !  
Now martial law commands us to forbear ,  
Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war,  
Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,  
And let the gods decide of death or life !  
Since, then, the night extends her gloomy shade,  
And heaven enjoins it, be the night obey'd  
Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,  
And joy the nations whom thy arm defends ,  
As I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife,  
Who wearies heaven with vows for Hector's life  
But let us, on this memorable day,  
Exchange some gift that Greece and Troy may say,  
Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend ;  
And each brave foe was in his soul a friend "

With that, a sword with stains of silver graced,  
The baldric studded, and the sheath enclased,  
He gave the Greek The generous Greek bestow'd  
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd  
Then with majestic grace they quit the plain ,  
This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.

The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,  
And hail with joy the Champion of their state ,  
Escaped great Ajax, they survey him round,  
Alive, unarm'd, and vigorous from his wound ,  
To Troy's high gates the godlike man they bear  
Their present triumph, as their late despair

But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,  
The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead  
A steer for sacrifice the king design'd,

<sup>8</sup> " Sete ò guerrieri incamiciate l'armi  
Con pari honor di pari ambo poteri l,  
Dunque cessi la p. nra, e non la v. nra  
Le ragioni, e l'eti, d'ed. l'it. nra - c. r. l. v. p. "

Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.  
 The victim falls, they strip the smoking hide,  
 The beast they quarter, and the joints divide;  
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,  
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.  
 The king himself (an honorary sign)  
 Before great Ajax placed the mighty chine.<sup>9</sup>  
 When now the rage of hunger was removed,  
 Nestor, in each persuasive art approved,  
 The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest,  
 In words like these his prudent thought express'd:

"How dear, O kings! this fatal day has cost,  
 What Greeks are perish'd! what a people lost!  
 What tides of blood have drench'd Scamander's shore!  
 What crowds of heroes sunk to rise no more!  
 Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's light  
 Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight.  
 Some space at least permit the wai to breathe,  
 While we to flames our slaughter'd friends bequeath,  
 From the red field their scatter'd bodies bear,  
 And nigh the fleet a funeral structure rear;  
 So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,  
 And pious children o'er their ashes weep  
 Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blazed,  
 High o'er them all a general tomb be raised,  
 Next, to secure our camp and naval powers,  
 Raise an embattled wall, with lofty towers;  
 From space to space be ample gates around,  
 For passing chariots, and a trench profound.  
 So Greece to combat shall in safety go,  
 Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe."

'Twas thus the sage his wholesome counsel mov'd;  
 The sceptred kings of Greece his words approved.

Meanwhile, convened at Priam's palace-gate,  
 The Trojan peers in nightly council sate,  
 A senate void of order, as of choice.  
 Their hearts were fearful, and confused their voice  
 Antenor, rising, thus demands their ear  
 "Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars, hear!  
 'Tis heaven the counsel of my breast inspires,  
 And I but move what every god requires  
 Let Sparta's treasures be this hour restored,  
 And Argive Helen own her ancient lord  
 The ties of faith, the sworn alliance, broke,  
 Our impious battles the just gods provoke  
 As this advice ye practise, or reject,  
 So hope success, or dread the dire effect."

<sup>9</sup> It was an ancient style of compliment to give a larger portion of food to the conqueror, or person to whom respect was to be shown. See Virg. *Æn.* viii. 181. Thus Benjamin was honoured with a "double portion." Gen. xlii. 34.

The senior spoke and sate To whom replied  
 The graceful husband of the Spartan bride ·  
 "Cold counsels, Trojan, may become thy years  
 But sound ungrateful in a warrior's ears  
 Old man, if void of fallacy or art,  
 Thy words express the purpose of thy heart,  
 Thou, in thy time, more sound advice hast given,  
 But wisdom has its date, assign'd by heaven  
 Then hear me, princes of the Trojan name !  
 Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame ;  
 My treasures too, for peace, I will resign,  
 But be this bright possession ever mine "

'Twas then, the growing discord to compose,  
 Slow from his seat the reverend Priam rose  
 His godlike aspect deep attention drew  
 He paused, and these pacific words ensue

"Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands !  
 Now take refreshment as the hour demands,  
 Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night.  
 Till the new sun restores the cheerful light  
 Then shall our herald, to the Atrides sent,  
 Before their ships proclaim my son's intent  
 Next let a truce be ask'd, that Troy may burn  
 Her slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn,  
 That done, once more the fate of war be tried,  
 And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide !"

The monarch spoke the warriors snatch'd with haste  
 (Each at his post in arms) a short repast  
 Soon as the rosy morn had waked the day,  
 To the black ships Idæus bent his way,  
 There, to the sons of Mars, in council found,  
 He raised his voice the host stood listening round

"Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear !  
 The words of Trov, and Troy's great monarch, hear  
 Pleased may ye hear (so heaven succeed my prayers)  
 What Paris, author of the war, declares.

The spoils and treasures he to Ilion bore  
 (Oh had he perish'd ere they touch'd our shore !)  
 He proffers injured Greece with large increase  
 Of added Trojan wealth to buy the peace  
 But to restore the beauteous bride again,  
 This Greece demands, and Troy requests in vain.  
 Next, O ye chiefs ! we ask a truce to burn  
 Our slaughter'd heroes and their bones inurn  
 That done, once more the fate of war be tried,  
 And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide !"

The Greeks gave ear, but none the silence broke ;  
 At length Patroclus rose, and rising spoke  
 "Oh, take not, friends ! defrauded of your fame,  
 Their proffer'd wealth, nor even the Spartan dame.

Let conquest make them ours · fate shakes their wall,  
And Troy already totters to her fall”

The admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name,  
With general shouts return'd him loud acclaim.  
Then thus the king of kings rejects the peace ·

“Herald ! in him thou hear'st the voice of Greece  
For what remains , let funeral flames be fed  
With heroes' corps . I war not with the dead :  
Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,  
And gratify the manes of the slain  
Be witness, Jove, whose thunder rolls on high !”  
He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky

To sacred Troy, where all her princes lay  
To wait the event, the herald bent his way.  
He came, and standing in the midst, explain'd  
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd  
Straight to their several caes the Trojans move,  
Some search the plains, some fell the sounding grove .  
Nor less the Greeks, descending on the shore,  
Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.  
And now from forth the chambers of the main,  
To shed his sacred light on earth again,  
Arose the golden chariot of the day,  
And tipp'd the mountains with a purple ray.  
In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train  
Through heaps of carnage search'd the mournful plain.  
Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend explore,  
With dust dishonour'd, and deformed with gore  
The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shed,  
And, laid along their cars, deplored the dead  
Sage Priam check'd their grief with silent haste  
The bodies decent on the piles were placed  
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd  
And, sadly slow, to sacred Troy return'd.  
Nor less the Greeks their pious sorrows shed,  
And decent on the pile dispose the dead ,  
The cold remains consume with equal care ,  
And slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair  
Now, ere the morn had streak'd with reddening light  
The doubtful confines of the day and night,  
About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,  
And round the pile a general tomb they rear'd  
Then, to secure the camp and naval powers,  
They raised embattled walls with lofty towers 20

<sup>20</sup> *Embattled walls* “Another essential basis of mechanical unity in the poem is the construction of the rampart. This takes place in the seventh book. The reason ascribed for the glaring improbability that the Greeks should have left their camp and fleet unfortified during nine years, in the midst of a hostile country, is a purely poetical one. ‘So long as Achilles fought, the terror of his name sufficed to keep every foe at a distance.’ The disasters consequent on his secession first led to the necessity of other means of protection. Accordingly, in the battles previous to the eighth book, no allusion occurs to a rampart, in all those

From space to space were ample gates around,  
For passing chariots, and a trench profound  
Of large extent, and deep in earth below,  
Strong piles infix'd stood adverse to the foe  
So toil'd the Greeks meanwhile the gods above.

In shining circle round their father Jove,  
Amazed beheld the wondrous works of man  
Then he, whose trident shakes the earth, began

"What mortals henceforth shall our power adore,  
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,  
If the proud Grecians thus successful boast  
Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast?  
See the long walls extending to the main,  
No god consulted, and no victim slain!

Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends,  
Wide as the morn her golden beam extends,  
While old Laomedon's divine abodes,  
Those radiant structures rais'd by labouring gods,  
Shall, razed and lost, in long oblivion sleep"  
Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep

The almighty Thunderer with a frown replies,  
That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies  
"Strong god of ocean! thou, whose rage can make  
The solid earth's eternal basis shake!

What cause of fear from mortal works could move?"  
The meanest subject of our realms above?

Where'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,  
Thy power is honour'd, and thy fame shall last  
But yon proud work no future age shall view,  
No trace remain where once the glory grew  
The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,  
And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall  
Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore  
The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more!"

Thus they in heaven while, o'er the Grecian train,  
The rolling sun descending to the main  
Beheld the finish'd work Their bulls they slew,  
Black from the tents the savoury vapour flew  
And now the fleet, arriv'd from Lemnos' strands,  
With Bacchus' blessings cheered the generous bands  
Of fragrant wines the rich Eunæus sent  
A thousand measures to the royal tent  
(Eunæus, whom Hypsipylé of Jore  
To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore.)

which follow it forms a prominent feature Here, then, in the anomaly as in the propriety of the Iliad, the destiny of Achilles, or rather this peculiar crisis of it, forms the pervading bond of connexion to the whole poem.—Mure, vol. 1 p. 257

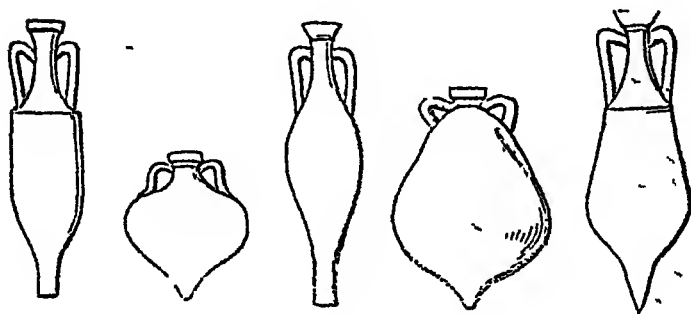
<sup>11</sup> *What cause of fear, &c.*

"Seest thou not this?" or do we fear in vain  
Thy boasted thunders, and thy thoughtless reign?"

Dryden's Virgil, l. 304

The rest they purchased at their proper cost,  
 And well the plenteous freight supplied the host.  
 Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave ;<sup>12</sup>  
 Some, brass or iron ; some, an ox, or slave  
 All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan powers :  
 Those on the fields, and these within their towers  
 But Jove averse the signs of wrath display'd,  
 And shot red lightnings through the gloomy shade :  
 Humbled they stood , pale horror seized on all,  
 While the deep thunder shook the aerial hall.  
 Each pour'd to Jove before the bowl was crown'd ;  
 And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground .  
 Then late, refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,  
 Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night

<sup>12</sup> *In exchange* These lines are referred to by Theophilus, the Roman lawyer, in tit. xxiii § 1, as exhibiting the most ancient mention of barter



GREEK AMPHORA—WINE VESSELS





What god but enters yon forbidden field,  
 Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield,  
 Back to the skies with shame he shall be driven,  
 Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heaven;  
 Or far, oh far, from steep Olympus thrown,  
 Low in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan,  
 With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,  
 And lock'd by hell's inevitable doors,  
 As deep beneath the infernal centre hurl'd,<sup>2</sup>  
 As from that centre to the ethereal world.  
 Let him who tempts me, dread those dire abodes:  
 And know, the Almighty is the god of gods.  
 League all your forces, then, ye powers above,  
 Join all, and try the omnipotence of Jove  
 Let down our golden everlasting chain<sup>3</sup>  
 Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and man:  
 Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,  
 To drag, by this, the Thunderer down to earth.  
 Ye strive in vain! if I but stretch this hand,  
 I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land;  
 I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,  
 And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight!  
 For such I reign, unbounded and above;  
 And such are men, and gods, compared to Jove."

The all-mighty spoke, nor durst the powers reply  
 A reverend horror silenced all the sky,  
 Trembling they stood before their sovereign's look,  
 At length his best-beloved, the power of wisdom, spoke:  
 "O first and greatest! God, by gods adored!  
 We own thy might, our father and our lord!  
 But, ah! permit to pity human state  
 If not to help, at least lament their fate  
 From fields forbidden we submiss refrain,  
 With arms unaiding mourn our Argives slain;  
 Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may move,  
 Or all must perish in the wrath of Jove."

<sup>2</sup> "As far removed from God and light of heaven,  
 As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole"—"Paradise Lost"

"E quanto e da le stelle al basso inferno,  
 Tanto e piu in su de la stellata spera."—Gier Lib. 1. 7

"Some of the epithets which Homer applies to the heavens seem to imply that he considered it as a solid vault of metal. But it is not necessary to construe these epithets so literally, nor to draw any such inference from his description of Atlas, who holds the lofty pillars which keep earth and heaven asunder. Yet it would seem, from the manner in which the height of heaven is compared with the depth of Tartarus, that the region of light was thought to have certain bounds. The summit of the Thessalian Olympus was regarded as the highest point on the earth, and it is not always carefully distinguished from the ætherial regions above. The idea of a seat of the gods—perhaps derived from a more ancient tradition, in which it was not attached to any geographical site—seems to be indistinctly blended in the poet's mind with that of the real mountain."—Thirlwall's Greece, vol. 1. p. 217, sq.

<sup>3</sup> "Now lately heav'n, earth, another world  
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain  
 To that side heav'n"—"Paradise Lost," ii. 1004.

The cloud compelling god her suit approved,  
 And smil'd superior on his best beloved,  
 Then call'd his couriers, and his chariot took,  
 The steadfast firmament beneath them shook  
 Rapt by the eth'ral steeds the chariot roll'd,  
 Brass were then hoofs, their curling manes of gold  
 Of heaven's undrossy gold the gods array,  
 Refulgent flash'd intolerable day  
 High on the throne he shines his coursers fly  
 Betwixt the extended earth and starry sky  
 But when to Ida's topmost height he came,  
 (Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)  
 Where o'er her pointed summits proudly rais'd,  
 His fane breathed odours, and his altar blaz'd.  
 There, from his radiant car, the sacred sire  
 Of gods and men released the steeds of fire  
 Blue ambient mists the immortal steeds embraced,  
 High on the cloudy point his seat he plac'd,  
 Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,  
 The town, and tents, and navigable seas

Now had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,  
 And buckled on their shining arms with haste  
 Troy roused as soon; for on this dreadful day  
 The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay  
 The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;  
 Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain  
 Men, steeds, and chariots shake the trembling ground.  
 The tumult thickens, and the skies resound,  
 And now with shouts the shocking armies closed,  
 To lances lances, shields to shields oppos'd,  
 Host against host with shadowy legends drew,  
 The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,  
 Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,  
 Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise,  
 With streaming blood the slippery fields are dyed,  
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide  
 Long as the morning beams, increasing bright,  
 O'er heaven's clear azure spread the sacred light,  
 Commutual death the fate of war confounds,  
 Each adverse battle gored with equal wounds  
 But when the sun the height of heaven ascends,  
 The sire of gods his golden scales suspends,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *His golden scales*

Join now, sole arbiters of peace and war,  
 Held forth the fatal balance from afar  
 Each host he weighs, by turns they both prevail,  
 Till Troy descending fix'd the doubtful scale."

Merrick's Iryphodorus, v 687, sqq

"Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
 Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales,  
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,  
 The pendulous round earth, with balanced air

With equal hand in these explored the fate  
 Of Greece and Troy, and poised the mighty weight :  
 Piess'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies  
 Low sunk on earth, the Trojan strikes the skies.  
 Then Jove from Ida's top his horrors spreads,  
 The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads ;  
 Thick lightnings flash, the muttering thunder rolls,  
 Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls  
 Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire ;  
 The gods in terrors, and the skies on fire.  
 Nor great Idomeneus that sight could bear,  
 Nor each stein Ajax, thunderbolts of war.  
 Nor he, the king of war, the alarm sustain'd  
 Nestor alone, amidst the storm remain'd.  
 Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart  
 Had pierced his course in a mortal part ;  
 Fix'd in the forehead, where the springing man  
 Curl'd o'er the brow, it stung him to the brain ;  
 Mad with his anguish, he begins to rear,  
 Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air.  
 Scarce had his falchion cut the reins, and freed  
 The encumber'd chariot from the dying steed,  
 When dreadful Hector, thundering through the war,  
 Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car  
 That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless hand  
 The hoary monarch of the Pylian band,  
 But Diomed beheld, from forth the crowd  
 He rush'd, and on Ulysses call'd aloud.  
 " Whither, oh whither does Ulysses run ?  
 Oh, flight unworthy great Laertes' son !  
 Mix'd with the vulgar shall thy fate be found,  
 Pierced in the back, a vile, dishonest wound.  
 Oh turn and save from Hector's direful rage  
 The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian sage."  
 His fruitless words are lost unheard in air,  
 Ulysses seeks the ships and shelters there  
 But bold Tydides to the rescue goes,  
 A single warrior midst a host of foes,  
 Before the couriers with a sudden spring  
 He leap'd, and anxious thus bespoke the king.  
 " Great perils, father ! wait the unequal fight,  
 These younger champions will oppress thy might  
 Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow,  
 Weak is thy servant, and thy couriers slow.  
 Then haste, ascend my seat, and from the car  
 Observe the steeds of Tros, renown'd in war,  
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
 Battles and realms In these he puts two weights,  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight  
 The latter quick up flew, and lick'd the beam "  
 "Paradise Lost," iv 996.

Practised alike to turn, to stop, to chase,  
 To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race  
 These late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein,  
 Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train,  
 With these against yon Trojans will we go,  
 Nor shall great Hector want an equal foe,  
 Fierce as he is, even he may learn to fear  
 The thirsty fury of my flying spear."

Thus said the chief, and Nestor, skill'd in war,  
 Approves his counsel, and ascends the car  
 The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold,  
 Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold  
 The reverend charioteer directs the course,  
 And strains his aged arm to lash the horse  
 Hector they face, unknowing how to fear,  
 Fierce he drove on, Tydides whirl'd his spear  
 The spear with erring haste mistook its way,  
 But plunged in Eniopeus' bosom lay.  
 His opening hand in death forsakes the rein,  
 The steeds fly back he falls, and spurns the plain.  
 Great Hector sorrows for his servant kill'd,  
 Yet unrevenged permits to press the field,  
 Till, to supply his place and rule the car,  
 Rose Archeptolemus, the fierce in war  
 And now had death and horror cover'd all,<sup>5</sup>  
 Like timorous flocks the Trojans in their wall  
 Inclosed had bled but Jove with awful sound  
 Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound  
 Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew,  
 The ground before him flamed with sulphur blue,  
 The quivering steeds fell prostrate at the sight,  
 And Nestor's trembling hand confess'd his fright  
 He dropp'd the reins and, shook with sacred dread,  
 Thus, turning, warn'd the intrepid Diomed

"O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence  
 Retire advis'd, and urge the chariot hence  
 This day, averse, the sovereign of the skies  
 Assists great Hector, and our palm denies  
 Some other sun may see the happier hour,  
 When Greece shall conquer by his heavenly power.  
 'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move  
 The great will glory to submit to Jove"

"O reverend prince! (Tydides thus replies)  
 Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise  
 But ah, what grief! should haughty Hector boast  
 I fled inglorious to the guarded coast

5 *And now, &c.*

"And now all heaven  
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread  
 Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits  
 foreseen"—"Paradise Lost," vi. 669

Before that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,  
 O'erwhelm me, earth; and hide a warrior's shame!"  
 To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied,<sup>6</sup>  
 "Gods! can thy courage fear the Phrygian's pride?  
 Hector may vaunt, but who shall heed the boast?  
 Not those who felt thy arm, the Dardian host,  
 Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes lost;  
 Not even a Phrygian dame, who dreads the sword  
 That laid in dust her loved, lamented lord."  
 He said and, hasty o'er the gasping throng  
 Drives the swift steeds, the chariot smokes along;  
 The shouts of Trojans thicken in the wind;  
 The storm of hissing javelins pours behind.  
 Then with a voice that shakes the solid skies,  
 Pleased, Hector braves the warrior as he flies.  
 "Go, mighty hero! graced above the rest  
 In seats of council and the sumptuous feast.  
 Now hope no more those honours from thy train;  
 Go less than woman in the form of man!  
 To scale our walls, to wrap our towers in flames.  
 To lead in evil the fair Phrygian dames.  
 Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous prince! are fled;  
 This arm shall reach thy heart and stretch thee dead!"

Now fears dissuade him and now hopes invite.  
 To stop his coursers and to stand the fight;  
 Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove  
 On Ida's summits thunder'd from above.  
 Great Hector heard; he saw the flashing light,  
 (The sign of conquest,) and thus urged the fight.  
 "Hear, every Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band,  
 All famed in war, and dreadful hand to hand.  
 Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,  
 Your great forefathers' glories, and your own.  
 Heard ye the voice of Jove? Success and fame  
 Await on Troy, on Greece eternal shame  
 In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall.  
 Weak bulwarks: destined by this arm to fall.  
 High o'er their shghted trench our steeds shall bound  
 And pass victorious o'er the level'd mound.  
 Soon as before yon hollow ships we stand.  
 Fight each with flames, and toss the blazing brand:  
 Till, their proud navy wrapt in smoke and fires.  
 All Greece, encompass'd, in one blaze expires"

Furious he said; then bending o'er the yoke,  
 Encouraged his proud steeds, while thus he spoke.

"Now, Xanthus, Æthon, Lampus, urge the chase,  
 And thou, Podargus! prove thy generous race,

<sup>6</sup> *Gerenian Nestor*. The epithet *Gerenian*, either refers to the name of a place in which Nestor was educated, or merely signifies honoured, revered. See Schol. Veret. in Il. B. 326: Strabo, viii. p. 340.

Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,  
 And all your master's well-spent care repay  
 For this, high-fed, in plenteous stalls ye stand,  
 Served with pure wheat, and by a princess' hand ;  
 For this my spouse, of great Action's line,  
 So oft has steep'd the strengthening grain in wine  
 Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroll'd  
 Give me to seize rich Nestor's shield of gold ,  
 From Tydeus' shoulders strip the costly load,  
 Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god

These if we gain, then victory, ye powers !  
 This night, this glorious night, the fleet is ours !"

That heard, deep anguish stung Saturnia's soul ;  
 She shook her throne, that shook the starry pole  
 And thus to Neptune "Thou, whose force can make  
 The steadfast earth from her foundations shake,  
 Seest thou the Greeks by fates unjust oppress'd,  
 Nor swells thy heart in that immortal breast ?  
 Yet Ægæ, Helicæ, thy power obey,"

And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay.  
 Would all the deities of Greece combine,  
 In vain the gloomy Thunderer might repine  
 Sole should he sit, with scarce a god to friend,  
 And see his Trojans to the shades descend  
 Such be the scene from his Idæan bower,  
 Ungrateful prospect to the sullen power !"

Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design  
 "What rage, what madness, furious queen ! is thine ?  
 I war not with the highest. All above  
 Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove"

Now godlike Hector, to whose matchless might  
 Jove gave the glory of the destined fight,  
 Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields  
 With close-ranged chariots, and with thickened shields  
 Where the deep trench in length extended lay,  
 Compacted troops stand wedged in firm array,  
 A dreadful front ! they shake the brands, and threat  
 With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet  
 The king of men, by Juno's self inspired,  
 Toi'd through the tents, and all his army fired.  
 Swift as he moved, he lifted in his hand  
 His purple robe, bright ensign of command  
 High on the midmost bark the king appear'd .  
 There, from Ulysses' deck, his voice was heard  
 To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the sound,  
 Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound  
 "O Argives ! shame of human race !" (he cried :  
 The hollow vessels to his voice replied )  
 Where now are all your glorious boasts of Jove.

7 Ægæ, Helicæ Both these towns were conspicuous for the worship of Neptune.

Your hasty triumphs on the Lemnian shore ?  
 Each fearless hero dares a hundred foes,  
 While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows,  
 But who to meet one martial man is found,  
 When the fight rages, and the flames surround ?  
 O mighty Jove ! O sire of the distress'd !  
 Was ever king like me, like me oppress'd ?  
 With power immense, with justice arm'd in vain,  
 My glory ravish'd, and my people slain !  
 To thee my vows were breathed from every shore ;  
 What altar smoked not with our victims' gore ?  
 With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,  
 And ask'd destruction to the Trojan name.  
 Now, gracious god ! far humbler our demand ;  
 Give these at least to 'scape from Hector's hand,  
 And save the relics of the Grecian land ! "

Thus pray'd the king, and heaven's great father heard  
 His vows, in bitterness of soul prefer'd :  
 The wrath appeased, by happy signs declares,  
 And gives the people to their monarch's prayers.  
 His eagle, sacred bird of heaven ! he sent,  
 A fawn his talons truss'd, (divine portent !)   
 High o'er the wondering hosts he soar'd above,  
 Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove,  
 Then let the prey before his altar fall,  
 The Greeks beheld, and transport seized on all :  
 Encouraged by the sign, the troops revive,  
 And fierce on Troy with doubled fury drive  
 Tydides first, of all the Grecian force  
 O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,  
 Pierced the deep ranks, their strongest battle tore,  
 And dyed his javelin red with Trojan gore  
 Young Agelaus (Phiadmon was his sire)  
 With flying coursers shunn'd his dreadful ire,  
 Struck through the back, the Phrygian fell oppress'd ;  
 The dart drove on, and issued at his breast  
 Headlong he quits the car his arms resound,  
 His ponderous buckler thunders on the ground  
 Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed ;  
 The Atreidæ first, the Ajaces next succeed  
 Meriones, like Mars in arms renown'd,  
 And godlike Idomen, now passed the mound,  
 Evæmon's son next issues to the foe,  
 And last young Teucer with his bended bow.  
 Secure behind the Telamonian shield  
 The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,  
 With every shaft some hostile victim slew,  
 Then close beneath the sevenfold orb withdrew :  
 The conscious infant so, when fear alarms,  
 Retires for safety to the mother's arms.

Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,  
 Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.  
 Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled?  
 Orsilochus, then fell Ormenus dead  
 The godlike Lycophon next press'd the plain,  
 With Chromius, Dætor, Ophiestes slain  
 Bold Hamopaon breathless sunk to ground;  
 The bloody pile great Melanippus crown'd  
 Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art,  
 A Trojan ghost attending every dart  
 Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye  
 The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly  
 ' O youth for ever dear ' (the monarch cried)  
 Thus, always thus, thy early worth be tried,  
 Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,  
 Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast!  
 Sprung from an alien's bed thy sire to grace,  
 The vigorous offspring of a stolen embrace  
 Proud of his boy, he own'd the generous flame,  
 And the brave son repays his cares with fame  
 Now hear a monarch's vow "If heaven's high powers  
 Give me to raze Troy's long-defended towers,  
 Whatever treasures Greece for me design,  
 The next rich honorary gift be thine  
 Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,  
 With coursers dreadful in the ranks of war  
 Or some fair captive, whom thy eyes approve,  
 Shall recompense the warrior's toils with love"  
 To this the chief "With praise the rest inspire,  
 Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire  
 What strength I have, be now in battle tried,  
 Till every shaft in Phrygian blood be dyed  
 Since rallying from our wall we forced the foe,  
 Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow  
 Eight forked arrows from this hand have fled,  
 And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead  
 But sure some god denies me to destroy  
 This fury of the field, this dog of Troy"

He said, and twang'd the string The weapon flies  
 At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies  
 He miss'd the mark, but pierc'd Gorgythio's heart,  
 And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart  
 (Fair Castianua, nymph of form divine,  
 This offspring added to king Priam's line)  
 As full-blown poppies, overcharged with rain,<sup>8</sup>  
 Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain,

<sup>8</sup> *As full blown, &c*

"Il suo Lesbia quasi bel fior succiso,  
 E in atto sì gentil languir tremante  
 Gli occhi, e cader su 'l tergo il collo mira"

Gier Lib ix 85



So sinks the youth his beauteous head, depress'd  
 Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.  
 Another shaft the raging archer drew,  
 That other shaft with eering fury flew,  
 (From Hector, Phœbus turn'd the flying wound,)  
 Yet fell not dry or guiltless to the ground :  
 Thy breast, brave Archeptolemus ! it tore,  
 And dipp'd its feathers in no vulgar gore  
 Headlong he falls . his sudden fall alarms  
 The steeds, that startle at his sounding arms  
 Hector with grief his charioteer beheld  
 All pale and breathless on the sanguine field  
 Then bids Cebriones direct the rein,  
 Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain  
 Dreadful he shouts from earth a stone he took,  
 And rush'd on Teucer with the lifted rock.  
 The youth already strain'd the forceful yew ;  
 The shaft already to his shoulder drew ;  
 The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight,  
 Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite ;  
 There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,  
 The furious chief discharged the craggy stone  
 The bow-string burst beneath the ponderous blow,  
 And his numb'd hand dismiss'd his useless bow.  
 He fell but Ajax his broad shield display'd,  
 And screen'd his brother with the mighty shade ;  
 Till great Alaster, and Mecistheus bore  
 The batter'd archer groaning to the shore  
 Troy yet found grace before the Olympian sire,  
 He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breasts with fire.  
 The Greeks repulsed, retreat behind their wall,  
 Or in the trench on heaps confusedly fall.  
 First of the foe, great Hector march'd along,  
 With terror clothed, and more than mortal strong.  
 As the bold hound, that gives the lion chase,  
 With beating bosom, and with eager pace,  
 Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels,  
 Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels ;  
 Thus oft the Grecians turn'd, but still they flew ;  
 Thus following, Hector still the hindmost slew  
 When flying they had pass'd the trench profound,  
 And many a chief lay gasping on the ground ,  
 Before the ships a desperate stand they made,  
 And fired the troops, and called the gods to aid  
 Fierce on his rattling chariot Hector came  
 His eyes like Gorgon shot a sanguine flame  
 That wither'd all their host like Mars he stood  
 Dire as the monster, dreadful as the god !  
 Their strong distress the wife of Jove survey'd ,  
 Then pensive thus, to war's triumphant maid

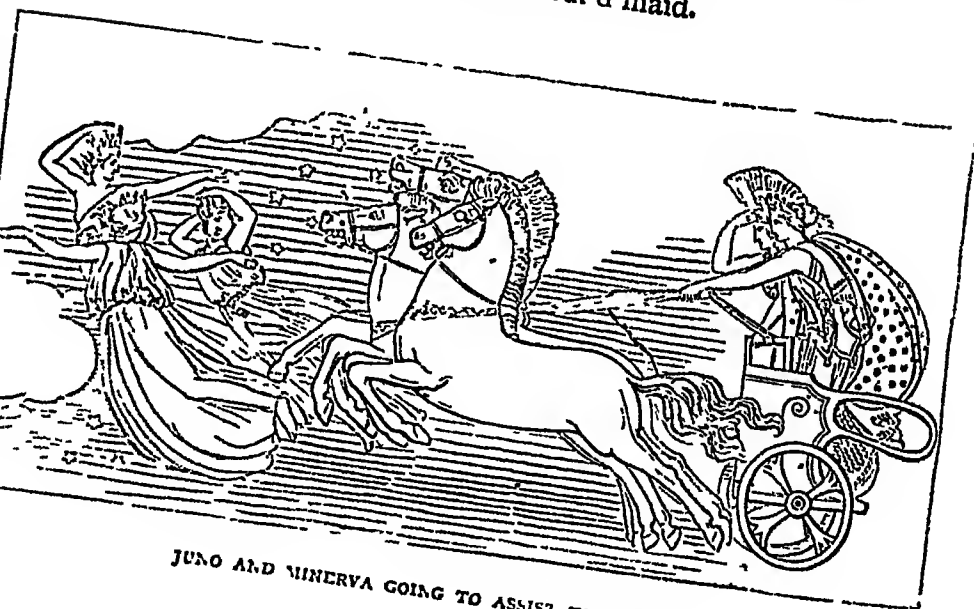
"O daughter of that god, whose arm can wield  
 The avenging bolt, and shake the sable shield !  
 Now, in this moment of her last despair,  
 Shall wretched Greece no more confess our care,  
 Condemn'd to suffer the full force of fate,  
 And drain the dregs of heaven's relentless hate ?  
 Gods ! shall one raging hand thus level all ?  
 What numbers fell ! what numbers yet shall fall !  
 What power divine shall Hector's wrath assuage ?  
 Still swells the slaughter, and still grows the rage !"

So spake the imperial regent of the skies,  
 To whom the goddess with the azure eyes

"Long since had Hector stain'd these fields with gore,  
 Stretch'd by some Argive on his native shore  
 But he above, the sue of heaven, withstands,  
 Mocks our attempts, and slights our just demands,  
 The stubborn god, inflexible and hard,  
 Forgets my service and deserved reward  
 Saved I, for this, his favourite son distress'd,  
 By stern Eurystheus with long labours press'd ?  
 He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dismay,  
 I shot from heaven, and gave his arm the day  
 Oh had my wisdom known this dire event,  
 When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went,  
 The triple dog had never felt his chain,  
 Nor Styx been cross'd, nor hell explored in vain  
 Averse to me of all his heaven of gods,  
 At Thetis' suit the partial Thunderer nods,  
 To grace her gloomy, fierce, resenting son,  
 My hopes are frustrate, and my Greeks undone  
 Some future day, perhaps, he may be moved  
 To call his blue-eyed maid his best beloved  
 Haste, launch thy chariot, through yon ranks to ride ;  
 Myself will aim, and thunder at thy side  
 Then, goddess ! say, shall Hector glory then ?  
 (That terror of the Greeks, that man of men)  
 When Juno's self, and Pallas shall appear,  
 All dreadful in the crimson walks of war !  
 What mighty Trojan then, on yonder shore,  
 Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,  
 Shall feast the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore ?"

She ceased, and Juno rein'd the steeds with care .  
 (Heaven's awful empress, Saturn's other heir )  
 Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,  
 With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd ;  
 The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove  
 Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of Jove.  
 Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest,  
 His cuirass blazes on her ample breast  
 The vigorous power the trembling car ascends .

Shook by her arm, the massy javelin bends :  
 Huge, ponderous, strong ! that when her fury burns  
 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns  
 Saturnia lends the lash, the coursers fly ;  
 Smooth glides the chariot through the liquid sky  
 Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,  
 Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours.  
 Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,  
 The sun's bright portals and the skies command ;  
 Close, or unfold, the eternal gates of day  
 Bar heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away.  
 The sounding hinges ring, the clouds divide.  
 Prone down the steep of heaven their course they guide.  
 But Jove, incensed, from Ida's top survey'd,  
 And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd maid.



JUNO AND MINERVA GOING TO ASSIST THE GREEKS

"Thaumantia ! moun't the winds, and stop their car ;  
 Against the highest who shall wage the war ?  
 If furious yet they dare the vain debate,  
 Thus have I spoke, and what I speak is fate :  
 Their coursers crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,  
 Their car in fragments, scatter'd o'er the sky ;  
 My lightning these rebellious shall confound,  
 And hurl them flaming, headlong, to the ground,  
 Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep  
 The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.  
 So shall Minerva learn to fear our ire,  
 Nor dare to combat hers and nature's sire.

For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,  
She claims some title to transgress our will."

Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd maid  
From Ida's top her golden wings display'd ,  
To great Olympus' shining gate she flies,  
There meets the chariot rushing down the skies,  
Restrains their progress from the bright abodes,  
And speaks the mandate of the sire of gods

"What frenzy goddesses ! what rage can move  
Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove ?

Desist, obedient to his high command  
This is his word , and know his word shall stand .  
His lightning your rebellion shall confound,  
And hurl ye headlong, flaming, to the ground ,  
Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,  
Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky ,  
Yourselves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep  
The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep  
So shall Minerva learn to fear his ire,  
Nor dare to combat his and nature's sire  
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,  
She claims some title to transgress his will .  
But thee, what desperate insolence has driven  
To lift thy lance against the king of heaven ? "

Then, mounting on the pinions of the wind,  
She flew , and Juno thus her rage resign'd  
" O daughter of that god, whose arm can wield  
The avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield !  
No more let beings of superior birth  
Contend with Jove for this low race of earth ;  
Triumphant now, now miserably slain,  
They breathe or perish as the fates ordain  
But Jove's high counsels full effect shall find ;  
And, ever constant, ever rule mankind "

She spoke, and backward turn'd her steeds of light,  
Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heavenly bright  
The Hours unloosed them, panting as they stood,  
And heap'd their mangers with ambrosial food  
There tied, they rest in high celestial stalls ,  
The chariot propp'd against the crystal walls  
The pensive goddesses, abash'd, controll'd,  
Mix with the gods, and fill their seats of gold

And now the Thunderer meditates his flight  
From Ida's summits to the Olympian height  
Swifter than thought, the wheels instinctive fly,  
Flame through the vast of air, and reach the sky  
'Twas Neptune's charge his coursers to unbrace,  
And fix the car on its immortal base ,  
There stood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,  
Till with a snowy veil he screen'd the blaze



THE GODS TAKING THE HORSE FROM JUPITER'S CARE.

He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold,  
 The eternal Thunderer sat, enthroned in gold.  
 High heaven the footstool of his feet he makes,  
 And wide beneath him all Olympus shakes.  
 Trembling afar the offending powers appear'd,  
 Confused and silent, for his frown they fear'd  
 He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts  
 "Pallas and Juno! say, why leave your hearts?  
 Soon was your battle o'er: proud Troy reared  
 Before your face, and in your wrath expired  
 But know, whoe'er mighty power withstand!  
 Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:  
 Who shall the sovereign of the skies control?  
 Not all the gods that crown the starry pole  
 Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take.  
 And each immortal nerve with horror shake  
 For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand.  
 What power soe'er provokes our lifted hand,  
 On this our hill no more shall hold his place;  
 Cut off, and exiled from the ethereal race"

Junó and Pallas grieving hear the doom,  
 But feast their souls on Ilion's woes to come  
 Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,  
 The prudent goddess yet her wrath repress'd,  
 But Juno, impotent of rage, replies  
 "What hast thou said, O tyrant of the skies!  
 Strength and omnipotence invest thy throne;  
 'Tis thine to punish, ours to grieve alone.  
 For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her fate  
 To drink the dregs of thy unmeasured hate.

From fields forbidden we submit to refrain,  
 With arms unaiding see our Argives slain ;  
 Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may move,  
 Lest all should perish in the rage of Jove "

The goddess thus , and thus the god replies,  
 Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies  
 "The morning sun, awaked by loud alarms,  
 Shall see the almighty Thunderer in arms  
 What heaps of Argives then shall load the plain,  
 Those radiant eyes shall view, and view in vain  
 Nor shall great Hector cease the rage of fight,  
 The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,  
 Even till the day when certain fates ordain  
 That stern Achilles (his Patroclus slain)  
 Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain  
 For such is fate, nor canst thou turn its course  
 With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force  
 Fly, if thy wilt, to earth's remotest bound  
 Where on her utmost verge the seas resound ,  
 Where cursed Iapetus and Saturn dwell,  
 Fast by the brink, within the streams of hell ;  
 No sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there ,  
 No cheerful gales refresh the lazy air  
 There arm once more the bold Titanian band ,  
 And arm in vain , for what I will, shall stand "

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,  
 And drew behind the cloudy veil of night  
 The conquering Trojans mourn his beams decay'd ;  
 The Greeks rejoicing bless the friendly shade

The victors keep the field , and Hector calls  
 A martial council near the navy walls ,  
 These to Scamander's bank apart he led,  
 Where thinly scatter'd lay the heaps of dead.  
 The assembled chiefs, descending on the ground,  
 Attend his order, and their prince surround  
 A massy spear he bore of mighty strength,  
 Of full ten cubits was the lance's length ,  
 The point was brass, refulgent to behold,  
 Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold  
 The noble Hector on his lance reclined,  
 And, bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind

"Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear !  
 Ye Dardan bands, and generous aids, give ear !  
 This day, we hoped, would wrap in conquering flame  
 Greece with her ships, and crown our toils with fame.  
 But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls,  
 And guards them trembling in their wooden walls  
 Obey the night, and use her peaceful hours  
 Our steeds to forage, and refresh our powers  
 Straight from the town be sheep and oxen sought,

And strengthening bread and generous wine be brought.  
 Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the sky,  
 Let numerous fires the absent sun supply,  
 The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,  
 Till the bright morn her purple beam displays ;  
 Lest, in the silence and the shades of night,  
 Greece on her sable ships attempt her flight  
 Not unmolested let the wretches gain ;  
 Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main ;  
 Some hostile wound let every dart bestow,  
 Some lasting token of the Phrygian foe,  
 Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses' care,  
 And warn then children from a Trojan war.  
 Now through the circuit of our Ilion wall,  
 Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call ;  
 To bid the sires with hoary honours crown'd,  
 And beardless youths, our battlements surround.  
 Fum be the guard, while distant lie our powers,  
 And let the matrons hang with lights the towers ;  
 Lest, under covert of the midnight shade,  
 The insidious foe the naked town invade  
 Suffice, to-night, these orders to obey ;  
 A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day  
 The gods, I trust, shall give to Hector's hand  
 From these detested foes to free the land,  
 Who plough'd, with fates averse, the watery way.  
 For Trojan vultures a predestined prey  
 Our common safety must be now the care,  
 But soon as morning paints the fields of an,  
 Sheathed in bright arms let every troop engage,  
 And the fired fleet behold the battle rage  
 Then, then shall Hector and Tydides prove  
 Whose fates are heaviest in the scales of Jove  
 To-morrow's light (O haste the glorious morn !)  
 Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph borne,  
 With this keen javelin shall his breast be goied,  
 And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord.  
 Certain as this, oh ! might my days endure,  
 From age inglorious, and black death secure,  
 So might my life and glory know no bound,  
 Like Pallas worshipp'd, like the sun renown'd !  
 As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy,  
 Shall crush the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy."

The leader spoke From all his host around  
 Shouts of applause along the shores resound  
 Each from the yoke the smoking steeds untied,  
 And fix'd then headstalls to his chariot-side  
 Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,  
 With generous wine, and all-sustaining bread  
 Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore.

The winds to heaven the curling vapours bore.  
 Ungrateful offering to the immortal powers <sup>9</sup>  
 Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan towers  
 Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace,  
 Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.

The troops exulting sat in order round,  
 And beaming fires illumined all the ground  
 As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,<sup>10</sup>  
 O'er heaven's pure azure spreads her sacred light,  
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,  
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,  
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
 And tip with silver every mountain's head  
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,  
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies  
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light  
 So many flames before proud Ilion blaze.  
 And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays  
 The long reflections of the distant fires  
 Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.  
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,  
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field  
 Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,  
 Whose unbel'd aims, by fits, thick flashes send,  
 Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,  
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn

9 *Ungrateful*, because the cause in which they were engaged was unjust

"Struck by the lab'ring priests' uplifted hands  
 The victims fall to heav'n they make their pray'r,  
 The curling vapours load the ambient air  
 But vain their toil the powers who rule the skies  
 Averse beheld the ungrateful sacrifice"

Merrick's *Tryphodorus*, vi 527, 499

10 "As when about the silver moon, when air is free from winds,  
 And starshine clear, to whose sweet beams high prospects on the brows  
 Of all steep hills and pinnacles thrust up themselves for shows,  
 And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight,  
 When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,  
 And all the signs in heaven are scene, that glad the shepherd's heart"

Chapman





THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES

## BOOK IX

### ARGUMENT

#### THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES

Agamemnon, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures are to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor further prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phoenix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding returns Phoenix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep. This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea shore, the station of the Grecian ships.

THUS joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night,  
While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,<sup>1</sup>  
And heaven-bred horror, on the Grecian part,  
Sat on each face, and sadden'd every heart  
As from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth,  
A double tempest of the west and north  
Swells o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore,  
Heaps waves on waves, and bids the Ægean roar  
This way and that the boiling deeps are toss'd  
Such various passions urged the troubled host,  
Great Agamemnon grieved above the rest,  
Superior sorrows swell'd his royal breast,  
Himself his orders to the heralds bears,  
To bid to council all the Grecian peers,  
But bid in whispers these surround their chief,  
In solemn sadness. and majestic grief  
The king amidst the mournful circle rose  
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows

<sup>1</sup> This flight of the Greeks, according to Buttmann *Levil* p. 358, was not a supernatural flight caused by the gods, but "a great and general one, caused by Hector and the Trojans, but with the approval of Jove."

Nor from a friend the unkind reproach appeared.  
 The Greeks stood witness, all our army heard.  
 The gods, O chief! from whom our honours spring,  
 The gods have made thee but by likes a king;  
 They gave thee sceptres, and a wide command;  
 They gave dominion o'er the seas and land;  
 The noblest power that might the world control  
 They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul.  
 Is this a general's voice, that would suggest  
 Fears like his own to every Grecian breast?  
 Confiding in our want of worth, he stands;  
 And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands  
 Go thou, inglorious! from the embattled plain;  
 Ships thou hast stow'd, and nearest to the main,  
 A noble care the Grecians shall employ,  
 To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.  
 Here Greece shall stay, or, if all Greece retire,  
 Myself shall stay, till Troy or I expire;  
 Myself, and Sthenelus, will fight for fame;  
 God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came."

He ceased ; the Greeks loud acclamations raise,  
 And voice to voice resounds 'Iydides' praise.  
 Wise Nestor then his reverend figure rear'd ;  
 He spoke the host in still attention heard<sup>2</sup>  
 "O truly great<sup>1</sup> in whom the gods have join'd  
 Such strength of body with such force of mind  
 In conduct, as in courage, you excel,  
 Still first to act what you advise so well  
 These wholesome counsels which thy wisdom moves,  
 Applauding Greece with common voice approves  
 Kings thou canst blame : a bold but prudent youth  
 And blame even kings with praise, because with truth.  
 And yet those years that since thy birth have run  
 Would hardly style thee Nestor's youngest son.  
 Then let me add what yet remains behind,  
 A thought unfit sh'd in that generous mind ;  
 Age bids me speak<sup>1</sup> nor shall the advice I bring  
 Dr taste the people, or offend the king

"Cursed is the man, and void of law and right,  
 Unworthy property, unworthy light,  
 Unfit for public rule, or private care,  
 That wretch, that monster, who delights in war,  
 Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy,  
 To tear his country, and his kind destroy<sup>1</sup>  
 This night, refresh and fortify thy train ;  
 Between the trench and wall let guards remain  
 Be that the duty of the young and bold ;  
 But thou, O king, to council call the old,  
 Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares,  
 Thy high commands must spirit all our wars  
 With Thracian wines recruit thy honour'd guests,  
 For happy counsels flow from sober feasts  
 Wise, weighty counsels aid a state distress'd,  
 And such a monarch as can choose the best.  
 See what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,  
 How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires<sup>1</sup>  
 Who can, unmoved, behold the dreadful light ?  
 What eye beholds them, and can close to-night ?  
 This dreadful interval determines all,  
 To-morrow, Troy must flame, or Greece must fall"

Thus spoke the hoary sage the rest obey,  
 Swift through the gates the guards direct their way  
 His son was first to pass the lofty mound,  
 The generous Phrasymed, in arms renown'd  
 Next him, Ascalaphus, Ialmen, stood,  
 The double offspring of the warrior-god

<sup>2</sup> Grote, vol ii p 91, after noticing the modest calmness and respect with which Nestor addresses Agamemnon, observes, "The Homeric Council is a purely consultative body, assembled not with any power of peremptorily arresting mischievous resolves of the king, but solely for his information and guidance"

Deipyrus, Aphareus, Merion join,  
 And Lycomed of Cicon's noble line.  
 Seven were the leaders of the nightly bands,  
 And each bold chief a hundred spears commands  
 The fires they light, to short repasts they fall,  
 Some line the trench, and others man the wall.

The king of men, on public counsels bent,  
 Convened the princes in his ample tent :  
 Each seized a portion of the langly feast.  
 But stay'd his hand when thirst and hunger ceased.  
 Then Nestor spoke, for wisdom long approved,  
 And slowly rising, thus the council moved.

"Monarch of nations ! whose superior sway  
 Assembled states, and lords of earth obey,  
 The laws and sceptres to thy hand are given,  
 And millions own the care of thee and Heaven.  
 O king ! the counsels of my age attend -  
 With thee my cares begin, with thee must end .  
 Thee, prince ! it fits alike to speak and hear,  
 Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,  
 To see no wholesome motion be withstood,  
 And satisfy the best for public good .  
 Nor, though a meaner give advice, repine,  
 But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.  
 Hear then a thought, not now conceived in haste,  
 At once my present judgment and my past  
 When from Pelides' tent you forced the maid,  
 I first opposed, and faithful, durst dissuade ;  
 But bold of soul, when headlong fury fired,  
 You wronged the man, by men and gods admired :  
 Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end,  
 With prayers to move him, or with gifts to bend."

To whom the king "With justice hast thou shown  
 A prince's faults, and I with reason own  
 That happy man, whom Jove still honours most,  
 Is more than armies, and himself a host  
 Bless'd in his love, this wondrous hero stands :  
 Heaven fights his war, and humbles all our hands.  
 Fain would my heart, which err'd through frantic rage,  
 The wrathful chief and angry gods assuage  
 If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow,<sup>3</sup>  
 Hear, all ye Greeks, and witness what I vow .

<sup>3</sup> In the heroic times, it is not unfrequent for the king to receive presents to purchase freedom from his wrath, or immunity from his exactions. Such gifts gradually became regular, and formed the income of the German, (*Lacit. Germ* § 13), Persian, (*Herodot* iii 89), and other kings. So, too, in the middle ages, "The feudal aids are the beginning of taxation, of which they for a long time answered the purpose" (*Hallam, Middle Ages*, ch. x. pt. 1, p. 189). This fact frees Achilles from the apparent charge of sordidness. Plato, however, (*De Rep* vi. 4), says, "We cannot commend Phoenix, the tutor of Achilles, as if he spoke correctly, when counselling him to accept of presents and assist the Greeks, but, without presents, not to desist from his wrath, nor again, should we commend Achilles himself, or approve of his being so covetous as to receive presents from Agamemnon," &c.

Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,  
 And twice ten vases of resplendent mould.  
 Seven sacred tripods, whose unsullied frame  
 Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame,  
 Twelve steeds unmatch'd in swiftness and in force,  
 And still victorious in the dusty course;  
 (Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed  
 The prize purchas'd by their winged speed,)  
 Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,  
 Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,  
 The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,  
 When Lesbos sank beneath the hero's arms  
 All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,  
 And join'd with these the long-contested maid;  
 With all her charms, Briseis I resign,  
 And solemn swear those charms were never mine;  
 Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjured she removes,  
 Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves,<sup>4</sup>  
 These instant shall be his, and if the powers  
 Give to our arms proud Ilium's hostile towers,  
 Then shall he store (when Greece the spoil divides)  
 With gold and brass his lorded navy's sides  
 Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race  
 With copious love shall crown his warm embrace,  
 Such as himself will choose; who yield to none,  
 Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.  
 Yet hark me further when our wars are o'er,  
 If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,  
 There shall he live my son, our honours share,  
 And with Orestes' self divide my care  
 Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,  
 And each well worthy of a royal bed;  
 Laodice and Iphigenia fair,<sup>5</sup>  
 And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair;  
 Her let him choose whom most his eyes approve,  
 I ask no presents, no reward for love.  
 Myself will give the dower, so vast a store  
 As never father gave a child before.  
 Seven ample cities shall confess his sway,  
 Him Enopé, and Phœæ him obey,  
 Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,  
 And sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd,  
 Æpea fair, the pastures Iira yields,  
 And rich Anthemia with her flowery fields.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> It may be observed, that, brief as is the mention of Briseis in the *Iliad*, and small the part she plays—what little is said is pre-eminently calculated to enhance her fitness to be the bride of Achilles. Purity, and retiring delicacy, are features well contrasted with the rough, but tender disposition of the hero.

<sup>5</sup> *Laodice* Iphigenia, or Iphigenia, is not mentioned by Homer, among the daughters of Agamemnon.

<sup>6</sup> Agamemnon, when he offers to transfer to Achilles seven towns inhabited by wealthy husbandmen, who would enrich their lord by presents and tribute, seems likewise to assume

The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,  
 Along the verdant margin of the main.  
 There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;  
 Bold are the men, and generous is the soil;  
 There shall he reign, with power and justice crown'd,  
 And rule the tributary realms around,  
 All this I give, his vengeance to control,  
 And sure all this may move his mighty soul.  
 Pluto, the grisly god, who never spares,  
 Who feels no mercy, and who hears no prayers,  
 Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,  
 And mortals hate him, as the worst of gods.  
 Great though he be, it fits him to obey;  
 Since more than his my years, and more my sway."



PLUTO.

The monarch thus      The reverend Nestor then  
 "Great Agamemnon ! glorious king of men !  
 Such are thy offers as a prince may take,  
 And such as fits a generous king to make.  
 Let chosen delegates this hour be sent  
 (Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent -  
 Let Phoenix lead, revered for hoary age,  
 Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage  
 Yet more to sanctify the word you send,  
 Let Hodiüs and Eurybates attend

rather a property in them, than in authority over them. And the same thing may be noted when it is said that Peleus bestowed a great people, the Dolopes of Phthia, on Phoenix. — Thirlwall's Greece, vol. 1 § 6 p. 162, note

Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands ;  
Pray in deep silence,<sup>7</sup> and with purest hands<sup>8</sup>

He said ; and all approved The heralds bring  
The cleansing water from the living spring.  
The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd,  
And large libations drench'd the sands around.  
The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirst allay,  
Then from the royal tent they take their way ,  
Wise Nestor turns on each his careful eye,  
Forbids to offend, instructs them to apply ,  
Much he advised them all, Ulysses most,  
To deprecate the chief, and save the host  
Through the still night they march, and hear the roar  
Of murmuring billows on the sounding shore.



THE INTERVIEW TO ACHILLES

To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound,  
Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround,  
They pour forth vows, their embassy to bless,  
And calm the rage of stern Æacides  
And now, arrived, where on the sandy bay  
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay,  
Amused at ease, the godlike man they found,  
Pleased with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.  
(The well wrought harp from conquered Thebæ came,  
Of polish'd silver was its costly frame)

<sup>7</sup> *Pray in deep silence* Rather "use well omened words" or, as Kennedy has explained it, "Abstain from expressions unsuitable to the solemnity of the occasion, which, by offending the god, might defeat the object of their supplications"

<sup>8</sup> *Purest hands* This is one of the most ancient superstitions respecting prayer, and one founded as much on nature as on tradition



With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings  
 The immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.  
 Patroclus only of the royal train,  
 Placed in his tent, attends the lofty strain :  
 Full opposite he sat, and listen'd long,  
 In silence waiting till he ceased the song.  
 Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds  
 To his high tent, the great Ulysses leads.  
 Achilles starting, as the chief, he spied,  
 Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.  
 With like surprise arose Menæceus' son :  
 Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun :  
 " Princes, all hail ! whatever brought you here,  
 Or strong necessity, or urgent fear,  
 Welcome, though Greeks ! for not as foes ye come :  
 To me more dear than all that bear the name."

With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,  
 And placed in seats with purple carpets spread.  
 Then thus—" Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,  
 Mix purer wine, and open every soul  
 Of all the warriors yonder host can send,  
 Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend."

He said. Patroclus o'er the blazing fire  
 Heaps in a brazen vase three chimes entire .  
 The brazen vase Automedon sustains,  
 Which flesh of porker, sheep, and goat contains  
 Achilles at the genial feast presides,  
 The parts transfixes, and with skill divides  
 Meanwhile Patroclus sweats, the fire to raise ;  
 The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze .  
 Then, when the languid flames at length subside,  
 He strows a bed of glowing embers wide,  
 Above the coals the smoking fragments turns  
 And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns ;  
 With bread the glittering canisters they load,  
 Which round the board Menæceus' son bestow'd ;  
 Himself, opposed to Ulysses full in sight,  
 Each portion parts, and orders every rite.  
 The first fat offering to the immortals due,  
 Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw ;  
 Then each, indulging in the social feast,  
 His thirst and hunger soberly repress'd.  
 That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign .  
 Not unperceived, Ulysses crown'd with wine  
 The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,  
 His speech addressing to the godlike man.

" Health to Achilles ! happy are thy guests !  
 Not those more honour'd whom Atreides feasts :  
 Though generous plenty crown thy loaded boards,  
 That, Agamemnon's regal tent affords ;

But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,  
 Nor eased by banquets or by flowing bowls.  
 What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear !  
 The dead we mourn, and for the living fear ,  
 Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,  
 And owns no help but from thy saving hands  
 Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call ,  
 Their threatening tents aheady shade our wall  
 Hear how with shouts their conquest they proclaim,  
 And point at every ship their vengeful flame !  
 For them the father of the gods declares,  
 Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs  
 See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise !  
 See ! heaven and earth the raging chief defies ;  
 What fury in his breast, what lightning in his eyes !  
 He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame  
 The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name  
 Heavens ! how my country's woes distract my mind,  
 Lest Fate accomplish all his rage design'd !  
 And must we, gods ! our heads inglorious lay  
 In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day ?  
 Return, Achilles oh return, though late,  
 To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of Fate ;  
 If in that heart or grief or courage lies,  
 Rise to redeem , ah, yet to conquer, rise !  
 The day may come, when, all our warriors slain,  
 That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain !  
 Regard in time, O prince divinely brave !  
 Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.  
 When Peleus in his aged arms embraced  
 His parting son, these accents were his last  
 " My child ! with strength, with glory, and success,  
 Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless !  
 Trust that to Heaven but thou, thy cares engage  
 To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage  
 From gentler manners let thy glory grow,  
 And shun contention, the sure source of woe ,  
 That young and old may in thy praise combine,  
 The virtues of humanity be thine——"  
 This now-despised advice thy father gave ,  
 Ah ! check thy anger , and be truly brave  
 If thou wilt yield to great Atreides' prayers,  
 Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares ,  
 If not—but hear me, while I number o'er  
 The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store  
 Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,  
 And twice ten vases of refulgent mould ,  
 Seven sacred tripods, whose unsullied frame  
 Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame ,  
 Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,

And still victorious in the dusty course ;  
 (Rich were the man, whose ample totes exceed  
 The prizes purchased by their winged speed ;)  
 Seven lovely captives of the Ithian line,  
 Skill'd in each art, unmatched in form and line,  
 The same he chose for more than vulgar charm,  
 When Lesbos sank beneath thy conquering arm.  
 All these, to buy thy friendship shall be paid,  
 And, join'd with these, the long-contested maid ;  
 With all her charms, Briseis he'll resign.  
 And solemn swear those charms were only thine ;  
 Untouch'd she stay'd, unangued she remains.  
 Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.  
 These instant shall be thine ; and if the powers  
 Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,  
 Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil divides)  
 With gold and brass thy lorded navy's sides.  
 Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race  
 With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace ;  
 Such as thyself shall choose, who yield to none,  
 Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.  
 Yet hear me further : when our wars are o'er,  
 If safe we land on Argos fruitful shore  
 There shalt thou live his son, his honour share,  
 And with Orestes' self divide his care  
 Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,  
 And each well worthy of a royal bed ;  
 Laodice and Iphigenia fair.  
 And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair.  
 Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve ;  
 He asks no presents, no reward for love :  
 Himself will give the dower ; so vast a store  
 As never father gave a child before  
 Seven ample cities shall confess thy sway,  
 The Enopé and Pheræ thee obey,  
 Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,  
 And sacred Pedasus, for vines renown'd :  
 Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,  
 And rich Anthæa with her flowery fields ;  
 The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,  
 Along the verdant margin of the main  
 There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil ;  
 Bold are the men, and generous is the soil.  
 There shalt thou reign, with power and justice crown'd,  
 And rule the tributary realms around  
 Such are the proffers which this day we bring.  
 Such the repentance of a suppliant king.  
 But if all this, relentless, thou disdain,  
 If honour and if interest plead in vain.  
 Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,

And be, amongst her guardian gods, adored.  
 If no regard thy suffering country claim,  
 Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame.  
 For now that chief, whose unresisted ire  
 Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,  
 Proud Hector, now, the unequal fight demands,  
 And only triumphs to deserve thy hands."

Then thus the goddess-born "Ulysses, hear  
 A faithful speech, that knows nor art nor fear,  
 What in my secret soul is understood,  
 My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good  
 Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain  
 Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.  
 Who dares think one thing, and another tell,  
 My heart detests him as the gates of hell

"Then thus in short my fix'd resolves attend,  
 Which nor Atides nor his Greeks can bend,  
 Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore,  
 But now the unfruitful glories charm no more.  
 Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,  
 The wretch and hero find their prize the same  
 Alike regretted in the dust he lies,  
 Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies  
 Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,  
 A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?  
 As the bold bird her helpless young attends,  
 From danger guards them, and from want defends;  
 In search of prey she wings the spacious air,  
 And with the untasted food supplies her care  
 For thankless Greece such hardships have I braved,  
 Her wives, her infants, by my labours saved,  
 Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood,  
 And sweat laborious days in dust and blood  
 I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,<sup>9</sup>  
 And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain  
 Then at Atides' haughty feet were laid  
 The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made.  
 Your mighty monarch these in peace possess'd;  
 Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest  
 Some present, too, to every prince was paid,  
 And every prince enjoys the gift he made  
 I only must refund, of all his train,  
 See what pre-eminence our merits gain!  
 My spoil alone his greedy soul delights  
 My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights:  
 The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy,

<sup>9</sup> It must be recollected, that the war at Troy was not a settled siege, and that many of the chieftains busied themselves in piratical expeditions about its neighbourhood. Such a one was that of which Achilles now speaks. From the following verses, it is evident that the fruits of these maraudings went to the common support of the expedition, and not to the successful plunderer.

But what's the quarrel, then, of Greece to Troy?  
 What to these shores the assembled nations draws,  
 What calls for vengeance but a woman's cause?  
 Are fair endowments and a beauteous face  
 Beloved by none but those of Atreus' race?  
 The wife whom choice and passion doth approve,  
 Sure every wise and worthy man will love.  
 Nor did my fair one less distinction claim;  
 Slave as she was, my soul adored the dame.  
 Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain;  
 Deceived for once, I trust not kings again.  
 Ye have my answer—what remains to do,  
 Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.  
 What needs he the defence this arm can make?  
 Has he not walls no human force can shake?  
 Has he not fenced his guarded navy round  
 With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?  
 And will not these (the wonders he has done)  
 Repel the rage of Priam's single son?  
 There was a time (twas when for Greece I fought)  
 When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought;  
 He kept the verge of Troy, nor dared to wait  
 Achilles' fury at the Scæan gate;  
 He tried it once, and scarce was saved by fate.  
 But now those ancient enmities are o'er;  
 To-morrow we the favouring gods implore;



GREEK GALLEY

Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,  
 And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.  
 The third day hence shall Pthia greet our sails,<sup>10</sup>  
 If mighty Neptune send propitious gales;  
 Pthia to her Achilles shall restore

<sup>10</sup> Πύθος, the capital of Achilles' Thessalian domains

The wealth he left for this detested shore  
 Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,  
 The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass  
 My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,  
 And all that rests of my unravish'd prey  
 One only valued gift your tyrant gave,  
 And that resumed—the fair Lyrnessian slave  
 Then tell him loud, that all the Greeks may hear,  
 And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear,  
 (For arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,  
 And meditates new cheats on all his slaves,  
 Though shameless as he is, to face these eyes  
 Is what he dares not if he dares he dies,)  
 Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,  
 Nor share his council, nor his battle join,  
 For once deceiv'd, was his, but twice were mine,  
 No—let the stupid prince, whom Jove deprives  
 Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives,  
 His gifts are hateful kings of such a kind  
 Stand but as slaves before a noble mind,  
 Not though he proffer'd all himself possess'd,  
 And all his rapine could from others wrest  
 Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown  
 The many-peopled Orchomenian town,<sup>11</sup>  
 Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain,  
 The world's great empress on the Egyptian plain  
 (That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,  
 And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,  
 Two hundred horsemen and two hundred cars  
 From each wide portal issuing to the wais),<sup>12</sup>  
 Though bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more  
 Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore,  
 Should all these offers for my friendship call,  
 'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all  
 Atreides' daughter never shall be led  
 (An ill-match'd consort) to Achilles' bed,  
 Like golden Venus though she charm'd the heart,  
 And vied with Pallas in the works of art,  
 Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace,  
 I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.  
 If heaven restore me to my realms with life,

<sup>11</sup> *Orchomenian town* The topography of Orchomenus, in Bœotia, "situated," as it was, "on the northern bank of the lake Æpæis, which receives not only the river Cephissus from the valleys of Phocis, but also other rivers from Parnassus and Helicon" (Grote, vol. 1 p. 181), was a sufficient reason for its prosperity and decay. "As long as the channels of these waters were diligently watched and kept clear, a large portion of the lake was in the condition of alluvial land, pre eminently rich and fertile. But when the channels came to be either neglected, or designedly choked up by an enemy, the water accumulated in such a degree as to occupy the soil of more than one ancient islet, and to occasion the change of the site of Orchomenus itself from the plain to the declivity of Mount Hyphanteion" (*Ibid.*)

<sup>12</sup> The phrase "hundred gates," &c., seems to be merely expressive of a great number. See notes to my prose translation, p. 162

The reverend Peleus shall elect my wife ;  
 Thessalian nymphs their aid of form divine,  
 And kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.  
 Bless'd in kind love, my years shall glide away—  
 Content with just hereditary sway,  
 There, deaf for ever to the martial strife,  
 Enjoy the dear prerogative of life  
 Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold.  
 Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,  
 Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,  
 Can bribe the poor possession of a day !  
 Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain,  
 And steeds unrivall'd on the dusty plain .  
 But from our lips the vital spirit fled,  
 Returns no more to wake the silent dead.  
 My fates long since by Thetis were disclosed,  
 And each alternate, life or fame, proposed ;  
 Here, if I stay, before the Trojan town,  
 Short is my date, but deathless my renown :  
 If I return, I quit immortal praise  
 For years on years, and long-extended days  
 Convinced, though late, I find my fond mistake,  
 And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make ;  
 To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy,  
 Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy  
 Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies !  
 Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.  
 Go then to Greece, report our fix'd design ;  
 Bid all your counsels, all your armies join,  
 Let all your forces, all your arts conspire,  
 To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs, from fire.  
 One stratagem has fail'd, and others will  
 Ye find, Achilles is unconquer'd still  
 Go then—digest my message as ye may—  
 But here this night let reverend Phoenix stay :  
 His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand  
 A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land  
 But whether he remain or sail with me,  
 His age be sacred, and his will be free."

The son of Peleus ceased the chiefs around  
 In silence wrapt, in consternation down'd,  
 Attend the stern reply. Then Phoenix rose,  
 (Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows,)  
 And while the fate of suffering Greece he mourn'd,  
 With accent weak these tender words return'd

"Divine Achilles ! wilt thou then retire,  
 And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire?  
 If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,  
 How shall thy friend, thy Phoenix, stay behind ?  
 The royal Peleus, when from Pthia's coast

He sent thee early to the Achaian host,  
 Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,  
 And new to perils of the dreadful field  
 He bade me teach thee all the ways of war,  
 To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.  
 Never, ah, never let me leave thy side!  
 No time shall part us, and no fate divide,  
 Not though the god, that breathed my life, restore  
 The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore,  
 When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames  
 (Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames),  
 My father faithless to my mother's arms,  
 Old as he was, adored a stranger's charms  
 I tried what youth could do (at her desire)  
 To win the damsel, and prevent my sire  
 My sire with curses loads my hated head,  
 And cries, 'Ye furies! barren be his bed'  
 Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,  
 And ruthless Proserpine, confirm'd his vow.



PROSERPINE

Despair and grief distract my labouring mind!  
 Gods! what a crime my impious heart design'd!  
 I thought (but some kind god that thought suppress'd)  
 To plunge the poniard in my father's breast,  
 Then meditate my flight—my friends in vain  
 With prayers entreat me, and with force detain  
 On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,  
 They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant wine;  
 Strong guards they placed, and watch'd nine nights entire;  
 The roofs and porches flamed with constant fire  
 The tenth, I forced the gates, unseen of all  
 And, favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall,  
 My travels thence through spacious Greece extend;  
 In Phthia's court at last my labours end  
 Your sire received me, as his son caress'd,  
 With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions bless'd  
 The strong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,  
 And all the coast that runs along the main  
 By love to thee his bounties I repaid,  
 And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd.



Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave :  
 A child I took thee, but a hero gave.  
 Thy infant breast a like affection shov'd ,  
 Still in my arms (an ever-pleasing load)  
 Or at my knee, by Phœnix wouldst thou stand ,  
 No food was grateful but from Phœnix' hand.<sup>13</sup>  
 I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,  
 The tender labours, the compliant cares ;  
 The gods (I thought) reversed their hard decree,  
 And Phœnix felt a father's joys in thee :  
 Thy growing virtues justified my cares,  
 And promised comfort to my silver hairs.  
 Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd ;  
 A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind  
 The gods (the only great, and only wise)  
 Are moved by offerings, vows, and sacrifice ;  
 Offending man their high compassion wins,  
 And daily prayers atone for daily sins.  
 Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,  
 Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face ,  
 With humble mien, and with dejected eyes,  
 Constant they follow, where injustice flies .  
 Injustice swift, erect, and unconfined,  
 Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,  
 While Prayers, to heal her wrongs, move slow behind.  
 Who hears these daughters of almighty Jove,  
 For him they mediate to the throne above  
 When man rejects the humble suit they make,  
 The sire revenges for the daughters' sake ,  
 From Jove commission'd, fierce injustice then  
 Descends to punish unrelenting men.  
 O let not headlong passion bear the sway  
 These reconciling goddesses obey .  
 Due honours to the seed of Jove belong,  
 Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the strong.

<sup>13</sup> Compare the following pretty lines of Quintus Calaber (Dyce's Select Translations, p. 58) —

"Many gifts he gave, and o'er  
 Dolopia brde me rul. thee in his arms  
 He brought an infant, on my bosom laid  
 The precious charge, and anxiously enjoin'd  
 That I should rear thee as my own with all  
 A parent's love I fail'd not in my trust .  
 And oft, while round my neck thy hands were lock'd,  
 From thy sweet lips the half articulate sound  
 Of Father came and oft, as children use,  
 Mewling and puking didst thou drench my tunic "

"This description," observes my learned friend (notes, p. 121), "is taken from the passage of Homer, Il ix, in translating which, Pope, with that squeamish, artificial taste, which distinguished the age of Anne, omits the natural (and, let me add, affecting) circumstance "

"And the wine  
 Held to thy lips, and many a time in fits  
 Of infant frowardness, the purple juice  
 Rejecting, thou hast deluged all my vest,  
 And fill'd my bosom "—Cowper

Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,  
 Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty king ;  
 Nor Greece nor all her fortunes should engage  
 Thy friend to plead against so just a rage .  
 But since what honour asks the general sends,  
 And sends by those whom most thy heart commends,  
 The best and noblest of the Grecian train ,  
 Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain !  
 Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold,  
 A great example drawn from times of old ;  
 Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise,  
 Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.

"Where Calydon on rocky mountains stands"<sup>24</sup>  
 Once fought the Ætolian and Curetian bands ,  
 To guard it those , to conquer, these advance ,  
 And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance  
 The silver Cynthia bade contention rise,  
 In vengeance of neglected sacrifice ,  
 On Æneus fields she sent a monstrous boar,  
 That levell'd harvests, and whole forests tore .  
 This beast (when many a chief his tusks had slain)  
 Great Meleager stretch'd along the plain,  
 Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose  
 The neighbour nations thence commencing foes  
 Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd,  
 While Meleager's thundering arm prevail'd :  
 Till rage at length inflamed his lofty breast  
 (For rage invades the wisest and the best)

"Cursed by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,  
 And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.  
 (She from Marpessa sprung, divinely fair,  
 And matchless Idas, more than man in war .  
 The god of day adored the mother's charms ;  
 Against the god the father bent his arms .  
 The afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim,  
 From Cleopatra changed their daughter's name,  
 And call'd Alcyone , a name to show  
 The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe )  
 To her the chief retired from stern debate,  
 But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate .  
 Althæa's hate the unhappy warrior drew,  
 Whose luckless hand his royal uncle slew ,  
 She beat the ground, and call'd the powers beneath  
 On her own son to wreak her brother's death ,  
 Hell heard her curses from the realms profound,  
 And the red fiends that walk the nightly round  
 In vain Ætolia her deliverer waits,

<sup>24</sup> *Where Calydon* For a good sketch of the story of Meleager, too long to be inserted here, see Grote, vol. i p. 295, sqq. , and for the authorities, see my notes to the prose translation, p. 166

War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.  
 She sent ambassadors, a chosen band,  
 Priests of the gods, and elders of the land ;  
 Besought the chief to save the sinking state :  
 Their prayers were urgent, and their proffers great :  
 (Full fifty acres of the richest ground,  
 Half pasture given, and half with vineyards crown'd :)  
 His suppliant father, aged Ceneus, came ;  
 His sisters follow'd, even the vengeful dame,  
 Althæa, sues ; his friends before him fall :  
 He stands relentless, and rejects them all.  
 Meanwhile the victor's shouts ascend the skies ;  
 The walls are scaled ; the rolling flames arise ;  
 At length his wife (a form divine) appears,  
 With piercing cries, and supplicating tears ;  
 She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,  
 The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,  
 The nations ravish'd, the whole race enslaved :  
 The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he saved  
 The Ætolians, long disdain'd, now took their turn,  
 And left the chief their broken faith to mourn  
 Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,  
 Nor stay till yonder fleets ascend in fire ;  
 Accept the presents ; draw thy conquering sword ;  
 And be amongst our guardian gods adored."

Thus he . the stern Achilles thus replied :  
 " My second father, and my reverend guide :  
 Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands,  
 And asks no honours from a mortal's hands ;  
 Jove honours me, and favours my designs ;  
 His pleasure guides me, and his will confines ;  
 And here I stay (if such his high behest)  
 While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.  
 Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart :  
 No more molest me on Atreides' part .  
 Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,  
 For him these sorrows ? for my mortal foe ?  
 A generous friendship no cold medium knows,  
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows ;  
 One should our interests and our passions be ;  
 My friend must hate the man that injures me.  
 Do this, my Phoenix, 'tis a generous part ;  
 And share my realms, my honours, and my heart.  
 Let these return . our voyage, or our stay,  
 Rest undetermined till the dawning day."

He ceased , then order'd for the sage's bed  
 A warmer couch with numerous carpets spread .  
 With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke,  
 And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spoke

" Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain ?

See what effect our low submissions gain !  
 Liked or not liked, his words we must relate,  
 The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait  
 Proud as he is, that iron heart retains  
 Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdains  
 Stern and unpitying ! if a brother bleed,  
 On just atonement, we remit the deed ,  
 A sire the slaughter of his son forgives ,  
 The price of blood discharged, the murderer lives .  
 The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,  
 And gifts can conquer every soul but thine <sup>15</sup>  
 The gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,  
 And cursed thee with a mind that cannot yield.  
 One woman-slave was ravish'd from thy arms .  
 Lo, seven are offer'd, and of equal charms.  
 Then hear, Achilles ! be of better mind ,  
 Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind ,  
 And know the men of all the Grecian host,  
 Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most."

"O soul of battles, and thy people's guide !  
 (To Ajax thus the first of Greeks replied)  
 Well hast thou spoke ; but at the tyrant's name  
 My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame  
 'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave  
 Disgraced, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave !  
 Return, then, heroes ! and our answer bear,  
 The glorious combat is no more my care ,  
 Not till, amidst yon sinking navy slain,  
 The blood of Greeks shall dye the sable main ,  
 Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,  
 Consume y our vessels, and approach my own ,  
 Just there, the impetuous homicide shall stand,  
 There cease his battle, and there feel our hand "

This said, each prince a double goblet crown'd,  
 And cast a large libation on the ground ,  
 Then to their vessels, through the gloomy shades,  
 The chiefs return , divine Ulysses leads  
 Meantime Achilles' slaves prepared a bed,  
 With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread  
 There, till the sacred morn restored the day,  
 In slumber sweet the reverend Phoenix lay.  
 But in his inner tent, an ampler space,  
 Achilles slept , and in his warm embrace  
 Fair Diomedè of the Lesbian race  
 Last, for Patroclus was the couch prepared,  
 Whose nightly joys the beauteous Iphis shared ,

<sup>15</sup> *Gifts can conquer* It is well observed by Bishop Thirlwall, "Greece," vol. 1 p. 180, that "the law of honour among the Greeks did not compel them to treasure up in their memory the offensive language which might be addressed to them by a passionate adversary, nor to conceive that it left a stain which could only be washed away by blood. Even for real and deep injuries they were commonly willing to accept a pecuniary compensation."

Achilles to his friend consign'd her charms  
 When Scyros fell before his conquering arms  
 And now the elected chiefs whom Greece had sent,  
 Pass'd through the hosts, and reach'd the royal tent.  
 Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,  
 The peers and leaders of the Achaian bands  
 Hail'd their return Atrides first begun :

" Say what success ? divine Laertes' son !  
 Achilles' high resolves declare to all  
 Returns the chief, or must our navy fall ? "

" Great King of nations ! (Ithacus replied)  
 Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride ;  
 He slight's thy friendship, thy proposals scorns,  
 And, thus implored, with fiercer fury burns  
 To save our army, and our fleets to free,  
 Is not his care ; but left to Greece and thee.  
 Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the sky,  
 Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly ;  
 Us too he bids our oars and sails employ,  
 Nor hope the fall of heaven-protected Troy,  
 For Jove o'ershades her with his arm divine,  
 Inspires her war, and bids her glory shine  
 Such was his word what further he declared.  
 These sacred heralds and great Ajax heard  
 But Phoenix in his tent the chief retains,  
 Safe to transport him to his native plains  
 When morning dawns ; if other he decree,  
 His age is sacred, and his choice is free."

Ulysses ceased the great Achaian host,  
 With sorrow seized, in consternation lost,  
 Attend the stern reply Tydides broke  
 The general silence, and undaunted spoke.

" Why should we gifts to proud Achilles send,  
 Or strive with prayers his haughty soul to bend ?  
 His country's woes he glories to deride,  
 And prayers will burst that swelling heart with pride.  
 Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd,  
 Our battles let him or desert or aid ;  
 Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit  
 That, to his madness, or to Heaven commit  
 What for ourselves we can, is always ours,  
 This night let due repast refresh our powers ;  
 (For strength consists in spirits and in blood,  
 And those are owed to generous wine and food,)  
 But when the rosy messenger of day  
 Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,  
 Ranged at the ships, let all our squadrons shine  
 In flaming arms, a long-extended line  
 In the dread front let great Atrides stand,  
 The first in danger, as in high command "

Shouts of acclaim the listening heroes raise,  
Then each to Heaven the due libations pays ,  
Till sleep, descending o'er the tents, bestows  
The grateful blessings of desired repose.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>16</sup> "The boon of sleep"—Milton



ACHILLES

## BOOK X.

### ARGUMENT

#### THE NIGHT-ADVENTURE OF DIOMED AND ULYSSES

Upon the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awakening the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaüs, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemies' camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprise, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprise Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success, kill Rhesus, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues, the scene lies in the two camps

ALL night the chiefs before then vessels lay,  
And lost in sleep the labours of the day.  
All but the king with various thoughts oppress'd,  
His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.  
As when by lightnings Jove's ethereal power  
Foretels the rattling hail, or weighty shower,  
Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,  
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar,  
By fits one flash succeeds as one expires,  
And heaven flames thick with momentary fires:  
So bursting frequent from Atrides' breast,  
Sighs following sighs his inward fears confess'd.  
Now o'er the fields, dejected, he surveys  
From thousand Trojan fires the mounting blaze,  
Hears in the passing wind their music blow,  
And marks distinct the voices of the foe

\* "All else of nature's common gift partake  
Unhappy Dido was alone awake"—Dryden's *Virgil*, iv. 767

Now looking backwards to the fleet and coast,  
 Anxious he sorrows for the endanger'd host.  
 He rends his hair, in sacrifice to Jove,  
 And sues to him that ever lives above  
 Inly he groans, while glory and despair  
 Divide his heart, and wage a double war.

A thousand cares his labouring breast revolves ;  
 To seek sage Nestor now the chief resolves,  
 With him, in wholesome counsels, to debate  
 What yet remains to save the afflicted state  
 He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,  
 Next on his feet the shining sandals bound ;  
 A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd ,  
 His warlike hand a pointed javelin held  
 Meanwhile his brother, press'd with equal woes,  
 Alike denied the gifts of soft repose,  
 Laments for Greece, that in his cause before  
 So much had suffer'd and must suffer more  
 A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread .  
 A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head  
 Thus (with a javelin in his hand) he went  
 To wake Atrides in the royal tent  
 Already waked, Atrides he descried,  
 His armour buckling at his vessel's side.  
 Joyful they met, the Spartan thus begun .  
 "Why puts my brother his bright armour on ?  
 Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,  
 To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan powers ?  
 But say, what hero shall sustain that task ?  
 Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask ;  
 Guideless, alone, through night's dark shade to go,  
 And midst a hostile camp explore the foe."

To whom the king "In such distress we stand,  
 No vulgar counsel our affairs demand ;  
 Greece to preserve, is now no easy part,  
 But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art  
 For Jove, averse, our humble prayer denies,  
 And bows his head to Hector's sacrifice.  
 What eye has witness'd, or what ear believed,  
 In one great day, by one great arm achieved,  
 Such wondrous deeds as Hector's hand has done,  
 And we beheld, the last revolving sun ?  
 What honours the beloved of Jove adorn ?  
 Sprung from no god, and of no goddess born ;  
 Yet such his acts, as Greeks unborn shall tell,  
 And curse the battle where their fathers fell.

"Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,  
 There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete ,  
 Ourselves to hoary Nestor will repair ,  
 To keep the guards on duty be his care,



(For Nestor's influence best that quarter guides,  
 Whose son with Merion, o'er the watch presides.")  
 To whom the Spartan . "These thy orders borne,  
 Say, shall I stay, or with despatch return?"  
 "There shalt thou stay, (the king of men replied,) -  
 Else may we miss to meet, without a guide,  
 The paths so many, and the camp so wide.  
 Still, with your voice the slothful soldiers raise,  
 Urge by their fathers' fame their future praise. -  
 Forget we now our state and lofty birth,  
 Not titles here, but works, must prove our worth.  
 To labour is the lot of man below ;

And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe "

This said, each parted to his several cares :  
 The king to Nestor's sable ship repairs ,  
 The sage protector of the Greeks he found  
 Stretch'd in his bed with all his arms around ;  
 The various-colour'd scarf, the shield he rears,  
 The shining helmet, and the pointed spears ;  
 The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,  
 That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of age.  
 Then, leaning on his hand his watchful head,  
 The hoary monarch raised his eyes and said .

"What art thou, speak, that on designs unknown  
 While others sleep, thus range the camp alone ;  
 Seek'st thou some friend or nightly sentinel?  
 Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell "

"O son of Neleus, (thus the king rejoind,)  
 Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind ! -  
 Lo, here the wretched Agamemnon stands,  
 The unhappy general of the Grecian bands,  
 Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,  
 And woes, that only with his life shall end !  
 Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain,  
 And scarce my heart support its load of pain  
 No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known,  
 Confused, and sad, I wander thus alone,  
 With fears distracted, with no fix'd design ,  
 And all my people's miseries are mine  
 If aught of use thy waking thoughts suggest,  
 (Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest,)  
 Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend ;  
 Now let us jointly to the trench descend,  
 At every gate the fainting guard excite,  
 Tired with the toils of day and watch of night ;  
 Else may the sudden foe our works invade,  
 So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade "

To him thus Nestor "Trust the powers above,  
 Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove :  
 How ill agree the views of vain mankind,

And the wise counsels 'of the eternal mind '  
 Audacious Hector, if the gods ordain  
 That great Achilles rise and rage again,  
 What toils attend thee, and what woes remain '  
 Lo, faithful Nestor thy command obeys ,  
 The care is next our other chiefs to raise  
 Ulysses, Diomed, we chiefly need ,  
 Megeas for strength, Oileus famed for speed  
 Some other be despatch'd of nimbler feet,  
 To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet,  
 Where lie great Ajax and the king of Cete "  
 To rouse the Spartan I myself decree ,  
 Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,  
 Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share  
 With his great brother in his martial care  
 Him it behoved to every chief to sue,  
 Preventing every part perform'd by you ,  
 For strong necessity our toils demands,  
 Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands "

To whom the king " With reverence we allow  
 Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now  
 My generous brother is of gentle kind,  
 He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind ,  
 Through too much deference to our sovereign sway,  
 Content to follow when we lead the way  
 But now, our ills industrious to prevent,  
 Long ere the rest he rose, and sought my tent.  
 The chiefs you named, already at his call,  
 Prepare to meet us near the navy-wall ,  
 Assembling there, between the trench and gates,  
 Near the night-guards, our chosen council waits '

" Then none (said Nestor) shall his rule withstand,  
 For great examples justify command "

With that, the venerable warrior rose ,  
 The shining greaves his manly legs enclose ,  
 His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,  
 Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lined  
 Then rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste  
 His steely lance, that lighten'd as he pass'd  
 The camp he traversed through the sleeping crowd,  
 Stopp'd at Ulysses' tent, and call'd aloud  
 Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,  
 Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent  
 " What new distress what sudden cause of fright,  
 Thus leads you wandering in the silent night ? "  
 " O prudent chief ! (the Pylian sage replied)  
 Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom tried  
 Whatever means of safety can be sought,  
 Whatever counsels can inspire our thought,

Whatever methods, or to fly or fight ;  
 All, all depend on this important night ! ”  
 He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield ;  
 Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd through the field.  
 Without his tent, bold Diomed they found,  
 All sheathed in arms, his brave companions round .  
 Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,  
 His head reclining on his bossy shield  
 A wood of spears stood by, that, fix'd upright,  
 Shot from them flashing points a quivering light.  
 A bull's black hide composed the hero's bed ,  
 A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head  
 Then, with his foot, old Nestor gently shakes  
 The slumbering chief, and in these words awakes :

“ Rise, son of Tydeus ! to the brave and strong  
 Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.  
 But sleep'st thou now, when from yon hill the foe  
 Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls below ? ”

At this, soft slumber from his eyelids fled ;  
 The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said  
 “ Wondrous old man ! whose soul no respite knows,  
 Though years and honours bid thee seek repose,  
 Let younger Greeks our sleeping warriors wake ;  
 Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake ”  
 “ My friend, (he answered,) generous is thy care ;  
 These toils, my subjects and my sons might bear ;  
 Their loyal thoughts and pious love conspire  
 To ease a sovereign and relieve a sire  
 But now the last despair surrounds our host ,  
 No hour must pass, no moment must be lost ,  
 Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,  
 Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life .  
 Yet, if my years thy kind regard engage,  
 Employ thy youth as I employ my age ,  
 Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest ;  
 He serves me most, who serves his country best ”

This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung  
 A lion's spoils, that to his ankles hung ,  
 Then seized his ponderous lance, and strode along.  
 Meges the bold, with Ajax famed for speed,  
 The warrior roused, and to the entrenchments lead

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard ;  
 A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepared  
 The unwearied watch their listening leaders keep,  
 And, couching close, repel invading sleep  
 So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,  
 With toil protected from the prowling train ;  
 When the gaunt lioness, with hunger bold,  
 Springs from the mountains toward the guarded fold  
 Through breaking woods her rustling course they hear ;

Loud, and more loud, the clamours strike their ear  
Of hounds and men they start, they gaze around,  
Watch every side, and turn to every sound  
Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of surprise,  
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes  
Each step of passing feet increased the affright,  
And hostile Troy was ever full in sight  
Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,  
And thus accosted through the gloomy shade  
" 'Tis well, my sons ! your nightly cares employ,  
Else must our host become the scorn of Troy  
Watch thus, and Greece shall live " The hero said ;  
Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led  
His son, and godlike Merion, march'd behind  
(For these the princes to their council join'd)  
The trenches pass'd, the assembled kings around  
In silent state the consistory crown'd  
A place there was, yet undefiled with gore,  
The spot where Hector stopp'd his rage before,  
When *night descending, from his vengeful hand*  
Reprieved the relics of the Grecian band  
(The plain beside with mangled corps was spread,  
And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead )  
There sat the mournful kings when Neleus' son,  
The council opening, in these words begun  
" Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave,  
His life to hazard, and his country save ?  
Lives there a man, who singly dares to go  
To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe ?  
Or favour'd by the night approach so near,  
Their speech, their counsels, and designs to hear ?  
If to besiege our navies they prepare,  
Or Troy once more must be the seat of war ?  
This could he learn, and to our peers recite,  
And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night,  
What fame were his through all succeeding days,  
While Phoebus shines, or men have tongues to praise !  
What gifts his grateful country would bestow !  
What must not Greece to her deliverer owe ?  
A sable ewe each leader should provide,  
With each a sable lambkin by her side,  
At every rite his share should be increased,  
And his the foremost honours of the feast "  
Fear held them mute alone, untaught to fear,  
Tydides spoke—" The man you seek is here.  
Through yon black camps to bend my dangerous way,  
Some god within commands, and I obey.  
But let some other chosen warrior join,  
To raise my hopes, and second my design  
By mutual confidence and mutual aid,

Great deeds are done, and great discoveries made;  
The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,  
And one brave hero fans another's fire."

Contending leaders at the word arose;  
Each generous breast with emulation glows;  
So brave a task each Ajax strove to share,  
Bold Merion strove, and Nestor's valiant heir;  
The Spartan wish'd the second place to gain,  
And great Ulysses wish'd, not wish'd in vain.  
Then thus the king of men the contest ends:  
"Thou first of warriors, and thou best of friends,  
Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join  
In this great enterprise, is only thine  
Just be thy choice, without affection made,  
To birth, or office, no respect be paid,  
Let worth determine here." The monarch spake,  
And only trembled for his brother's sake

"Then thus (the godlike Diomed rejoined)  
My choice declares the impulse of my mind  
How can I doubt, while great Ulysses stands  
To lend his counsels and assist our hands?  
A chief, whose safety is Minerva's care,  
So famed, so dreadful, in the works of war  
Bless'd in his conduct, I no aid require,  
Wisdom like his might pass through flames of fire"

"It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame,  
(Replied the sage,) to praise me, or to blame.  
Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,  
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.  
But let us haste—Night rolls the hours away,  
The reddening orient shows the coming day,  
The stars shine fainter on the ethereal plains,  
And of night's empire but a third remains"

Thus having spoke, with generous ardour press'd,  
In arms terrific their huge limbs they dress'd  
A two-edged falchion Thrasymed the brave,  
And ample buckler, to Tydides gave  
Then in a leathern helm he cased his head,  
Short of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread  
(Such as by youths unused to arms are worn)  
No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn  
Next him Ulysses took a shining sword,  
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stored.  
A well-proved casque, with leather braces bound,  
(Thy gift, Meriones,) his temples crown'd,  
Soft wool within, without, in order spread,<sup>3</sup>  
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.  
This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' son,

<sup>3</sup> *Soft wool within*, i. e. a kind of woollen stuffing, pressed in between the straps, the head, and make the helmet fit close

Autolycus by fraudulent rapine won,  
 And gave Amphidamas, from him the prize  
 Molus received, the pledge of social ties,  
 The helmet next by Merion was possess'd,  
 And now Ulysses' thoughtful temples press'd  
 Thus sheathed in arms, the council they forsake,  
 And dark through paths oblique then progress take  
 Just then, in sign she favour'd their intent,  
 A long-wing'd heron great Minerva sent  
 Thus, though surrounding shades obscured their view.  
 By the shrill clang and whistling wings they knew.  
 As from the right she soar'd, Ulysses pray'd,  
 Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the maid.

"O daughter of that god whose arm can wield  
 The avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!  
 O thou! for ever present in my way,  
 Who all my motions, all my toils survey!  
 Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,  
 Safe by thy succour to our ships convey'd,  
 And let some deed this signal night adorn  
 To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn."

Then godlike Diomed preferr'd his prayer  
 "Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear  
 Great queen of arms, whose favour Tydeus won,  
 As thou defend'st the sire, defend the son  
 When on Æsopus' banks the banded powers  
 Of Greece he left, and sought the Theban towers,  
 Peace was his charge, received with peaceful show,  
 He went a legate, but return'd a foe  
 Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,  
 He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.  
 So now be present, O celestial maid!  
 So still continue to the race thine aid!  
 A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,  
 Untamed, unconscious of the galling yoke,  
 With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,  
 Whose taper tops resplendent gold adorns."  
 The heroes pray'd, and Pallas from the skies  
 Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprise  
 Now, like two lions panting for the prey,  
 With dreadful thoughts they trace the dreary way  
 Through the black horrors of the ensanguined plain,  
 Through dust, through blood, o'er arms, and hills of slain.

Nor less bold Hector, and the sons of Troy,  
 On high designs the wakeful hours employ,  
 The assembled peers then lofty chief enclosed,  
 Who thus the counsels of his breast propos'd  
 "What glorious man, for high attempts prepared,  
 Dares greatly venture for a rich reward?  
 Of yonder fleet a bold discovery make,

What watch they keep, and what resolves they take?  
 If now subdued they meditate their flight,  
 And, spent with toil, neglect the watch of night?  
 His be the chariot that shall please him most,  
 Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host,  
 His the fair steeds that all the rest excel,  
 And his the glory to have served so well."

A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,  
 Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy,  
 (Five girls beside the reverend herald told.)  
 Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold;  
 Not bless'd by nature with the charms of face,  
 But swift of foot, and matchless in the race  
 "Hector! (he said) my courage bids me meet  
 This high achievement, and explore the fleet.  
 But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies,  
 And swear to grant me the demanded prize,  
 The immortal coursers, and the glittering car,  
 That bear Pelides through the ranks of war.  
 Encouraged thus, no idle scout I go,  
 Fulfil thy wish, their whole intention-know,  
 Even to the royal tent pursue my way,  
 And all their counsels, all their aims betray."

The chief then heaved the golden sceptre high,  
 Attesting thus the monarch of the sky  
 "Be witness thou! immortal lord of all!  
 Whose thunder shakes the dark aerial hall:  
 By none but Dolon shall this prize be borne,  
 And him alone the immortal steeds adorn."

Thus Hector swore the gods were call'd in vain,  
 But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain.  
 Across his back the bended bow he flung,  
 A wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung,  
 A ferret's downy fur his helmet lined,  
 And in his hand a pointed javelin shined  
 Then (never to return) he sought the shore,  
 And trod the path his feet must tread no more.  
 Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and Trojan throng,  
 (Still bending forward as he coursed along,)  
 When, on the hollow way, the approaching tread  
 Ulysses mark'd, and thus to Diomed,

"O friend! I hear some step of hostile feet,  
 Moving this way, or hastening to the fleet,  
 Some spy, perhaps, to lurk beside the main;  
 Or nightly pillager that strips the slain  
 Yet let him pass, and win a little space,  
 Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace  
 But if too swift of foot he flies before,  
 Confine his course along the fleet and shore,

Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,  
And intercept his hoped return to Troy "

With that they stepp'd aside, and stoop'd their head,  
(As Dolon pass'd,) behind a heap of dead  
Along the path the spy unwary flew,  
Soft, at just distance, both the chiefs pursue  
So distant they, and such the space between,  
As when two teams of mules divide the green,  
(To whom the hind like shares of land allows,)  
When now new furrows part the approaching ploughs.  
Now Dolon, listening, heard them as they pass'd,  
Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his haste,  
Till scarce at distance of a javelin's throw,  
No voice succeeding, he perceived the foe  
As when two skilful hounds the leveret wind,  
Or chase through woods obscure the trembling hind;  
Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,  
And from the herd still turn the flying prey  
So fast, and with such fears, the Trojan flew,  
So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue  
Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,  
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls,  
When brave Tydides stopp'd, a gen'ious thought  
(Inspired by Pallas) in his bosom wrought,  
Lest on the foe some forward Greek advance,  
And snatch the glory from his lifted lance  
Then thus aloud "Whoe'er thou art, remain;  
This javelin else shall fix thee to the plain"  
He said, and high in air the weapon cast,  
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder pass'd,  
Then fix'd in earth Against the trembling wood  
The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he stood;  
A sudden palsy seized his turning head,  
His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled,  
The panting warriors seize him as he stands,  
And with unmanly tears his life demands

"O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,  
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow  
Vast heaps of brass shall in your ships be told,  
And steel well-temper'd and refulgent gold "

To whom Ulysses made this wise reply  
"Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die  
What moves thee, say, when sleep has closed the sight,  
To roam the silent fields in dead of night?  
Can'st thou the secrets of our camp to find,  
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?  
Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led,  
Through heaps of carnage, to despoil the dead?"

Then thus pale Dolon, with a fearful look  
(Still, as he spoke, his limbs with horror shook )



"Hither I came, by Hector's words deceived ;  
 Much did he promise, rashly I believed .  
 No less a bribe than great Achilles' car,  
 And those swift steeds that sweep the ranks of war,  
 Urged me, unwilling, this attempt to make ,  
 To learn what counsels, what resolves you take :  
 If now subdued, you fix your hopes on flight,  
 And, tired with toils, neglect the watch of night."

"Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,  
 (Ulysses, with a scornful smile, replies,)  
 Far other rulers those proud steeds demand,  
 And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand ,  
 Even great Achilles scarce their rage can tame,  
 Achilles sprung from an immortal dame.  
 But say, be faithful, and the truth recite '  
 Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to-night ?  
 Where stand his coursers ? in what quarter sleep  
 Their other princes ? tell what watch they keep :  
 Say, since this conquest, what their counsels are ;  
 Or here to combat, from their city far,  
 Or back to Ilion's walls transfer the war ?"

Ulysses thus, and thus Eumedes' son .  
 "What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue shall own.  
 Hector, the peers assembling in his tent,  
 A council holds at Ilus' monument.  
 No certain guards the nightly watch partake ;  
 Where'er yon fires ascend, the Trojans wake .  
 Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep ;  
 Safe in their cares, the auxiliar forces sleep,  
 Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,  
 Discharge their souls of half the fears of war"

"Then sleep those aids among the Trojan train,  
 (Inquired the chief,) or scatter'd o'er the plain ?"  
 To whom the spy "Their powers they thus dispose :  
 The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,  
 The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,  
 And Leleges, encamp along the coast.  
 Not distant far, lie higher on the land  
 The Lycian, Mysian, and Mæonian band,  
 And Phrygia's horse, by Thymbras' ancient wall ;  
 The Thracians utmost, and apart from all  
 These Troy but lately to her succour won,  
 Led on by Rhesus, great Eioneus' son .  
 I saw his coursers in proud triumph go,  
 Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow ;  
 Rich silver plates his shining car infold ;  
 His solid arms, refulgent, flame with gold ;  
 No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load,  
 Celestial panoply, to grace a god !  
 Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,

Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,  
In cruel chains, till your return reveal  
The truth, or falsehood of the news I tell "

To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown  
"Think not to live, though all the truth be shown .  
Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife  
To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life ?  
Or that again our camps thou may'st explore ?  
No—once a traitor, thou betray'st no more "

Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepared  
With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,  
Like lightning swift the wrathful falchion flew,  
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two ,  
One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell,  
The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.  
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,  
The wolf's grey hide, the unbended bow and spear ;  
These great Ulysses lifting to the skies,  
To favouring Pallas dedicates the prize

"Great queen of arms, receive this hostile spoil,  
And let the Thracian steeds reward our toil  
Thee, first of all the heavenly host, we praise ,  
O speed our labours, and direct our ways ' "  
This said, the spoils, with dropping gore defaced,  
High on a spreading tamarisk he placed ;  
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,  
To guide their footsteps to the place again

Through the still night they cross the devious fields,  
Slippery with blood, o'er arms and heaps of shields,  
Arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay,  
And cased in sleep the labours of the day .  
Ranged in three lines they view the prostrate band .  
The horses yoked beside each warrior stand.  
Their arms in order on the ground reclined,  
Through the brown shade the fulgid weapons shined  
Amidst lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep profound,  
And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.  
The welcome sight Ulysses first descries,  
And points to Diomed the tempting prize  
"The man, the coursers, and the car behold '  
Described by Dolon, with the arms of gold.  
Now, brave Tydides ' now thy courage try,  
Approach the chariot, and the steeds untie ,  
Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,  
Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds "

Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,  
Breathed in his heart, and strung his nervous arms ;  
Where'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursued  
His thirsty falchion, fat with hostile blood.  
Bathed all his footsteps, dyed the fields with gore,

And a low groan remurmur'd through the shore.  
 So the grim lion, from his nightly den,  
 O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen,  
 On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,  
 He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey,  
 Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,  
 Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian band  
 Ulysses following, as his partner slew,  
 Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew;  
 The milk-white coursers studious to convey  
 Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way:  
 Lest the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,  
 Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead  
 Now twelve despatch'd, the monarch last they found;  
 Tydides' falchion fix'd him to the ground  
 Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent,  
 A warlike form appear'd before his tent,  
 Whose visionary steel his bosom tore  
 So dream'd the monarch, and awaked no more.<sup>4</sup>

Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,  
 And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins;  
 These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along,  
 (The scourge forgot, on Rhesus' chariot hung,)  
 Then gave his friend the signal to retire;  
 But him, new dangers, new achievements fire;  
 Doubtful he stood, or with his iceking blade  
 To send more heroes to the infernal shade,  
 Drag off the car where Rhesus' armour lay,  
 Or heave with manly force, and lift away.  
 While unresolved the son of Tydeus stands,  
 Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands  
 "Enough, my son, from further slaughter cease,  
 Regard thy safety, and depart in peace,  
 Haste to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,  
 Nor tempt too far the hostile gods of Troy"

The voice divine confess'd the martial maid;  
 In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd;  
 The coursers fly before Ulysses' bow,  
 Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow

Not unobserved they pass'd the god of light  
 Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight,  
 Saw Tydeus' son with heavenly succour bless'd,  
 And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast  
 Swift to the Trojan camp descends the power,

<sup>4</sup> "All the circumstances of this action—the night, Rhesus buried in a profound sleep, and Diomedes with the sword in his hand hanging over the head of that prince—furnished Homer with the idea of this fiction, which represents Rhesus lying fast asleep, and, as it were, beholding his enemy in a dream, plunging the sword into his bosom. This image is very natural, for a man in his condition awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality but a dream"—Pope

"There's one did hush in his sleep, and one cry'd murder,  
 They wak'd each other"—*Macbeth*.

And wakes Hippocoön in the morning-hour ,  
 (On Rhesus' side accusom'd to attend,  
 A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend ,)  
 He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood,  
 An empty space where late the coursers stood,  
 The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coast ,  
 For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most  
 Now while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,  
 The gathering tumult spreads o'er all the plain ,  
 On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild affright,  
 And wondering view the slaughters of the night.

Meanwhile the chiefs, arriving at the shade  
 Where late the spoils of Hector's spy were laid,  
 Ulysses stopp'd , to him Tydides bore  
 The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore  
 Then mounts again , again then nimbler feet  
 The coursers ply, and thunder towards the fleet.



DIOMED AND ULYSSES RETURNING WITH THE SPOILS OF RHESUS

Old Nestor first perceived the approaching sound,  
 Bespeaking thus the Grecian peers around .  
 "Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear,  
 Thickening this way, and gathering on my ear ,  
 Perhaps some horses of the Trojan breed  
 (So may, ye gods ! my pious hopes succeed)  
 The great Tydides and Ulysses bear,  
 Return'd triumphant with this prize of war  
 Yet much I fear (ah, may that fear be vain !)  
 The chiefs outnumber'd by the Trojan train ,  
 Perhaps, even now pursued, they seek the shore ;  
 Or, oh ! perhaps those heroes are no more "

Scauce had he spoke, when, lo ! the chiefs appeal,  
 And spring to earth, the Greeks dismiss their fear.  
 With words of friendship and extended hands  
 They greet the kings ; and Nestor first demands .

“ Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim,  
 Thou living glory of the Grecian name !  
 Say whence these coursers ? by what chance bestow'd,  
 The spoil of foes, or present of a god ?  
 Not those fau steeds, so radiant and so gay,  
 That draw the burning chariot of the day.  
 Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,  
 And daily mingle in the martial field ,  
 But sure till now no coursers struck my sight  
 Like these, conspicuous through the ranks of fight.  
 Some god, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,  
 Bless'd as ye are, and favourites of the skies ;  
 The care of him who bids the thunder roar,  
 And her, whose fury bathes the world with gore.”

“ Father ! not so, (sage Ithacus rejoind,)  
 The gifts of heaven are of a nobler kind  
 Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,  
 Whose hostile king the brave Tydides slew ;  
 Sleeping he died, with all his guards around,  
 And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.  
 These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came,  
 A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame ;  
 By Hector sent our forces to explore,  
 He now lies headless on the sandy shore .

Then o'er the trench the bounding coursers flew ;  
 The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue.  
 Straight to Tydides' high pavilion borne,  
 The matchless steeds his ample stalls adorn .  
 The neighing coursers their new fellows greet,  
 And the full racks are heap'd with generous wheat.  
 But Dolon's armour, to his ships convey'd,  
 High on the painted stern Ulysses laid,  
 A trophy destin'd to the blue-eyed maid

Now from nocturnal sweat and sanguine stain  
 They cleanse their bodies in the neigh'ing main .  
 Then in the polished bath, refresh'd from toil,  
 Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,  
 In due repast indulge the genial hour,  
 And first to Pallas the libations pour  
 They sit, rejoicing in her aid divine,  
 And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

## BOOK XI.

### ARGUMENT

#### THE THIRD BATTLE, AND THE ACTS OF AGAMEMNON

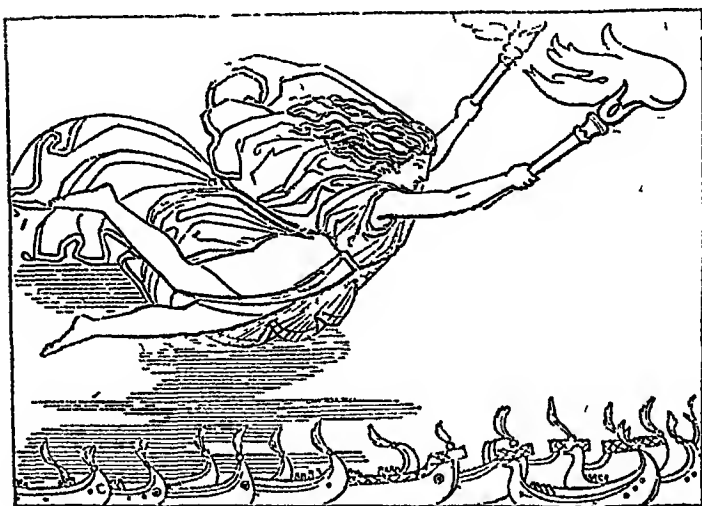
Agamemnon, having armed himself, leads the Greeks to battle. Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them, while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him, and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy. Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time, but the latter, being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaüs and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax, but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the meantime Menelaüs, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the rescue from his ship) sent Patroclus to inquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner. Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it, clad in Achilles' armour. Patroclus, on his return, meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight and-twentieth day of the poem, and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,  
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed,  
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,  
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light  
When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command,  
The torch of discord blazing in her hand,  
Through the red skies her bloody sign extends,  
And, wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends  
High on Ulysses' bark her horrid stand  
She took, and thunder'd through the seas and land.

<sup>1</sup> "Aurora now had left her saffron bed,  
And beams of early light the heavens o'erspread"  
Dryden's *Virgil*, iv. 639

Even Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,  
 Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound,  
 Thence the black fury through the Grecian throng  
 With horior sounds the loud Oithian song .  
 The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms  
 Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.  
 No more they sigh, inglorious to return,  
 But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.



THE DESCENT OF DISCORD

The king of men his hardy host inspires  
 With loud command, with great example fires !  
 Himself first rose, himself before the rest  
 His mighty limbs in radiant armour dress'd,  
 And first he cased his manly legs around  
 In shining greaves with silver buckles bound ,  
 The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast,  
 The same which once king Cinyras possess'd  
 (The fame of Greece and her assembled host  
 Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast ;  
 'Twas then, the friendship of the chief to gain,  
 This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain )  
 Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,  
 Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold ,  
 Three glittering dragons to the gorget rise,  
 Whose imitated scales against the skies  
 Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,  
 Like colour'd rainbows o'er a showery cloud  
 (Jove's wondrous bow, of three celestial dies,  
 Placed as a sign to man amidst the skies)

A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder tied,  
 Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side.  
 Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encased  
 The shining blade, and golden hangers graced  
 His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,  
 That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade;  
 Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround,  
 And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd:  
 Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,  
 And circling terrors fill'd the expressive shield:  
 Within its concave hung a silver thong,  
 On which a mimic serpent creeps along,  
 His azure length in easy waves extends,  
 Till in three heads the embroider'd monster ends.  
 Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he placed,  
 With nodding horse-hair formidably graced;  
 And in his hands two steely javelins wield,  
 That blaze to heaven, and lighten all the fields.

That instant Juno, and the martial maid,  
 In happy thunders promised Greece their aid,  
 High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air,  
 And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war

Close to the limits of the trench and mound,  
 The fiery coursers to their chariots bound  
 The squires restrain'd the foot, with those who wield  
 The lighter arms, rush forward to the field  
 To second these, in close array combined,  
 The squadrons spread their sable wings behind.  
 Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun,  
 As with the light the warriors' toils begun  
 Even Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd  
 Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;<sup>2</sup>  
 The woes of men unwilling to survey,  
 And all the slaughters that must stain the day.

Near Ilus' tomb, in order ranged around,  
 The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground  
 There wise Polydamas and Hector stood;  
 Æneas, honour'd as a guardian god,  
 Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine,  
 The brother-warriors of Antenor's line:  
 With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face  
 And fair proportion match'd the ethereal race  
 Great Hector, cover'd with his spacious shield,  
 Plies all the troops, and orders all the field  
 As the red star now shows his sanguine fires  
 Through the dark clouds and now in night retires,

<sup>2</sup> *Red drops of blood* "This phenomenon, if a mere fruit of the poet's imagination, might seem arbitrary or far-fetched. It is one, however, of ascertained reality, and of no uncertain occurrence in the climate of Greece."—Mure, i p. 493 Cf. Tasso, *Gier Lab* ix 15

"La terra in vece del notturno gelo  
 Bagnan rugiade tepide, e sanguigne"



Thus through the ranks appear'd the godlike man,  
 Plunged in the rear, or blazing in the van ;  
 While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,  
 Flash from his arms, as lightning from the skies  
 As sweating reapers in some wealthy field,  
 Ranged in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,  
 Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet ,  
 Thick fall the heapy harvests at their feet  
 So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,  
 And falling ranks are strow'd on every side  
 None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight ;<sup>3</sup>  
 But horse to horse, and man to man they fight,  
 Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their prey ;  
 Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the day.  
 Discord with joy the scene of death describes,  
 And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine eyes :  
 Discord alone, of all the immortal train,  
 Swells the red horrors of this direful plain .  
 The gods in peace their golden mansions fill,  
 Ranged in bright order on the Olympian hill .  
 But general murmurs told their griefs above,  
 And each accused the partial will of Jove  
 Meanwhile apart, superior, and alone,  
 The eternal Monarch, on his awful throne,  
 Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sate ,  
 And fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of fate  
 On earth he turn'd his all-considering eyes,  
 And mark'd the spot where Ilion's towers arise ,  
 The sea with ships, the fields with armies spread,  
 The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead

Thus while the morning-beams, increasing bright,  
 O'er heaven's pure azure spread the glowing light,  
 Commutual death the fate of war confounds,  
 Each adverse battle gored with equal wounds  
 But now (what time in some sequester'd vale  
 The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal,  
 When his tired arms refuse the axe to rear,  
 And claim a respite from the sylvan war ,  
 But not till half the prostrate forests lay  
 Stretch'd in long ruin, and exposed to day)  
 Then, nor till then, the Greeks' impulsive might  
 Pierced the black phalanx, and let in the light.  
 Great Agamemnon then the slaughter led,  
 And slew Bionoi at his people's head  
 Whose squire Oileus, with a sudden spring,  
 Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king ;  
 But in his front he felt the fatal wound,

<sup>3</sup> "No thought of flight,  
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
 That argued fear,"—"Paradise Lost," vi. 236.

Which pierced his brain, and stretch'd him on the ground.  
 Atrides spoil'd, and left them on the plain  
 Vain was their youth, their glittering armour vain .  
 Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky,  
 Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.

Two sons of Priam next to battle move,  
 The product, one of marriage, one of love <sup>4</sup>  
 In the same car the brother-warriors ride ,  
 This took the charge to combat, that to guide  
 Far other task, than when they went to keep,  
 On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy sheep  
 These on the mountains once Achilles found,  
 And captive led, with pliant osiers bound ,  
 Then to their sire for ample sums restored ,  
 But now to perish by Atrides' sword  
 Pierced in the breast the base-born Isus bleeds  
 Cleft through the head his brother's fate succeeds.  
 Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,  
 And, stript, their features to his mind recalls.  
 The Trojans see the youths untimely die,  
 But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly  
 So when a lion ranging o'er the lawns,  
 Finds, on some grassy lair, the couching fawns,  
 Their bones he cracks, their seeking vitals daws,  
 And grinds the quivering flesh with bloody jaws ;  
 The frightened hind beholds, and dares not stay,  
 But swift through rustling thickets bursts her way ,  
 All drown'd in sweat, the panting mother flies,  
 And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes

Amidst the tumult of the routed train,  
 The sons of false Antimachus were slain ,  
 He who for bribes his faithless counsels sold,  
 And voted Helen's stay for Paris' gold  
 Atrides mark'd, as these their safety sought,  
 And slew the children for the father's fault ,  
 Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,  
 They shook with fear, and dropp'd the silken rein ;  
 Then in the chariot on their knees they fall,  
 And thus with lifted hands for mercy call

" O spare our youth, and for the life we owe,  
 Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow  
 Soon as he hears, that, not in battle slain,  
 The Grecian ships his captive sons detain,  
 Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told,  
 And steel well-tempered, and persuasive gold "

These words, attended with the flood of tears,  
 The youths address'd to unrelenting ears

<sup>4</sup> *One of love* Although a bastard brother received only a small portion of the inheritance, he was commonly very well treated. Priam appears to be the only one of whom po'etry is directly asserted in the Iliad. Grote, vol. ii p. 224, note

The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply .  
 " If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die ;  
 The daring wretch who once in council stood  
 To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood,  
 For proffer'd peace ' and sues his seed for grace ?  
 No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race "

This said, Pisander from the car he cast,  
 And pierc'd his breast supine he breathed his last.  
 His brother leap'd to earth, but, as he lay,  
 The trenchant falchion lopp'd his hands away ;  
 His sever'd head was toss'd among the throng,  
 And, rolling, drew a bloody train along.  
 Then, where the thickest fought, the victor flew ;  
 The king's example all his Greeks pursue.  
 Now by the foot the flying foot were slain,  
 Horse trod by horse, lay foaming on the plain  
 From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise,  
 Shade the black host, and intercept the skies  
 The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,  
 And the thick thunder beats the labouring ground,  
 Still slaughtering on, the king of men proceeds ;  
 The distanced army wonders at his deeds,  
 As when the winds with raging flames conspire,  
 And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,  
 In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,  
 And one refulgent ruin levels all  
 Before Atreides' rage so sinks the foe,  
 Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low.  
 The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword,  
 And many a car, now lighted of its lord,  
 Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls,  
 Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls,  
 While his keen falchion drinks the warriors' lives ;  
 More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives !

Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate,  
 But Jove and destiny prolong'd his date  
 Safe from the darts, the care of heaven he stood,  
 Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood

Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,  
 Through the mid field the routed urge their way .  
 Where the wild figs the adjoining summit crown,  
 The path they take, and speed to reach the town.  
 As swift, Atreides with loud shouts pursued,  
 Hot with his toil, and bathed in hostile blood.  
 Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,  
 The hero halts, and his associates wait  
 Meanwhile on every side around the plain,  
 Dispersed, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train  
 So flies a herd of bees, that hear dismay'd  
 The lion's roaring through the midnight shade ;

On heaps they tumble with successless haste ,  
The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last.  
Not with less fury stern Atreides flew,  
Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost slew ,  
Hurl'd from their cars the bravest chiefs are kill'd,  
And rage, and death, and carnage load the field

Now storms the victor at the Trojan wall ,  
Surveys the towers, and meditates their fall  
But Jove descending shook the Idaean hills,  
And down their summits pour'd a hundred ills  
The unkindled lightning in his hand he took,  
And thus the many-coloured maid bespoke

" Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,  
To godlike Hector this our word convey—  
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,  
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,  
Bid him give way , but issue forth commands,  
And trust the war to less important hands  
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,  
That chief shall mount his chariot, and depart,  
Then Jove shall string his arm, and fire his breast,  
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd,  
Till to the main the burning sun descend,  
And sacred night her awful shade extend "

He spoke, and Iris at his word obey'd ,  
On wings of winds descends the various maid  
The chief she found amidst the ranks of war,  
Close to the bulwarks, on his glittering car  
The goddess then " O son of Priam, hear !  
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear  
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,  
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,  
Abstain from fight , yet issue forth commands,  
And trust the war to less important hands  
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,  
The chief shall mount his chariot, and depart,  
Then Jove shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast,  
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd,  
Till to the main the burning sun descend,  
And sacred night her awful shade extend "

She said, and vanish'd Hector, with a bound,  
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,  
In clanging arms he grasps in either hand  
A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band ,  
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,  
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight  
They stand to arms the Greeks their onset dare,  
Condense their powers, and wait the coming war  
New force, new spirit, to each breast returns ,  
The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns .

The king leads on • all fix on him their eye,  
 And learn from him to conquer, or to die  
 Ye sacred nine ! celestial Muses ! tell,  
 Who faced him first, and by his prowess fell ?  
 The great Iphidamas, the bold and young,  
 From sage Antenor and Theano sprung ;  
 Whom from his youth his grandsire Cisseus bred,  
 And nursed in Thiaee where snowy flocks are fed.  
 Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,  
 And early honour warm his generous breast,  
 When the kind sue consign'd his daughter's charms  
 (Theano's sister) to his youthful arms  
 But call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,  
 He leaves untastèd the first fruits of joy ;  
 From his loved bride departs with melting eyes,  
 And swift to aid his dearer country flies.  
 With twelve black ships he reach'd Peircope's strand,  
 Thence took the long laborious march by land  
 Now fierce for fame, before the ranks he springs,  
 Towering in arms, and braves the king of kings.  
 Atrides first discharged the missive spear ;  
 The Trojan stoop'd, the javelin pass'd in air  
 Then near the corslet, at the monarch's heart,  
 With all his strength, the youth directs his dart :  
 But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,  
 The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.  
 Encumber'd with the dart, Atrides stands,  
 Till, grasp'd with force, he wiench'd it from his hands ;  
 At once his weighty sword discharged a wound  
 Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground  
 Stretch'd in the dust the unhappy warrior lies,  
 And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes  
 Oh worthy better fate ! oh early slain !  
 Thy country's friend , and virtuous, though in vain  
 No more the youth shall join his consort's side,  
 At once a virgin, and at once a bride !  
 No more with presents her embraces meet,  
 Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,  
 On whom his passion, lavish of his store,  
 Bestow'd so much, and vainly promised more !  
 Unwept, uncover'd, on the plain he lay,  
 While the proud victor bore his arms away.  
 Coon, Antenor's eldest hope, was nigh  
 Tears, at the sight, came starting from his eye,  
 While pierced with grief the much-loved youth he view'd,  
 And the pale features now deform'd with blood.  
 Then, with his spear, unseen, his time he took,  
 Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow strook.  
 The thrilling steel transpierced the brawny part,  
 And through his arm stood forth the barbed dart.

Surprised the monarch feels, yet void of fear  
 On Coon rushes with his lifted spear  
 His brother's corpse the pious Trojan draws,  
 And calls his country to assert his cause,  
 Defends him breathless on the sanguine field,  
 And o'er the body spreads his ample shield.  
 Atreides, marking an unguarded part,  
 Transfix'd the warrior with his brazen dart;  
 Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay,  
 The monarch's falchion lopp'd his head away.  
 The social shades the same dark journey go,  
 And join each other in the realms below

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,  
 With every weapon art or fury yields  
 By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone,  
 Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.  
 This, while yet warm distill'd the purple flood,  
 But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,  
 Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend,  
 Less keen those darts the fierce Ilythæ send  
 (The powers that cause the teeming matron's throes,  
 Sad mothers of unutterable woes)  
 Stung with the smart, all-panting with the pain,  
 He mounts the car, and gives his squire the rein,  
 Then with a voice which fury made more strong,  
 And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng

"O friends! O Greeks! assert your honours won;  
 Proceed, and finish what this arm begun  
 Lo! angry Jove forbids you chief to stay,  
 And envies half the glories of the day"

He said: the driver whirls his lengthful thong;  
 The horses fly, the chariot smokes along  
 Clouds from their nostrils the fierce coursers blow,  
 And from their sides the foam descends in snow,  
 Shot through the battle in a moment's space,  
 The wounded monarch at his tent they place

No sooner Hector saw the king retired,  
 But thus his Trojans and his aids he fired:

"Hear, all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!  
 Famed in close fight, and dreadful face to face:  
 Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,  
 Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own  
 Behold, the general flies! deserts his powers!  
 Lo, Jove himself declares the conquest ours!  
 Now on yon ranks impel your foaming steeds,  
 And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds"

With words like these the fiery chief alarms  
 His fainting host, and every bosom warms  
 As the bold hunter cheers his hounds to tear  
 The brindled lion, or the tusky bear:

With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,  
 And springs the foremost with his lifted dart .  
 So godlike Hector prompts his troops to dare ;  
 Not prompts alone, but leads himself the war.  
 On the black body of the foe he pours ;  
 As from the cloud's deep bosom, swell'd with showers,  
 A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps,  
 Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.  
 Say, Muse ! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd,  
 Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground ?  
 Assæus, Dolops, and Autonous died,  
 Opites next was added to their side ,  
 Then brave Hipponous, famed in many a fight,  
 Opheltius, Orus, sunk to endless night ;  
 Æsymnus, Agelaus ; all chiefs of name ,  
 The rest were vulgar deaths unknown to fame  
 As when a western whirlwind, charged with storms,  
 Dispels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms .  
 The gust continued, violent and strong,  
 Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along ;  
 Now to the skies the foaming billows rears,  
 Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bares :  
 Thus, raging Hector, with resistless hands,  
 O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.  
 Now the last ruin the whole host appals ,  
 Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls ;  
 But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth,  
 His soul rekindled, and awaked his worth.  
 " And stand we deedless, O eternal shame !  
 Till Hector's arm involve the ships in flame ?  
 Haste, let us join, and combat side by side "  
 The warrior thus, and thus the friend replied .  
 " No martial toil I shun, no danger fear ,  
 Let Hector come , I wait his fury here  
 But Jove with conquest crowns the Trojan train .  
 And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain ."  
 He sigh'd , but, sighing, raised his vengeful steel,  
 And from his car the proud Thymbræus fell  
 Molon, the charioteer, pursued his lord,  
 His death ennobled by Ulysses' sword  
 There slain, they left them in eternal night,  
 Then plunged amidst the thickest ranks of fight  
 So two wild boars outstrip the following hounds,  
 Then swift revert, and wounds return for wounds.  
 Stern Hector's conquests in the middle plain  
 Stood check'd awhile, and Greece respired again.  
 The sons of Merops shone amidst the war ,  
 Towering they rode in one refulgent car  
 In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,  
 Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field.

Fate urged them on the father warn'd in vain ;  
 They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain ;  
 Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms ;  
 The stern Tydides strips their shining arms.  
 Hypirochus by great Ulysses dies,  
 And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize.  
 Great Jove from Ide with slaughter fills his sight,  
 And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight,  
 By Tydeus' lance Agastrophus was slain,  
 The far-famed hero of Pæonian strain ;  
 Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,  
 His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh :  
 Through broken orders swifter than the wind,  
 He fled, but flying left his life behind.  
 This Hector sees, as his experienced eyes  
 Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies :  
 Shouts, as he pass'd the crystal regions rend,  
 And moving armies on his march attend  
 Great Diomed himself was seized with fear,  
 And thus bespoke his brother of the war :

" Mark how this way yon bending squadrons yield !  
 The storm rolls on, and Hector rives the field :  
 Here stand his utmost force."—The warrior said :  
 Swift at the word his ponderous javelin fled :  
 Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumege danced  
 Razed the smooth cone, and thence obliquely glanced.  
 Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands)  
 Without a wound the Trojan hero stands,  
 But yet so stunn'd, that, staggering on the plain,  
 His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain,  
 O'er his dum sight the misty vapours rise,  
 And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes.  
 Tydides followed to regain his lance,  
 While Hector rose, recover'd from the trance,  
 Remounts his car, and herds amidst the crowd :  
 The Greek pursues him and exults aloud :  
 " Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath  
 Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the death  
 Well by Apollo are thy prayers repaid,  
 And oft that partial power has lent his aid  
 Thou shalt not long the death deserved withstand.  
 If any god assist Tydides hand  
 Fly then, inglorious ! but thy right, this day,  
 Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay."  
 Him, while he triumph'd, Paris eyed from far,  
 (The spouse of Helen the fair cause of war.)  
 Around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent,  
 From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument :  
 Behind the column placed, he bent his bow,  
 And wing'd an arrow at the unwary foe ;



Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest  
 To seize, and drew the corslet from his breast,  
 The bowstring twang'd, nor flew the shaft in vain,  
 But pierced his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.  
 The laughing Trojan, with a joyful spring,  
 Leaps from his ambush, and insults the king.

"He bleeds!" (he cries) some god has sped my dart!  
 Would the same god had fix'd it in his heart!  
 So Troy, relieved from that wide-wasting hand,  
 Should breathe from slaughter and in combat stand;  
 Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear,  
 As scatter'd lambs the rushing lion fear."

He dauntless thus "Thou conqueror of the fair,  
 Thou woman-warrior with the curling hair,  
 Vain archer! trusting to the distant dart,  
 Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part!  
 Thou hast but done what boys or women can,  
 Such hands may wound, but not incense a man  
 Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,  
 A coward's weapon never hurts the brave  
 Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel;  
 Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel  
 Where this but lights, some noble life expires,  
 Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of sires,  
 Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,  
 And leaves such objects as distract the fair."  
 Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart,  
 Before him steps, and bending draws the dart.  
 Forth flows the blood, an eager pang succeeds;  
 Tydides mounts, and to the navy speeds.

Now on the field Ulysses stands alone,  
 The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on;  
 But stands collected in himself, and whole,  
 And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul  
 "What further subterfuge, what hopes remain?  
 What shame, inglorious if I quit the plain?  
 What danger, singly if I stand the ground,  
 My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around?  
 Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth suffice,  
 The brave meets danger, and the coward flies.  
 To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart,  
 And, knowing this, I know a soldier's part."

Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,  
 Near, and more near, the shady cohorts press'd;  
 These, in the warrior, their own fate enclose,  
 And round him deep the steely circle grows.  
 So fares a boar whom all the troop surrounds  
 Of shouting huntsmen and of clamorous hounds;  
 He grinds his ivory tusks; he foams with ire,  
 His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;

By these, by those, on every part is plied ;  
 And the red slaughter spreads on every side  
 Pierced through the shoulder, first Deiopis fell ;  
 Next Ennomus and Thoon sank to hell ,  
 Chersidamas, beneath the navel thrust,  
 Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.  
 Charops, the son of Hippasus, was near ,  
 Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear ,  
 But to his aid his brother Socus flies,  
 Socus the brave, the generous, and the wise  
 Near as he drew, the warrior thus began  
 "O great Ulysses ! much-enduring man !  
 Not deeper skill'd in every martial sleight,  
 Than worn to toils, and active in the fight !  
 This day two brothers shall thy conquest grace,  
 And end at once the great Hippasian race,  
 Or thou beneath this lance must press the field "  
 He said, and forceful pierced his spacious shield  
 Through the strong brass the ringing javelin thrown,  
 Plough'd half his side, and bared it to the bone  
 By Pallas' care, the spear, though deep infix'd,  
 Stopp'd short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd

The wound not mortal wise Ulysses knew,  
 Then furious thus (but first some steps withdrew)  
 "Unhappy man ! whose death our hands shall grace '  
 Fate calls thee hence and finish'd is thy race  
 Nor longer check my conquests on the foe ,  
 But, pierced by this, to endless darkness go,  
 And add one spectre to the realms below ' "

He spoke, while Socus, seized with sudden fright,  
 Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight ;  
 Between his shoulders pierced the following dart,  
 And held its passage through the panting heart .  
 Wide in his breast appear'd the grisly wound ,  
 He falls , his armour rings against the ground  
 Then thus Ulysses, gazing on the slain  
 "Famed son of Hippasus ! there press the plain ;  
 There ends thy narrow span assign'd by fate,  
 Heaven owes Ulysses yet a longer date  
 Ah, wretch ! no father shall thy corpse compose ,  
 Thy dying eyes no tender mother close ,  
 But hungry birds shall tear those balls away,  
 And hovering vultures scream around their prey.  
 Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my doom,  
 With solemn funerals and a lasting tomb "

Then raging with intolerable smart,  
 He writhes his body, and extracts the dart  
 The dart a tide of spouting gore pursued,  
 And gladden'd Troy with sight of hostile blood.  
 Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,

Forced he recedes, and loudly calls for aid  
 Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears ;  
 The well-known voice thrice Menelaus hears .  
 Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cried,  
 Who shares his labours, and defends his side :  
 " O friend ! Ulysses' shouts invade my ear ;  
 Distressed he seems, and no assistance near ;  
 Strong as he is, yet one opposed to all,  
 Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.  
 Greece robb'd of him must bid her host despair,  
 And feel a loss not ages can repair."

Then, where the cry directs, his course he bends ;  
 Great Ajax, like the god of war, attends,  
 The prudent chief in sore distress they found,  
 With bands of furious Trojans compass'd round <sup>5</sup>  
 As when some huntsman, with a flying spear,  
 From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer ;  
 Down his cleft side, while fresh the blood distils,  
 He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills,  
 Till life's warm vapour issuing through the wound,  
 Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast surround .  
 Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade,  
 The lion rushes through the woodland shade,  
 The wolves, though hungry, scour dispersed away ;  
 The lordly savage vindicates his prey.  
 Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains,  
 A single warrior half a host sustains .  
 But soon as Ajax leaves his tower-like shield,  
 The scatter'd crowds fly frighted o'er the field ;  
 Atrides' aim the sinking hero stays,  
 And, saved from numbers, to his car conveys.

Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew ;  
 And first Doiycus, Priam's son, he slew,  
 On strong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,  
 And lays Lysander bleeding on the ground.  
 As when a torrent, swell'd with wintry rains,  
 Pours from the mountains o'er the deluged plains,  
 And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,  
 A country's ruins to the seas are borne  
 Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng ,  
 Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along

But Hector, from this scene of slaughter far,  
 Raged on the left, and ruled the tide of war

<sup>5</sup> " Circled with foes as when a packe of bloodie jackals cling  
 About a goodly palmed hart, hurt with a hunter's bow  
 Whose escape his nimble feet insure, whilst his warm blood doth flow,  
 And his light knees have power to move but mastered by his wound)  
 Embosht within a shady hill, the jackals charge him round,  
 And teare his flesh—when instantly fortune sends in the powers  
 Of some sterne lion, with whose sighte they flie and he devours  
 So they around Ulysses prest"—Chapman

Loud groans proclaim his progress through the plain,  
 And deep Scamander swells with heaps of slain  
 There Nestor and Idomeneus oppose  
 The warrior's fury, there the battle glows ;  
 There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,  
 His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight  
 The spouse of Helen, dealing darts around,  
 Had pierced Machaon with a distant wound  
 In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd,  
 And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.  
 To Nestor then Idomeneus begun .

" Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant son !  
 Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,  
 And great Machaon to the ships convey ,  
 A wise physician skill'd our wounds to heal,  
 Is more than armies to the public weal "   
 Old Nestor mounts the seat , beside him rode  
 The wounded offspring of the healing god  
 He lends the lash , the steeds with sounding feet  
 Shake the dry field, and thunder toward the fleet  
 But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,  
 Survey'd the various fortune of the war  
 " While here (he cried) the flying Greeks are slain,  
 Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain.  
 Before great Ajax see the mingled throng  
 Of men and chariots driven in heaps along !  
 I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field  
 By the broad glittering of the sevenfold shield  
 Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy steeds,  
 There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds ,  
 There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,  
 And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight "

Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds ,  
 Swift through the ranks the rapid chariot bounds ,  
 Stung by the stroke, the coursers scour the fields,  
 O'er heaps of carcasses, and hills of shields  
 The horses' hoofs are bathed in heroes' gore,  
 And, dashing, purple all the car before ,  
 The groaning axle sable drops distils,  
 And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels  
 Here Hector, plunging through the thickest fight,  
 Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light  
 (By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone,  
 The ranks lie scatter'd and the troops o'erthrown )  
 Ajax he shuns, through all the dire debate,  
 And fears that arm whose force he felt so late.  
 But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part,  
 Shot heaven-bred horror through the Grecian's heart ;  
 Confused, unnerved in Hector's presence grown,  
 Amazed he stood, with terrors not his own

O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,  
 And, glancing round, by tardy steps withdrew.  
 Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,  
 Beset with watchful dogs, and shouting swains,  
 Repulsed by numbers from the nightly stalls,  
 Though rage impels him, and though hunger calls,  
 Long stands the showering darts, and missile fires;  
 Then sourly slow the indignant beast retires:  
 So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd,  
 While his swoln heart at every step rebell'd

As the slow beast, with heavy strength endued,  
 In some wide field by troops of boys pursued,  
 Though round his sides a wooden tempest rain,  
 Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain,  
 Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,  
 The patient animal maintains his ground,  
 Scarce from the field with all their efforts chased,  
 And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last:  
 On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,  
 The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung;  
 Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,  
 Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands;  
 Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,  
 And threats his followers with retorted eye  
 Fix'd as the bar between two warring powers,  
 While hissing darts descend in iron showers:  
 In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,  
 Its surface bristled with a quivering wood;  
 And many a javelin, guiltless on the plain,  
 Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain  
 But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,  
 And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts;  
 Whose eager javelin launch'd against the foe,  
 Great Apisaon felt the fatal blow,  
 From his torn liver the red current flow'd,  
 And his slack knees desert their dying load  
 The victor rushing to despoil the dead,  
 From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled,  
 Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood,  
 Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.  
 Back to the lines the wounded Greek retired,  
 Yet thus retreating, his associates fired

"What god, O Grecians! has your hearts dismay'd?  
 Oh, turn to arms, 'tis Ajax claims your aid  
 This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,  
 And this the last brave battle he shall wage  
 Haste, join your forces, from the gloomy grave  
 The warrior rescue, and your country save"  
 Thus urged the chief a generous troop appears,  
 Who spread their bucklers, and advance their spears

To guard their wounded friend while thus they stand  
 With pious care, great Ajax joins the band  
 Each takes new courage at the hero's sight,  
 The hero rallies, and renews the fight

Thus raged both armies like conflicting fires,  
 While Nestor's chariot far from fight retires  
 His couriers steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with gore,  
 The Greeks' preserver, great Machaon, bore  
 That hour Achilles, from the topmost height  
 Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight,  
 His feasted eyes beheld around the plain  
 The Grecian rout, the slaying, and the slain  
 His friend Machaon singled from the rest,  
 A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast  
 Straight to Menœtius' much-loved son he sent  
 Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent,  
 In evil hour ! Then fate decreed his doom,  
 And fix'd the date of all his woes to come.

"Why calls my friend ? thy loved injunctions lay ;  
 Whate'er thy will, Patroclus shall obey "

"O first of friends ! (Pelides thus replied)  
 Still at my heart, and ever at my side !  
 The time is come, when yon despairing host  
 Shall learn the value of the man they lost  
 Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan,  
 And proud Atrides tremble on his throne  
 Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught  
 What wounded warrior late his chariot brought  
 For, seen at distance, and but seen behind,  
 His form recall'd Machaon to my mind,  
 Nor could I, through yon cloud, discern his face,  
 The coursers pass'd me with so swift a pace "

The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste,  
 Through intermingled ships and tents he pass'd,  
 The chiefs descending from their car he found  
 The panting steeds Eurymedon unbound.  
 The warriors standing on the breezy shore,  
 To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,  
 Here paused a moment, while the gentle gale  
 Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale,  
 Then to consult on farther methods went,  
 And took their seats beneath the shady tent.  
 The draught prescribed, fair Hecamede prepares,  
 Aisinous' daughter, graced with golden hairs  
 (Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,  
 Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom gave )  
 A table first with azure feet she placed,  
 Whose ample orb a brazen charger graced,  
 Honey new-press'd, the sacred flour of wheat,  
 And wholesome garlic, crown'd the savoury treat,

Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,  
 A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings  
 From eldest times : emboss'd with studs of gold,  
 Two feet support it, and four handles hold ;  
 On each bright handle, bending o'er the brim,  
 In sculptured gold, two turtles seem to drink :  
 A massy weight, yet heaved with ease by him,  
 When the brisk nectar overlook'd the brim.  
 Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine  
 Pours a large portion of the Parnassian wine ;  
 With goat's-milk cheese a flavoured taste bestows,  
 And last with flour the smiling surface strows .  
 This for the wounded prince the dame prepares .  
 The cordial beverage reverend Nestor shares :  
 Salubrious draughts the warriors' thirst allay,  
 And pleasing conference beguiles the day.

Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles sent,  
 Unheard approached, and stood before the tent.  
 Old Nestor, rising then, the hero led  
 To his high seat the chief refused and said :

" 'Tis now no season for these kind delays ;  
 The great Achilles with impatience stays  
 To great Achilles this respect I owe ;  
 Who asks, what hero, wounded by the foe,  
 Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds ?  
 With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds.  
 This to report, my hasty course I bend ;  
 Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend "  
 " Can then the sons of Greece (the sage rejoin'd)  
 Excite compassion in Achilles' mind ?  
 Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know ?  
 This is not half the story of our woe.  
 Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,  
 Our bravest heroes in the navy groan,  
 Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,  
 And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.  
 But, ah ! what flattering hopes I entertain !  
 Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain  
 Even till the flames consume our fleet he stays,  
 And waits the rising of the fatal blaze  
 Chief after chief the raging foe destroys ;  
 Calm he looks on, and every death enjoys  
 Now the slow course of all-impairing time  
 Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime ;  
 Oh ! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,  
 When this bold arm the Epeian powers oppress'd,  
 The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,  
 And stretch'd the great Itymonæus dead !  
 Then from my fury fled the trembling swains,  
 And ours was all the plunder of the plains .

Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,  
 As many goats, as many lowing kine  
 And thrice the number of unrivall'd steeds,  
 All teeming females, and of generous breeds.  
 These, as my first essay of arms, I won,  
 Old Neleus glori'd in his conquering son  
 Thus Elis forced, her long arrears restored,  
 And shares were parted to each Pylian lord  
 The state of Pyle was sunk to last despair,  
 When the proud Ehans first commenced the war  
 For Neleus' sons Alcides' rage had slain,  
 Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain  
 Oppress'd, we arm'd, and now this conquest gain'd,  
 My sire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd  
 (That large reprisal he might justly claim,  
 For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,  
 When Elis' monarch, at the public course,  
 Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horse)  
 The rest the people shared, myself survey'd  
 The just partition, and due victims paid  
 Three days were past, when Elis rose to war,  
 With many a courser, and with many a car,  
 The sons of Acton at their army's head  
 (Young as they were) the vengeful squadrons led.  
 High on the rock fair Thryoessa stands,  
 Our utmost frontier on the Pylian lands  
 Not far the streams of famed Alphæus flow  
 The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents below.  
 Pallas, descending in the shades of night,  
 Alarms the Pylians and commands the fight  
 Each burns for fame, and swells with martial pride,  
 Myself the foremost, but my sire denied,  
 Fear'd for my youth, exposed to stern alarms,  
 And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.  
 My sire denied in vain on foot I fled  
 Amidst our chariots, for the goddess led  
 "Along fair Arenè's delightful plain  
 Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main  
 There, horse and foot, the Pylian troops unite,  
 And sheathed in arms, expect the dawning light  
 Thence, ere the sun advanced his noon-day flame,  
 To great Alphæus' sacred source we came  
 There first to Jove our solemn rites were paid,  
 An untamed heifer pleased the blue-eyed maid,  
 A bull, Alphæus, and a bull was slain  
 To the blue monarch of the watery main  
 In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,  
 While round the town the fierce Epeians stood  
 Soon as the sun, with all-revealing ray,  
 Flamed in the front of Heaven, and gave the day,



Bright scenes of arms, and works of war appear,  
 The nations meet; there Pylos, Elis here.  
 The first who fell, beneath my javelin bled;  
 King Augias' son, and spouse of Agamede  
 (She that all simples' healing virtues knew,  
 And every herb that drinks the morning dew)  
 I seized his car, the van of battle led,  
 The Epeians saw, they trembled, and they fled  
 The foe dispersed, their bravest warrior kill'd,  
 Fierce as the whirlwind now I swept the field:  
 Full fifty captive chariots graced my train;  
 Two chiefs from each fell breathless to the plain  
 Then Actor's sons had died, but Neptune shrouds  
 The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds  
 O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,  
 Collecting spoils, and slaughtering all along,  
 Through wide Buprasian fields we forced the foes  
 Where o'er the vales the Oleñian rocks arose,  
 Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows  
 Even there the hindmost of the rear I slay,  
 And the same aim that led concludes the day;  
 Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way  
 There to high Jove were public thanks assign'd,  
 As first of gods, to Nestor, of mankind  
 Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;  
 So proved my valour for my country's good  
 "Achilles with unactive fury glows,  
 And gives to passion what to Greece he owes  
 How shall he grieve, when to the eternal shade  
 Her hosts shall sink, nor his the power to aid!  
 O friend! my memory recalls the day,  
 When, gathering aids along the Grecian sea,  
 I, and Ulysses, touch'd at Phthia's port,  
 And entered Peleus' hospitable court  
 A bull to Jove he slew in sacrifice,  
 And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.  
 Thyself, Achilles, and thy reverend sire  
 Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.  
 Achilles sees us, to the feast invites,  
 Social we sit, and share the genial rites  
 We then explained the cause on which we came,  
 Urged you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.  
 Your ancient fathers generous precepts gave,  
 Peleus said only this — 'My son! be brave'  
 Menœtius thus 'Though great Achilles shine  
 In strength superior, and of race divine,  
 Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend,  
 Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend'  
 Thus spoke your father at Thessalia's court  
 Words now forgot, though now of vast import:

Ah ! try the utmost that a friend can say  
 Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey ;  
 Some favouring god Achilles' heart may move ;  
 Though deaf to glory, he may yield to love  
 If some dire oracle his breast alarm,  
 If aught from Heaven withhold his saving arm,  
 Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,  
 If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line ,  
 Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,  
 Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war ,  
 Press'd by fresh forces, her o'er-labour'd train  
 Shall seek their walls, and Greece inspire again "

This touch'd his generous heart, and from the tent  
 Along the shore with hasty strides he went ,  
 Soon as he came, where, on the crowded strand,  
 The public mart and courts of justice stand,  
 Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies,  
 And altars to the guardian gods arise ,  
 There, sad, he met the brave Evæmon's son,  
 Large painful drops from all his members run ,  
 An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,  
 The sable blood in circles mark'd the ground  
 As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart,  
 Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart  
 Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus' breast,  
 Who, sighing, thus his bleeding friend address'd

" Ah, hapless leaders of the Grecian host !  
 Thus must ye perish on a barbarous coast ?  
 Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,  
 Far from your friends, and from your native shore ?  
 Say, great Eurypylus ! shall Greece yet stand ?  
 Resists she yet the raging Hector's hand ?  
 Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,  
 And this the period of our wars and fame ?

Eurypylus replies " No more, my friend ,  
 Greece is no more ! this day her glories end ,  
 Even to the ships victorious Troy pursues,  
 Her force increasing as her toil renews  
 Those chiefs, that used her utmost rage to meet,  
 Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.  
 But, thou, Patroclus ! act a friendly part,  
 Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart ,  
 With lukewarm water wash the gore away ,  
 With healing balm the raging smart allay,  
 Such as sage Chiron, sire of pharmacy,  
 Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee  
 Of two famed surgeons, Podalirius stands  
 This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands ,  
 And great Machaon, wounded in his tent,  
 Now wants that succour which so oft he lent "

To him the chief. "What then remains to do  
The event of things the gods alone can view.  
Charged by Achilles' great command I fly,  
And bear with haste the Pylian king's reply  
But thy distress this instant claims relief."  
He said, and in his arms upheld the chief.  
The slaves their master's slow approach survey'd  
And hides of oxen on the floor display'd ;  
There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay ;  
Patroclus cut the foiky steel away  
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruised ;  
The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infused.  
The closing flesh that instant ceased to glow,  
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.



HERCULES.



## BOOK XII.

### ARGUMENT

#### THE BATTLE AT THE GRECIAN WALL.

The Greeks having retired into their intrenchments, Hector attempts to force them, but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. Thus Hector opposes, and continues the attack, in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall. Hector also, casting a stone of vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend  
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,  
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,  
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.  
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose,  
With gods averse the ill-fated works arose,  
Their powers neglected, and no victim slain,  
The walls were raised, the trenches sunk in vain.

Without the gods, how short a period stands  
The proudest monument of mortal hands !  
This stood while Hector and Achilles raged,  
While sacred Troy the warring hosts engaged ;  
But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,  
And what survived of Greece to Greece return'd ;  
Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore,  
Then Ida's summits pour'd their watery store,  
Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,  
Caresus roaring down the stony hills,  
Æsepus, Granicus, with mingled force,  
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source,  
And gulfy Simois, rolling to the main \*

\* *Simois, rolling, &c.*

"In those bloody fields  
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields  
Of heroes."—Dryden's *Virgil*, 1 142

Helmets, and shields, and godlike heroes slain.  
 These, turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,  
 Deluged the rampine nine continual days;  
 The weight of waters saps the yielding wall,  
 And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.  
 Incessant cataracts the Thunderer pours,  
 And half the skies descend in sluicy showers.  
 The god of ocean, marching stern before,  
 With his huge trident wounds the trembling shore,  
 Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,  
 And whelms the smoky ruin in the waves  
 Now smooth'd with sand, and levell'd by the flood,  
 No fragment tells where once the wonder stood;  
 In their old bounds the rivers roll again,  
 Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.<sup>2</sup>

But this the gods in later times perform;  
 As yet the bulwark stood, and brav'd the storm;  
 The strokes yet echoed of contending powers;  
 War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd the towers  
 Smote by the arm of Jove with dire dismay,  
 Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay:  
 Hector's approach in every wind they hear,  
 And Hector's fury every moment fear  
 He, like a whirlwind, toss'd the scattering throng,  
 Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.  
 So 'midst the dogs and hunters' daring bands,  
 Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands;  
 Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,  
 And hissing javelins rain an iron storm.  
 His powers untamed, their bold assault defy,  
 And where he turns the rout disperse or die:  
 He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,  
 And if he falls, his courage makes him fall  
 With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows,  
 Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.  
 The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,  
 And snort and tremble at the gulf beneath;  
 Just at the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,  
 And the turf trembles, and the skies resound  
 Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,  
 Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;  
 The bottom bare, (a formidable show)  
 And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes below  
 The foot alone this strong defence could force,  
 And try the pass impervious to the horse

<sup>2</sup> "Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies,  
 Stones rent from stones,—where clouds of dust arise,—  
 Amid that smother, Neptune holds his place,  
 Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,  
 And heaves the building from the solid base."

This saw Polydamas, who, wisely brave,  
 Restrain'd great Hector, and this counsel gave.  
 "O thou, bold leader of the Trojan bands!  
 And you, confederate chiefs from foreign lands!  
 What entrance here can cumbrous chariots find,  
 The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?  
 No pass through those, without a thousand wounds,  
 No space for combat in yon narrow bounds  
 Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown,  
 On certain dangers we too rashly run  
 If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,  
 Oh may this instant end the Grecian name!  
 Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,  
 And one great day destroy and bury all!  
 But should they turn, and here oppress our team,  
 What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?



POLYDAMAS ADVISING HECTOR

Wedge'd in the trench, by our own troops confused,  
 In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruised,  
 All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail,  
 Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale  
 Hear then, ye warriors! and obey with speed,  
 Back from the trenches let your steeds be led;  
 Then all alighting, wedge'd in firm array,  
 Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way  
 So Greece shall stoop before our conquering power,  
 And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour!

This counsel pleas'd the godlike Hector sprung  
 Swift from his seat, his clanging armour rung  
 The chief's example follow'd by his train,  
 Each quits his car, and issues on the plain,  
 By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd  
 Compel the coursers to their ranks behind

The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,  
 And all obey their several chiefs' commands.  
 The best and bravest in the first conspire,  
 Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire .  
 Great Hector glorious in the van of these,  
 Polydamas, and brave Cebriones  
 Before the next the graceful Paris shines,  
 And bold Alcathous, and Agenor joins  
 The sons of Priam with the third appear,  
 Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer ;  
 In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,  
 Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,  
 And whom Arisba's yellow courseis bore,  
 The courseis fed on Selle's winding shore  
 Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,  
 And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide  
 Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd,  
 Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid.  
 Next him, the bravest, at then army's head,  
 But he more brave than all the hosts he led

Now with compacted shields in close array,  
 The moving legions speed then headlong way .  
 Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,  
 And see the Grecians gasping at then feet

While every Trojan thus, and every aid,  
 The advice of wise Polydamas obey'd,  
 Asius alone, confiding in his car,  
 His vaunted coursers urged to meet the war.  
 Unhappy hero ! and advised in vain ,  
 Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the plain ;  
 No more those coursers with triumphant joy  
 Restore their master to the gates of Troy !  
 Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,  
 And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall !  
 Fierce to the left he dives, where from the plain  
 The flying Grecians strove their ships to gain ,  
 Swift through the wall then hoise and chariots pass'd,  
 The gates half-open'd to receive the last  
 Thither, exulting in his force, he flies  
 His following host with clamours rend the skies  
 To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,  
 Such their proud hopes ; but all their hopes were vain !  
 To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,  
 Who from the Lapiths' warlike race descend ,  
 This Polypætes, great Perithous' heir,  
 And that Leonteus, like the god of war.  
 As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise ;  
 Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies  
 Whose spreading arms with leafy honours crown'd,  
 Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground ,

High on the hills appears their stately form,  
And their deep roots for ever brave the storm.  
So graceful these, and so the shock they stand  
Of raging Asius, and his furious band  
Orestes, Acamas, in front appear,  
And CEnomaus and Thoon close the rear  
In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields,  
In vain around them beat their hollow shields ;  
The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,  
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.  
Even when they saw Troy's sable troops impend,  
And Greece tumultuous from her towers descend,  
Forth from the portals rush'd the intrepid pair,  
Opposed their breasts, and stood themselves the war.  
So two wild boars spring furious from their den,  
Roused with the cries of dogs and voice of men ,  
On every side the crackling trees they tear,  
And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare ,  
They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,  
Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul  
Around their heads the whistling javelins sung,  
With sounding strokes their brazen targets rung ,  
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian powers  
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty towers  
To save their fleet their last efforts they try,  
And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly

As when sharp Borcas blows abroad, and brings  
The dreary winter on his frozen wings ,  
Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow  
Descend, and whiten all the fields below  
So fast the darts on either army pour,  
So down the rampires rolls the rocky shower  
Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd shields,  
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields

With shame repulsed, with grief and fury driven,  
The frantic Asius thus accuses Heaven  
" In powers immortal who shall now believe ?  
Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive ?  
What man could doubt but Troy's victorious power  
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour ?  
But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive,  
To guard the entrance of their common hive,  
Darkening the rock, while with unwearied wings  
They strike the assailants, and inflict their stings ,  
A race determin'd, that to death contend  
So fierce these Greeks their last retreats defend.  
Gods ! shall two warriors only guard their gates,  
Repel an army, and defraud the fates ? "

These empty accents mingled with the wind,  
Nor moved great Jove's unalterable mind ;



To godlike Hector and his matchless might  
 Was owed the glory of the destined fight.  
 Like deeds of arms through all the forts were tried,  
 And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide ;  
 Though the long walls the stony showers were heard,  
 The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd.  
 The spirit of a god my breast inspire,  
 To raise each act to life, and sing with fire !  
 While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,  
 Secure of death, confiding in despair ,  
 And all her guardian gods, in deep dismay,  
 With unassisting arms deplored the day.

Even yet the dauntless Lapitæ maintain  
 The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.  
 First Damasus, by Polypætes' steel,  
 Pierced through his helmet's brazen visor, fell ;  
 The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore !  
 The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more !  
 Next Ormenus and Pylon yield then breath  
 Nor less Leonteus strews the field with death ;  
 First through the belt Hippomachus he gored,  
 Then sudden waved his unresisted sword  
 Antiphates, as through the ranks he broke,  
 The falchion struck, and fate pursued the stroke :  
 Iamenus, Oiestes, Menon, bled ,  
 And round him rose a monument of dead  
 Meantime, the bravest of the Trojan crew,  
 Bold Hector and Polydamas, pursue ,  
 Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,  
 And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall  
 These on the farther bank now stood and gazed,  
 By Heaven alarm'd, by prodigies amazed  
 A signal omen stopp'd the passing host.  
 Then martial fury in their wonder lost  
 Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies ;  
 A bleeding serpent of enormous size,  
 His talons tuss'd , alive, and curling round,  
 He stung the bird, whose throat received the wound .  
 Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey,  
 In airy circles wings his painful way,  
 Floats on the winds, and rends the heaven with cries .  
 Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies  
 They, pale with terror, mark its spines unroll'd,  
 And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.  
 Then first Polydamas the silence broke,  
 Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke  
 " How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,  
 For words well meant, and sentiments sincere ?  
 True to those counsels which I judge the best,  
 I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.

To speak his thoughts is every freeman's right,  
 In peace, in war, in council, and in fight,  
 And all I move, deferring to thy sway,  
 But tends to raise that power which I obey.  
 Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;  
 Seek not this day the Grecian ships to gain,  
 For sure, to warn us, Jove his omen sent,  
 And thus my mind explains its clear event.  
 The victor eagle, whose sinister flight  
 Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,  
 Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,  
 Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize,  
 Thus, though we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,  
 Though these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,  
 Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed,  
 More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.  
 So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise,  
 For thus a skilful seer would read the skies."

To him then Heetor with disdain return'd  
 (Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)  
 "Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue?  
 Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong  
 Or if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,  
 Sure heaven resumes the little sense it lent  
 What coward counsels would thy madness move  
 Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?  
 The leading sign, the irrevocable nod,  
 And happy thunders of the favouring god,  
 These shall I slight, and guide my wavering mind  
 By wandering birds that flit with every wind?  
 Ye vagrants of the sky! your wings extend,  
 Or where the suns arise, or where descend;  
 To right, to left, unheeded take your way,  
 While I the dictates of high heaven obey.  
 Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,  
 And asks no omen but his country's cause  
 But why should'st thou suspect the war's success?  
 None fears it more, as none promotes it less  
 Though all our chiefs amidst yon ships'expire,  
 Trust thy own cowardice to escape their fire  
 Troy and her sons may find a general grave,  
 But thou canst live, for thou canst be a slave  
 Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests  
 Spread their cold poison through our soldiers' breasts,  
 My javelin can revenge so base a part,  
 And free the soul that quivers in thy heart."

Furious he spoke, and, rushing to the wall,  
 Calls on his host, his host obey the call,  
 With ardour follow where their leader flies  
 Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies

Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,  
 And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide,  
 He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,  
 And gives great Hector the predestined day.  
 Strong in themselves, but stronger in his aid,  
 Close to the works their rigid siege they laid  
 In vain the mounds and massy beams defend,  
 While these they undermine, and those they rend ;  
 Upheaved the piles that prop the solid wall ,  
 And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall  
 Greece on her ramparts stands the fierce alarms ,  
 The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,  
 Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row ,  
 Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below  
 The bold Ajaces fly from tower to tower,  
 And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian power  
 The generous impulse every Greek obeys ,  
 Threats urge the fearful , and the valiant, praise.

"Fellows in arms ! whose deeds are known to fame,  
 And you, whose ardour hopes an equal name !  
 Since not alike endued with force or art ,  
 Behold a day when each may act his part !  
 A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,  
 To gain new glories, or augment the old  
 Urge those who stand, and those who faint, excite ;  
 Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhortations of fight ;  
 Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all ,  
 Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall ,  
 So Jove once more may drive their routed train,  
 And Troy lie trembling in her walls again."

Their ardour kindles all the Grecian powers ;  
 And now the stones descend in heavier showers.  
 As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,  
 And opes his cloudy magazine of storms ,  
 In winter's bleak uncomfortable reign,  
 A snowy inundation hides the plain ,  
 He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep ;  
 Then pours the silent tempest thick and deep ;  
 And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,  
 Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore ,  
 Bent with the weight, the nodding woods are seen,  
 And one bright waste hides all the works of men  
 The circling seas, alone absorbing all,  
 Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall  
 So from each side increased the stony rain,  
 And the white ruin rises o'er the plain

Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend  
 To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend  
 Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,  
 Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field ,

For mighty Jove inspired with martial flame  
 His matchless son, and urged him on to fame.  
 In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,  
 And bears aloft his ample shield in air,  
 Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,  
 Ponderous with brass, and bound with ductile gold  
 And while two pointed javelins arm his hands,  
 Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands  
 So press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow  
 Descends a lion on the flocks below,  
 So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,  
 In sullen majesty, and stern disdain  
 In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,  
 And shepherds gall him with an iron war,  
 Regardless, furious, he pursues his way,  
 He foams, he roars, he tends the panting prey.

Resolved alike, divine Sarpedon glows  
 With generous rage that drives him on the foes  
 He views the towers, and meditates their fall,  
 To sure destruction dooms the aspiring wall,  
 Then casting on his friend an aident look,  
 Fired with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke  
 "Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,<sup>3</sup>  
 Where Xanthus' streams-enrich the Lycian plain,  
 Our numerous fields that range the fruitful field,  
 And hills where vines then purple harvest yield,  
 Our foaming bowls with pure nectar crown'd,  
 Our feasts enhanced with music's sprightly sound?  
 Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,  
 Admired as heroes, and as gods obey'd,  
 Unless great acts superior merit prove,  
 And vindicate the bounteous powers above?  
 'Tis ours, the dignity they give to grace,  
 The first in valour, as the first in place,  
 That when with wondering eyes our martial bands  
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,  
 Such, they may cry, deserve the sovereign state,  
 Whom those that envy dare not imitate!  
 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,  
 Which claims no less the fearful and the brave,  
 For lust of fame I should not vainly dare  
 In fighting fields nor urge thy soul to war.  
 But since, alas! ignoble age must come,

3 *Why boast we*

"Wherefore do I assume  
 These royalties and not refuse to reign,  
 Refusing to accept as great a share  
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike to him  
 Who reigns, and so much to him due  
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
 High honour'd sits"—"Paradise Lost," ii 450

Disease, and death's inexorable doom  
 The life, which others pay, let us bestow,  
 And give to fame what we to nature owe,  
 Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,  
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give !”

He said, his words the listening chief inspire  
 With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire ;  
 The troops pursue their leaders with delight,  
 Rush to the foe and claim the promised fight.  
 Menestheus from on high the storm beheld  
 Threatening the fort, and blackening in the field  
 Around the walls he gazed, to view from far  
 What aid appear'd to avert the approaching war,  
 And saw where Teucer with the Ajaces stood,  
 Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood  
 In vain he calls, the din of helms and shields  
 Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields,  
 The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,  
 Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground  
 Then thus to Thoos “Hence with speed (he said),  
 And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid ;  
 Their strength, united, best may help to bear  
 The bloody labours of the doubtful war  
 Hither the Lycian princes bend their course,  
 The best and bravest of the hostile force.  
 But if too fiercely there the foes contend,  
 Let Telamon, at least, our towers defend,  
 And Teucer haste with his unerring bow  
 To share the danger, and repel the foe”

Swift, at the word, the herald speeds along  
 The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng,  
 And finds the heroes bathed in sweat and gore,  
 Opposed in combat on the dusty shore.  
 “Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands !  
 Your aid (said Thoos) Petrus' son demands,  
 Your strength, united, best may help to bear  
 The bloody labours of the doubtful war  
 Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,  
 The best and bravest of the hostile force  
 But if too fiercely, here, the foes contend,  
 At least, let Telamon those towers defend,  
 And Teucer haste with his unerring bow  
 To share the danger, and repel the foe”

Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,  
 And thus bespoke his brothers of the war  
 “Now, valiant Lycomede ! exert your might,  
 And, brave Oileus, prove your force in fight,  
 To you I trust the fortune of the field,  
 Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd  
 That done, expect me to complete the day

Then with his sevenfold shield he strode away,  
With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the shore,  
Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore  
High on the walls appear'd the Lycian powers,  
Like some black tempest gathering round the towers.  
The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,  
Prepared to labour in the unequal fight  
The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise,  
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the skies  
Fierce Ajax first the advancing host invades,  
And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,  
Sarpedon's friend Across the warrior's way,  
Rent from the walls, a rocky fragment lay,  
In modern ages not the strongest swain  
Could heave the unwieldy burden from the plain  
He poised, and swung it round, then toss'd on high,  
It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky,  
Full on the Lycian's helmet thundering down,  
The ponderous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown  
As skilful divers from some airy steep  
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,  
So falls Epicles, then in groans expires,  
And murmuring to the shades the soul retires.

While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,  
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew,  
The bearded shaft the destined passage found,  
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.  
The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast  
Might stop the progress of his warlike host,  
Conceal'd the wound, and, leaping from his height,  
Retired reluctant from the unfinish'd fight  
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld  
Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field,  
His beating breast with generous ardour glows,  
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foe  
Alcmaon first was doom'd his force to feel,  
Deep in his breast he plunged the pointed steel,  
Then from the yawning wound with fury tore  
The spear, pursued by gushing streams of gore  
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,  
His brazen armour rings against the ground

Swift to the battlement the victor flies,  
Tugs with full force, and every nerve applies  
It shakes, the ponderous stones disjointed yield;  
The rolling ruins smoke along the field  
A mighty breach appears, the walls lie bare,  
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war  
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,  
And Ajax sends his javelin at the foe,  
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,

And through his buckler drove the trembling wood ;  
 But Jove was present in the dire debate,  
 To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.  
 The prince gave back, not meditating flight,  
 But urging vengeance, and severer fight ,  
 Then raised with hope, and fired with glory's charms,  
 His fainting squadrons to new fury warms.  
 " O where, ye Lycians, is the strength you boast ?  
 Your former fame and ancient virtue lost !  
 The breach lies open, but your chief in vain  
 Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain .  
 Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall .  
 The force of powerful union conquers all "

This just rebuke inflamed the Lycian crew ;  
 They join, they thicken, and the assault renew :  
 Unmoved the embodied Greeks their fury dare,  
 And fix'd support the weight of all the war ;  
 Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers,  
 Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers.  
 As on the confines of adjoining grounds,  
 Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their bounds ;  
 They tug, they sweat , but neither gain, nor yield,  
 One foot, one inch, of the contended field ;  
 Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall ;  
 Nor these can keep, nor those can win the wall.  
 Their manly breasts are pierced with many a wound,  
 Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound ,  
 The copious slaughter covers all the shore,  
 And the high ramparts drip with human gore.

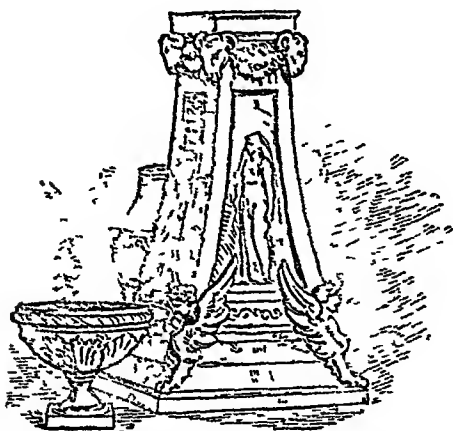
As when two scales are charged with doubtful loads,  
 From side to side the trembling balance nods,  
 (While some laborious matron, just and poor,  
 With nice exactness weighs her woolly store,)  
 Till poised aloft, the resting beam suspends  
 Each equal weight ; nor this, nor that, descends :<sup>4</sup>  
 So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might,  
 With fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight  
 Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,  
 And fires his host with loud repeated cries  
 " Advance, ye Trojans ! lend your valiant hands,  
 Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands ! "  
 They hear, they run ; and, gathering at his call,  
 Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall  
 Around the works a wood of glittering spears  
 Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.  
 A ponderous stone bold Hector heaved to throw,  
 Pointed above, and rough and gross below

<sup>4</sup> *Each equal weight*

" Long time in even scale  
 The battle hung "—" Paradise Lost," vi 215.

Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise,  
Such men as live in these degenerate days  
Yet thus, as easy as a swain could bear  
The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air,  
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load  
The unwieldy rock, the labour of a god  
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,  
Of massy substance, and stupendous frame;  
With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,  
On lofty beams of solid timber hung  
Then thundering through the planks with forceful sway,  
Drives the sharp rock, the solid beams give way,  
The folds are shatter'd, from the crackling door  
Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar  
Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,  
Gloomy as night<sup>5</sup> and shakes two shining spears.  
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,  
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame  
He moves a god, resistless in his course,  
And seems a match for more than mortal force  
Then pouring after, through the gaping space,  
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place;  
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly,  
The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the sky.

5 "He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
Gloom, as a light;"—"Paradise Lost," vi 831



GREEK ALTAR



## BOOK XIII.

### ARGUMENT

WHEN now the Thunderer on the sea-beat coast  
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering host,  
He left them to the fates, in bloody fray  
To toil and struggle through the well-fought day  
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight  
Those eyes that shed insufferable light,  
To where the Mysians prove their martial force,  
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse ;  
And where the far-famed Hippomolgian strays,  
Renown'd for justice and for length of days ,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Renown'd for justice and for length of days* Arrian de Exp Alex iv p 230, also speaks of the independence of these people which he regards as the result of their poverty and uprightness. Some authors have regarded the phrase "Hippomolgian," i.e. "milking their mares," as an epithet applicable to numerous tribes since the oldest of the Samatian nomads made their mares' milk one of their chief articles of diet. The epithet ἵππιον or ἀβίον, in this passage, has occasioned much discussion. It may mean, according as we read it, either "long lived," or "bowless," the latter epithet indicating that they did not depend upon archery for subsistence.

Thrice happy race † that, innocent of blood,  
 From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food.  
 Jove sees delighted, and avoids the scene  
 Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men  
 No aid, he deems, to either host is given,  
 While his high law suspends the powers of Heaven.

Meantime the monarch of the watery main  
 Observed the Thunderer, not observed in vain  
 In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,  
 Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,  
 He sat, and round him cast his azure eyes  
 Where Ida's misty tops confusedly rise,  
 Below, fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen,  
 The crowded ships and sable seas between  
 There, from the crystal chambers of the main  
 Emerged, he sat, and mourn'd his Argives slain.  
 At Jove incensed, with grief and fury stung,  
 Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along,  
 Fierce as he pass'd, the lofty mountains nod,  
 The forest shakes, earth trembled as he trod,  
 And felt the footsteps of the immortal god  
 From realm to realm three ample strides he took,  
 And, at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook

Far in the bay his shining palace stands,  
 Eternal frame † not raised by mortal hands  
 This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins,  
 Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes  
 Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,  
 Immortal arms of adamant and gold.  
 He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,  
 He sits superior, and the chariot flies  
 His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep,  
 The enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep  
 Gambol around him on the watery way,  
 And heavy whales in awkward measures play,  
 The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,  
 Exults, and owns the monarch of the main,  
 The parting waves before his coursers fly,  
 The wondering waters leave his axle dry

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave,  
 Between where Tenedos the surges lave,  
 And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave  
 There the great ruler of the azure round  
 Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,  
 Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,  
 And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,  
 Infrangible, immortal there they stay  
 The father of the floods pursues his way  
 Where, like a tempest, darkening heaven around,  
 Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,

The impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,  
 Embattled roll'd, as Hector rush'd along  
 To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry  
 The heavens re-echo, and the shores reply :  
 They vow destruction to the Grecian name,  
 And in their hopes the fleets already flame.

But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,  
 The god whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,  
 Now wears a mortal form, like Calchas seen,  
 Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien,  
 His shouts incessant every Greek inspire,  
 But most the Ajaces, adding fire to fire.

" 'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise  
 Oh recollect your ancient worth and praise !  
 'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear,  
 Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.



NEPTUNE RISING FROM THE SEA

On other works though Troy with fury fall,  
 And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall  
 There Greece has strength but this, this part o'erthrown,  
 Her strength were vain, I die for you alone  
 Here Hector rages like the force of fire,  
 Vaunts of his gods, and calls high Jove his sire  
 If yet some heavenly power your breast excite,  
 Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,  
 Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet maintain.  
 And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain "

Then with his sceptre, that the deep controls,  
 He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls.  
 Strength, not then own, the touch divine imparts,

Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring hearts.  
 Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,  
 Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight,  
 Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high,  
 Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky  
 Such, and so swift, the power of ocean flew,  
 The wide horizon shut him from their view.

The inspiring god *Oileus'* active son  
 Perceived the first, and thus to *Telamon*  
 "Some god, my friend, some god in human form  
 Favouring descends, and wills to stand the storm.

Not *Calchas* this, the venerable seer,  
 Short as he turned, I saw the power appear.  
 I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod,  
 His own bright evidence reveals a god.  
 Even now some energy divine I share,  
 And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air."

"With equal ardour (*Telamon* returns)  
 My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns,  
 New rising spirits all my force alarm,  
 Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.  
 This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart;  
 The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart  
 Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet,  
 And stretch the dreadful *Hector* at my feet."

Full of the god that urged their burning breast,  
 The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd  
*Neptune* meanwhile the routed Greeks inspired,  
 Who, breathless, pale, with length of labours tired,  
 Pant in the ships, while *Troy* to conquest calls,  
 And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls  
 Trembling before the impending storm they lie,  
 While tears of rage stand burning in their eye  
 Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;  
 But breathe new courage as they feel the power.  
*Teucer* and *Leitus* first his words excite,  
 Then stern *Penelopeus* rises to the fight,  
*Thoas*, *Deipyrus*, in arms renown'd,  
 And *Merion* next, the impulsive fury found;  
 Last *Nestor's* son the same bold ardour takes,  
 While thus the god the martial fire awakes.

"Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace  
 To chiefs of vigorous youth, and manly race!  
 I trusted in the gods, and you, to see  
 Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free.  
 Ah, no—the glorious combat you disclaim,  
 And one black day clouds all her former fame  
 Heavens! what a prodigy these eyes survey,  
 Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day!  
 Fly we at length from *Troy's* oft-conquer'd bounds?"

And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands ?  
 A rout undisciplined, a straggling train,  
 Not born to glories of the dusty plain,  
 Like frightened fawns from hill to hill pursued,  
 A prey to every savage of the wood  
 Shall these, so late who trembled at your name,  
 Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame ?  
 A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought ?  
 The soldiers' baseness, or the general's fault ?  
 Fools ! will ye perish for your leader's vice,  
 The purchase infamy, and life the price ?  
 'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injured fame.  
 Another's is the crime, but yours the shame  
 Grant that our chief offend through rage or lust,  
 Must you be cowards, if your king's unjust ?  
 Prevent this evil, and your country save  
 Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.  
 Think, and subdue ! on dastards dead to fame  
 I waste no anger, for they feel no shame.  
 But you, the pride, the flower of all our host,  
 My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost !  
 Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose ;  
 A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues  
 Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,  
 On endless infamy, on instant death  
 For, lo ! the fated time, the appointed shore  
 Hark ! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar !  
 Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall ;  
 The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall "  
 These words the Grecians' fainting hearts inspire,  
 And listening armies catch the godlike fire  
 Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,  
 With well-ranged squadrons strongly circled round :  
 So close their order, so disposed their fight,  
 As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight,  
 Or had the god of war inclined his eyes,  
 The god of war had own'd a just surprise  
 A chosen phalanx, firm, resolved as fate,  
 Descending Hector and his battle wait  
 An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,  
 Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,  
 Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,  
 Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along  
 The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,  
 As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove ;  
 And levell'd at the skies with pointing rays,  
 Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze  
 Thus breathing death, in terrible array,  
 The close compacted legions urged their way :  
 Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy ,



Allied the warrior to the house of Troy ;  
 To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came,  
 And match'd the bravest of her chief in fame :  
 With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,  
 He liv'd, beloved and honour'd as his own.  
 Him Teneer pierced between the throat and ear :  
 He groans beneath the Telamonian spear  
 As from some fatal mountain's dizzy crown,  
 Subdued by steel, a tall oak tumbling down,  
 And souls its verdant top on the ground ;  
 So falls the youth, his arms the fall attend.  
 Then Teneer rushing to despoil the dead,  
 From Hector's hand releases him the dead ;  
 He saw, and shunn'd the death ; the forest'd air  
 Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimachus' heart,  
 Cteatus' son, of Neptune's sacred line :  
 Vain was his courage, and his rage divine !  
 Prostrate he falls, his clanging arms resound,  
 And his broad buckler thunders on the ground  
 To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,  
 And just had fasten'd on the dashing prize,  
 When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung,  
 Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung ;  
 He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to fall,  
 Secure in mail, and shield'd in shining steel  
 Repulsed he yields, the victor Greeks obtain  
 The spoils contested, and bear off the slain.  
 Between the leaders of the Athenian line,  
 (Stichus the brave, Menelaus the divine)  
 Deplored Amphimachus, and object of his ;  
 Imbrius remains the fierce Ajax' prize.  
 As two grim lions bear across the lawn,  
 Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn,  
 In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,  
 And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood ;  
 So these, the chief great Ajax from the dead  
 Strips his bright arms, Odysseus lops his head  
 Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,  
 At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.

The god of ocean, fired with stern disdain,  
 And pierc'd with sorrow for his grandson slain,  
 Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,  
 And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands.  
 Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,  
 He finds the lance-famed Idomen of Crete,  
 His pensive brow the generous care express'd  
 With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,  
 Whom in the chance of war a javelin tole,  
 And his sad comrades from the battle bore ;  
 Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent :

That office paid, he issued from his tent  
 Fierce for the fight . to whom the god begun,  
 In Thoas' voice, Andræmon's valiant son,  
 Who ruled where Calydon's white rocks arise,  
 And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies .

"Where's now the imperious vaunt, the daring boast,  
 Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilium lost?"

To whom the king "On Greece no blame be thrown ;  
 Aims are her trade, and war is all her own  
 Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains  
 Nor fear withholds, nor shameful sloth detains  
 'Tis heaven, alas ! and Jove's all-powerful doom,  
 That far, far distant from our native home  
 Wills us to fall inglorious ! Oh, my friend !  
 Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend  
 Or arms or counsels, now perform thy best,  
 And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest."

Thus he . and thus the god whose force can make  
 The solid globe's eternal basis shake

"Ah ! never may he see his native land,  
 But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,  
 Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,  
 Nor dares to combat on this signal day !  
 For this, behold ! in horrid arms I shine,  
 And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine.  
 Together let us battle on the plain ,  
 Two, not the worst , nor even this succour vain  
 Not vain the weakest, if their force unite ,  
 But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight "

This said, he rushes where the combat burns ;  
 Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns  
 From thence, two javelins glittering in his hand,  
 And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,  
 Fierce on the foe the impetuous hero drove,  
 Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove,  
 Which to pale man the wrath of heaven declares,  
 Or terrifies the offending world with wars ,  
 In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,  
 From pole to pole the trail of glory flies  
 Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng  
 Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flash'd along

Him, near his tent, Meriones attends ,  
 Whom thus he questions "Ever best of friends !  
 O say, in every art of battle skill'd,  
 What holds thy courage from so brave a field ?  
 On some important message art thou bound,  
 Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound ?  
 Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,  
 And glows with prospects of th' approaching day."

"O prince ! (Meriones replies) whose care



Leads forth the embattled sons of Crete to war,  
This speaks my grief this headless lance I wield;  
The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield."

To whom the Cretan "Enter, and receive  
The wonted weapons; those my tent can give;  
Spears I have store, (and Trojan lances all)  
That shed a lustre round the illumined wall,  
Though I, disdainful of the distant war,  
Nor trust the dart, nor aim the uncertain spear,  
Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain,  
And thence these trophies, and these aims I gain.  
Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd,  
And high-hung spears, and shields that flame with gold"

"Nor vain (said Merion) are our martial toils;

We too can boast of no ignoble spoils.

But those my ship contains, whence distant far,  
I fight conspicuous in the van of war,  
What need I more? If any Greek there be  
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee."

To this, Idomeneus "The fields of fight  
Have proved thy valour, and unconquer'd might  
And were some ambush for the foes design'd,  
Even there thy courage would not lag behind:  
In that sharp service, singled from the rest,  
The fear of each, or valour, stands confess'd  
No force, no firmness, the pale coward shows,  
He shifts his place. his colour comes and goes.  
A dropping sweat creeps cold on every part;  
Against his bosom beats his quivering heart  
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls stare;  
With chattering teeth he stands, and stiffening hair,  
And looks a bloodless image of despair.  
Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,  
Unchanged his colour, and unmoved his frame  
Composed his thought, determined is his eye,  
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die  
If aught disturb the tenour of his breast,  
'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.

'In such assays thy blameless worth is known,  
And every art of dangerous war thy own  
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,  
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before,  
Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight  
To oppose thy bosom where thy foremost fight  
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,  
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?  
Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest take,  
And to their owners send them nobly back."

Swift at the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear  
And, breathing slaughter, follow'd to the war.

So Mars omnipotent invades the plain,  
 (The wide destroyer of the race of man,)  
 Terroi, his best-beloved son, attends his course,  
 Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force,  
 The pride of haughty warriors to confound,  
 And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground  
 From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms  
 Of warring Phlegyans, and Ephyrian arms,  
 Invoked by both, relentless they dispose,  
 To these glad conquest, murderous rout to those  
 So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,  
 And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain

Then first spake Merion " Shall we join the fight,  
 Or combat in the centre of the fight ?

Or to the left our wonted succour lend ?

Hazard and fame all parts alike attend "

" Not in the centre (Idomen replied )

Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide,  
 Each godlike Ajax makes that post his care,  
 And gallant Teucer deals destruction there,  
 Skill'd or with shafts to gall the distant field,  
 Or bear close battle on the sounding shield  
 These can the rage of haughty Hector tame  
 Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame,  
 Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,  
 And hurl the blazing ruin at our head  
 Great must he be, of more than human birth,  
 Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth  
 Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,  
 Whom Ajax fells not on the ensanguined ground.  
 In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,  
 Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course.

Then to the left our ready arms apply,  
 And live with glory, or with glory die "

He said and Merion to th' appointed place,  
 Fierce as the god of battles, urged his pace  
 Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld  
 Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,  
 Their force embodied in a tide they pour,  
 The rising combat sounds along the shore  
 As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,  
 From different quarters sweep the sandy plain,  
 On every side the dusty whirlwinds rise,  
 And the dry fields are lifted to the skies  
 Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driven,  
 Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd heaven  
 All dreadful glared the iron face of war,  
 Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar,  
 Dire was the gleam of breastplates, helms, and shields,  
 And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields

Tremendous scene ! that general horror gave,  
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.

Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vied,  
And crowds of heroes in their anger died.  
The sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis won  
To crown with glory Peleus' godlike son,  
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers,  
But spared awhile the destined Trojan towers,  
-While Neptune, rising from his azure main,  
Warr'd on the king of heaven with stern disdain,  
And breathed revenge, and fired the Grecian train.  
Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,  
Alike divine, and heaven their native place ;  
But Jove the greater , first-born of the skies,  
And more than men, or gods, supremely wise.  
For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,  
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.  
These powers enfold the Greek and Trojan train  
In war and discord's adamant chain,  
Indissolubly strong - the fatal tie  
Is stretch'd on both, and close compell'd they die

Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,  
The bold Idomeneus controls the day  
First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,  
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain ;  
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,  
From high Cakesus' distant walls he came ,  
Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of power  
And promised conquest was the proffer'd dower.  
The king consented, by his vaunts abused ,  
The king consented, but the fates refused  
Proud of himself, and of the imagined bride,  
The field he measured with a larger stride.  
Him as he stalk'd, the Cretan javelin found ;  
Vain was his breastplate to repel the wound  
His dream of glory lost, he plunged to hell,  
His arms resounded as the boaster fell  
The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead ,  
" And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped !  
Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,  
And such the contract of the Phrygian king !  
Our offers now, illustrious prince ! receive ;  
For such an aid what will not Argos give ?  
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,  
And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.  
Meantime, on further methods to advise,  
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies ,  
There hear what Greece has on her part to say."  
He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corpse away.  
This Asius view'd, unable to contain,  
Before his chariot warring on the plain

(His crowded counsels, to his squire consign'd,  
 Impatient panted on his neck behind )  
 To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,  
 He hoped the conquest of the Cretan king  
 The way Cretan, as his foe drew near,  
 Full on his throat discharged the forceful spear .  
 Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,  
 And glitter'd, extant at the further side  
 As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,  
 Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,  
 Groans to the oft-heaved axe, with many a wound,  
 Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground  
 So sunk proud Asius in that dreadful day,  
 And stretch'd before his much-loved coursers lay  
 He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,  
 And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore.  
 Deprived of motion, stiff with stupid fear,  
 Stands all aghast his trembling chariottee,  
 Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,  
 But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey  
 Pierced by Antilochus, he pants beneath  
 The stately car, and labours out his breath  
 Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone)  
 Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son

Stabb'd at the sight, Deiphobus drew nigh,  
 And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly  
 The Cretan saw, and, stooping, caused to glance  
 From his slope shield the disappointed lance  
 Beneath the spacious targe, (a blazing round,  
 Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,  
 On his raised arm by two strong braces stay'd,)  
 He lay collected in defensive shade  
 O'er his safe head the javelin idly sung,  
 And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung  
 Even then the spear the vigorous arm confess'd,  
 And pierced, obliquely, king Hypsenor's breast  
 Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore  
 The chief, his people's guardian now no more !

" Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries)  
 Nor unavenged, lamented Asius lies  
 For thee, through hell's black portals stand display'd,  
 This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade "

Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,  
 Touch'd every Greek, but Nestor's son the most  
 Grieved as he was, his pious arms attend,  
 And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend  
 Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore  
 His honour'd body to the tented shore

Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws ,  
 Resolved to perish in his country's cause,

Or find some foe, whom heaven and he shall doom  
 To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom  
 He sees Alcathous in the front aspire  
 Great Æsyetes was the hero's sue,  
 His spouse Hippodamè, divinely fair,  
 Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care  
 Who charm'd her parents' and her husband's heart  
 With beauty, sense, and every work of art  
 He once of Ilion's youth the loveliest boy,  
 The fairest she of all the fair of Troy  
 By Neptune now the hapless hero dies,  
 Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,  
 And fetters every limb yet bent to meet  
 His fate he stands, nor shuns the lance of Cete.  
 Fix'd as some column, or deep-rooted oak,  
 While the winds sleep, his breast received the stroke  
 Before the ponderous stroke his corslet yields,  
 Long used to ward the death in fighting fields  
 The riven armour sends a jarring sound;  
 His labouring heart heaves with so strong a bound,  
 The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound  
 Fast flowing from its source, as prone he lay,  
 Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away  
 Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain.  
 "Behold, Deiphobus! nor vaunt in vain.  
 See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend;  
 This, my third victim, to the shades I send  
 Approaching now thy boasted might approve,  
 And try the prowess of the seed of Jove  
 From Jove, enamour'd of a mortal dame,  
 Great Minos, guardian of his country, came  
 Deucalion, blameless prince, was Minos' heir,  
 His first-born I, the third from Jupiter  
 O'er spacious Cete, and her bold sons, I reign,  
 And thence my ships transport me through the main:  
 Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine,  
 A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line"  
 The Trojan heard, uncertain or to meet,  
 Alone, with venturous arms the king of Crete,  
 Or seek auxiliar force; at length decreed  
 To call some hero to partake the deed,  
 Faithwith Æneas rises to his thought  
 For him in Troy's remotest lines he sought,  
 Where he, incensed at partial Priam, stands,  
 And sees superior posts in meaner hands  
 To him, ambitious of so great an aid,  
 The bold Deiphobus approach'd, and said  
 "Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,  
 If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.  
 Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend;

Come, and the warrior's loved remains defend  
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,  
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.  
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe,  
Haste, and revenge it on th' insulting foe."

Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd  
To tender pity all his manly mind.  
Then rising in his rage, he burns to fight  
The Greek awaits him with collected might  
As the fell boar, on some rough mountain's head,  
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred,  
When the loud rustics rise, and shout from far,  
Attends the tumult, and expects the war,  
O'er his bent back the bristly horrors rise,  
Fires stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes,  
His foaming tusks both dogs and men engagè,  
But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage  
So stood Idomeneus, his javelin shook,  
And met the Trojan with a lowering look  
Antilochus, Deipyrus, were near,  
The youthful offspring of the god of war,  
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd  
To these the warrior sent his voice around  
"Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite,  
Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight  
Sprung from a god, and more than mortal bold;  
He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old  
Else should this hand, this hour decide the strife,  
The great dispute, of glory, or of life"

He spoke, and all, as with one soul, obey'd,  
Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade  
Around the chief Æneas too demands  
Th' assisting forces of his native bands,  
Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor, join,  
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line,) -  
In order follow all th' embodied train,  
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain,  
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,  
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the bold  
With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads  
To the cool fountains, through the well-known meads.  
So joys Æneas, as his native band  
Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land  
Round dread Alcathous now the battle rose,  
On every side the steely circle grows,  
Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets ring,  
And o'er their heads unheeded javelins sing  
Above the rest, two towering chiefs appear,  
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here  
Like gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,

And burn'd to diench the ground with mutual blood.  
 The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,  
 The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen spear  
 Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood  
 Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.  
 But CEnomas received the Cretan's stroke,  
 The forceful spear his hollow corslet broke,  
 It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,  
 And roll'd the smoking entrails on the ground  
 Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,  
 And, furious, grasps the bloody dust in death  
 The victor from his breast the weapon tears,  
 His spoils he could not, for the shower of spears  
 Though now unfit an active war to wage,  
 Heavy with cumbrous arms, stiff with cold age,  
 His listless limbs unable for the course,  
 In standing fight he yet maintains his force;  
 Till faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,  
 His tired slow steps he drags from off the field.  
 Deiphobus beheld him as he pass'd,  
 And, fired with hate, a parting javelin cast  
 The javelin err'd, but held its course along,  
 And pierc'd Ascalaphus, the brave and young.  
 The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,  
 And gnash'd the dust, all bloody with his wound.

Nor knew the furious father of his fall,  
 High-throned amidst the great Olympian hall,  
 On golden clouds th' immortal synod sate,  
 Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate

Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,  
 For slain Ascalaphus commenced the fray,  
 Deiphobus to seize his helmet flies,  
 And from his temples tends the glittering prize;  
 Valiant as Mars, Menones diw near,  
 And on his loaded arm discharged his spear.  
 He drops the weight, disabled with the pain,  
 The hollow helmet rings against the plain  
 Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,  
 From his torn arm the Grecian rent away  
 The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.  
 His wounded brother good Polites tends;  
 Around his waist his pious arms he thwew,  
 And from the rage of battle gently diw  
 Him his swift coursers, on his splendid car,  
 Rapt from the lessening thunder of the war,  
 To Troy they drove him, groaning from the shore,  
 And sprinkling, as he pass'd, the sands with gore  
 Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine ground,  
 Heaps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth resound  
 Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled,





That shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw ;  
 And this stood adverse with the bended bow .  
 Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,  
 But harmless bounded from the plated steel  
 As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,  
 (The winds collected at each open door,)  
 While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,  
 Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the ground .  
 So from the steel that guards Atreides' heart,  
 Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart  
 Atreides, watchful of the unwary foe,  
 Pierced with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,  
 And nailed it to the yew the wounded hand  
 Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the sand :  
 But good Agenor gently from the wound  
 The spear solicits, and the bandage bound ,  
 A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,  
 At once the tent and ligature supplied

Behold ! Pisander, urged by fate's decree,  
 Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,  
 Great Menelaus ! to enhance thy fame  
 High-towering in the front the warrior came  
 First the sharp lance was by Atreides thrown ;  
 The lance far distant by the winds was blown .  
 Nor pierced Pisander through Atreides' shield  
 Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field  
 Not so discouraged, to the future blind,  
 Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind ;  
 Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord  
 Like lightning brandish'd his far beaming sword.  
 His left arm high opposed the shining shield  
 His right beneath, the cover'd pole-axe held ;  
 (An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,  
 Distinct with studs, and brazen was the blade ,)  
 This on the helm discharged a noble blow ,  
 The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,  
 Shorn from the crest Atreides waved his steel  
 Deep through his front the weighty falchion fell ,  
 The crashing bones before its force gave way ,  
 In dust and blood the groaning hero lay  
 Forced from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,  
 The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore  
 And fierce Atreides spurn'd him as he bled,  
 Tore off his arms, and, loud-exulting, said  
 " Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear ,  
 O race perfidious, who delight in war !  
 Already noble deeds ye have perform'd ,  
 A princess raped transcends a navy storm'd  
 In such bold feats your impious might approve,  
 Without th' assistance, or the fear of Jove

The violated rites, the ravish'd dame,  
 Our heroes slaughter'd and our ships on flame,  
 Crimes heap'd on crimes, shall bend your glory down,  
 And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town  
 O thou, great father ! lord of earth and skies,  
 Above the thought of man, supremely wise !  
 If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,  
 From whence this favour to an impious foe ?  
 A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,  
 Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust ?  
 The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy,  
 Sleep's brims blessing, love's endearing joy,  
 The feast, the dance, whatever mankind desire,  
 Even the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire  
 But Troy for ever reaps a due delight  
 In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight "

This said, he seized (while yet the carcase heaved)  
 The bloody armour, which his train received  
 Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,  
 And the bold son of Pyrræmenes slew  
 Harpilion had through Asia travell'd far,  
 Following his martial father to the war  
 Through filial love he left his native shore,  
 Never, ah, never to behold it more !  
 His unsuccessful spear he chanced to fling  
 Against the target of the Spartan king,  
 Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,  
 And turns around his apprehensive eyes.  
 Him, through the hip transpiercing as he fled,  
 The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead  
 Beneath the bone the glancing point descends,  
 And, driving down, the swelling bladder rends  
 Sunk in his sad companions' arms he lay,  
 And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away,  
 (Like some vile worm extended on the ground,)   
 While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound

Him on his car the Paphlagonian train  
 In slow procession bore from off the plain  
 The pensive father, father now no more !  
 Attends the mournful pomp along the shore,  
 And unavailing tears profusely shed,  
 And, unrevenged, deplored his offspring dead.

Paris from far the moving sight beheld,  
 With pity soften'd and with fury swell'd.  
 His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,  
 And loved of all the Paphlagonian race !  
 With his full strength he bent his angry bow,  
 And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe  
 A chief there was, the brave Euchenor named,  
 For riches much and more for virtue famed.

Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town,  
 Polydus' son, a seer of old renown  
 Oft had the father told his early doom,  
 By arms abroad, or slow disease at home.  
 He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,  
 And chose the certain glorious path to death  
 Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went,  
 The soul came issuing at the narrow vent  
 His limbs, unnerved, drop useless on the ground,  
 And everlasting darkness shades him round.

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield,  
 (Wiapp'd in the cloud and tumult of the field)  
 Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,  
 And conquest hovers o'er th' Achaian bands,  
 With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,  
 And he that shakes the solid earth gave aid  
 But in the centre Hector fix'd remain'd,  
 Where first the gates were forced, and bulwarks gain'd,  
 There, on the margin of the hoary deep,  
 (Then naval station where the Ajaces keep  
 And where low walls confine the beating tides,  
 Whose humble barrier scarce the foe divides,  
 Where late in fight both foot and horse engaged,  
 And all the thunder of the battle raged,)  
 There join'd, the whole Bœotian strength remains,  
 The proud Iæonians with their sweeping trains,  
 Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epæan force;  
 But join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.  
 The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas, led,  
 Bias and great Menestheus at their head  
 Meges the strong the Epæan hands controll'd,  
 And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold  
 The Phthians, Medon, famed for martial might,  
 And brave Podaïces, active in the fight  
 This drew from Phylacus his noble line,  
 Iphiclus' son and that (Oileus) thine  
 (Young Ajax' brother, by a stolen embrace,  
 He dwelt far distant from his native place,  
 By his fierce step-dame from his father's reign  
 Expell'd and exiled for her brother slain)  
 These rule the Phthians, and then arms employ,  
 Mix'd with Bœotians, on the shores of Troy.

Now side by side, with like unwearied care,  
 Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war  
 So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,  
 Force the bright ploughshare through the fallow soil,  
 Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,  
 And trace large furrows with the shining share,  
 O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,  
 And streams of sweat down their sour foreheads flow.

A train of heroes followed through the field,  
 Who bore by turns great Ajax' sevenfold shield,  
 Whene'er he breathed, remissive of his might,  
 Tired with the incessant slaughters of the fight  
 No following troops his brave associate grace  
 In close engagement an unpractised race,  
 The Locrian squadrons nor the javelin wield,  
 Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield,  
 But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,  
 Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling,  
 Dexterous with these they aim a certain wound,  
 Or fell the distant warrior to the ground  
 Thus in the van the Telamonian train,  
 Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain  
 Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,  
 Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky,  
 The mingled tempest on the foes they pour,  
 Troy's scattering orders open to the shower  
 Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquired,  
 And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retired,  
 But sage Polydamas, discreetly brave,  
 Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave  
 " Though great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend  
 Impartial audience to a faithful friend,  
 To gods and men thy matchless worth is known,  
 And every art of glorious war thy own,  
 But in cool thought and counsel to excel,  
 How widely differs this from warring well!  
 Content with what the bounteous gods have given,  
 Seek not alone to engross the gifts of Heaven  
 To some the powers of bloody war belong,  
 To some sweet music and the charm of song,  
 To few, and wondrous few, has Jove assign'd  
 A wise, extensive, all-considering mind,  
 Their guardians these, the nations round confess,  
 And towns and empires for their safety bless  
 If Heaven have lodged this virtue in my breast,  
 Attend, O Hector! what I judge the best,  
 See, as thou mov'st, on dangers dangers spread,  
 And war's whole fury burns around thy head  
 Behold! distress'd within yon hostile wall,  
 How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall!  
 What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war maintain!  
 And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain!  
 Here cease thy fury and, the chiefs and kings  
 Convoked to council, weigh the sum of things  
 Whether (the gods succeeding our desires)  
 To yon tall ships to bear the Trojan fires,  
 Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,  
 Contented with the conquest of the day.

I fear, I fear, lest Greece, not yet undone,  
 Pay the large debt of last revolving sun ;  
 Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains  
 On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains ! ”  
 The counsel pleased, and Hector, with a bound,  
 Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground ;  
 Swift as he leap'd his clanging arms resound.  
 “ To guard this post (he cried) thy art employ,  
 And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy,  
 Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,  
 And hasten back to end the doubtful day ”

This said, the towering chief prepares to go,  
 Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,  
 And seems a moving mountain topp'd with snow.  
 Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,  
 And bids anew the martial thunder rise  
 To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command  
 Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band  
 But round the battlements, and round the plain,  
 For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain ;  
 Deiphobus, nor Helenus the seer,  
 Nor Asius' son, nor Asius self appear  
 For these were pierced with many a ghastly wound,  
 Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground,  
 Some low in dust, (a mournful object) lay ;  
 High on the wall some breathed their souls away.

Far on the left, amid the throng he found  
 (Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)  
 The graceful Paris whom, with fury moved,  
 Opprobrious thus, th' impatient chief reproved .  
 “ Ill-fated Paris ! slave to womankind,  
 As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind !  
 Where is Deiphobus, where Asius gone ?  
 The godlike father, and th' intrepid son ?  
 The force of Helenus, dispensing fate,  
 And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of late ?  
 Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging gods,  
 Imperial Troy from her foundations nods,  
 Whelm'd in thy country's ruin shalt thou fall,  
 And one devouring vengeance swallow all ”

When Paris thus “ My brother and my friend,  
 Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend,  
 In other battles I deserved thy blame,  
 Though then not deedless, nor unknown to fame .  
 But since yon rampart by thy arms lay low,  
 I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow  
 The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain ;  
 Of all those heroes, two alone remain,  
 Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer,  
 Each now disabled by a hostile spear.

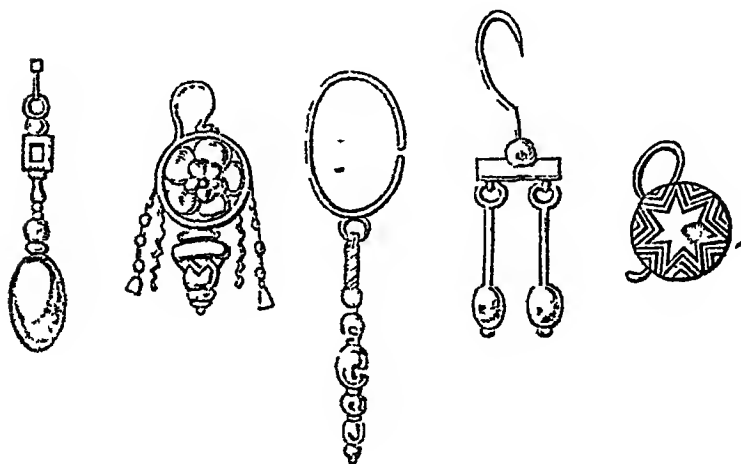
Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires  
 This heart and hand shall second all thy fires .  
 What with this arm I can, prepare to know,  
 Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow  
 But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own  
 To combat strength is of the gods alone "  
 These words the hero's angry mind assuage  
 Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.  
 Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood,  
 Cebion, Phalces, stern Orthæus stood,  
 Palmus, with Polypætēs the divine,  
 And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line  
 (Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania fair,  
 The former day, the next engaged in war)  
 As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,  
 That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,  
 Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps,  
 Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps,  
 The afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar,  
 The waves behind impel the waves before,  
 Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore :  
 Thus rank on rank, the thick battalions throng,  
 Chief urged on chief, and man drove man along.  
 Far o'er the plains, in dreadful order bight,  
 The brazen arms reflect a beamy light  
 Full in the blazing van great Hector shined,  
 Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.  
 Before him flaming his enormous shield,  
 Like the broad sun, illumined all the field,  
 His nodding helm emits a streamy ray,  
 His piercing eyes through all the battle stray,  
 And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,  
 Shot terrors round, that wither'd e'en the strong  
 Thus stalk'd he, dreadful, death was in his look  
 Whole nations fear'd, but not an Aigive shook  
 The towering Ajax, with an ample stride,  
 Advanced the first, and thus the chief defied  
 "Hector ! come on, thy empty threats forbear,  
 'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear .  
 The skill of war to us not idly given,  
 Lo ! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heaven  
 Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,  
 To force our fleet the Greeks have hands and hearts.  
 Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,  
 Your boasted city, and your god-built wall,  
 Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground,  
 And spread a long unmeasured ruin round  
 The time shall come, when, chased along the plain,  
 Even thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain,  
 Even thou shalt wish, to aid thy desperate course,

The wings of falcons for thy flying hoise ;  
Shalt run, forgetful of a wairior's fame,  
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame "

As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,  
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew  
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,  
And hail, with shouts, his progress through the skies .  
Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side ,  
They ceased , and thus the chief of Troy replied

" From whence this menace, this insulting strain ?  
Enormous boaster ! doom'd to vaunt in vain.  
So may the gods on Hector life bestow,  
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,  
But such as those of Jove's high lineage boin,  
The blue-eyed maid, or he that gilds the morn,)  
As this decisive day shall end the fame  
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name -  
And thou, imperious ! if thy madness wait  
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate  
That giant-corse, extended on the shore,  
Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore "

He said , and like a lion stalk'd along  
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,  
Sent from his following host the Grecian train  
With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain ;  
A shout that tore heaven's concave, and, above,  
Shook the fix'd splendours of the throne of Jove.



GREEK EARRINGS.





His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew ;  
 Dire disarray ' the tumult of the fight,  
 The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight  
 As when old ocean's silent surface sleeps,  
 The waves just heaving on the purple deeps .  
 While yet the expected tempest hangs on high,  
 Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,  
 The mass of waters will no wind obey ,  
 Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away  
 While wavering counsels thus his mind engage,  
 Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage,  
 To join the host, or to the general haste ,  
 Debating long, he fixes on the last  
 Yet, as he moves, the sight his bosom warms,  
 The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms ,  
 The gleaming falchions flash, the javelins fly  
 Blows echo blows, and all or kill or die

Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,  
 By tardy steps ascending from the fleet .

The king of men, Ulysses the divine,  
 And who to Tydeus owes his noble line."

{ Their ships at distance from the battle stand,  
 In lines advanced along the shelving strand .

Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain

At length , beside the margin of the main,

Rank above rank, the crowded ships they moor :

Who landed first, lay highest on the shore )

Supported on the spears, they took their way,

Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.

Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,

Whom thus the general of the host address'd :

" O grace and glory of the Achaian name ,

What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame ?

Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,

Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd ?

Such was his threat, ah ! now too soon made good,

On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.

Is every heart inflamed with equal rage

Against your king, nor will one chief engage ?

And have I lived to see with mournful eyes

In every Greek a new Achilles rise ?"

Geremian Nestor then " So fate has will'd ,

And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.

Not he that thunders from the aural bowels,

Not Jove himself, upon the past has power

The wall, our late inviolable bound,

And best defence, lies smoking on the ground .

Even to the ships their conquering arms extend,

And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heaven ascend.

On speedy measures then employ y our thought  
In such distress ' if counsel profit aught  
Arms cannot much though Mars our souls incite,  
These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight "

To him the monarch "That our army bends,  
That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,  
And that the rampart, late our surest trust  
And best defence, lies smoking in the dust ,  
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,  
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.  
Past are the days when happier Greece was blest,  
And all his favour, all his aid confess'd ,  
Now heaven averse, our hands from battle ties,  
And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies.  
Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,  
And launch what ships lie nearest to the main ;  
Leave these at anchor, till the coming night  
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,  
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight  
Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,  
Than perish in the danger we may shun "

Thus he The sage Ulysses thus replied,  
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes  
"What shameful words (unkingly as thou art)  
Fall from that trembling tongue and timorous heart .  
Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner powers,  
And thou the shame of any host but ours '  
A host, by Jove endued with martial might,  
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight  
Adventurous combats and bold wars to wage,  
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.  
And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain ?  
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain ?  
In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,  
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.  
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares  
To think such meanness, or the thought declares ?  
And comes it even from him whose sovereign sway  
The banded legions of all Greece obey ?  
Is this a general's voice that calls to flight,  
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight ?  
What more could Troy ? What yet their fate denies  
Thou givest the foe all Greece becomes their prize  
No more the troops (our hoisted sails in view,  
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue ,  
But thy ships flying, with despair shall see ;  
And owe destruction to a prince like thee "  
"Thy just reproofs (Atrides calm replies)  
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise.  
Unwilling as I am to lose the host,

I force not Greece to quit this hateful coast ;  
 Glad I submit, whoc'er, or young, or old,  
 Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold "

Tydidēs cut him short, and thus began .  
 " Such counsel if you seek, behold the man  
 Who boldly gives it, and what he shall say,  
 Young though he be, disdain not to obey .  
 A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,  
 May speak to councils and assembled kings.  
 Hear then in me the great Cēnides' son,  
 Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)  
 Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall ,  
 Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall .  
 With three bold sons was generous Prothous bless'd,  
 Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possess'd ;  
 Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpass'd  
 The rest in courage) Cēneus was the last.  
 From him, my sire From Calydon expell'd,  
 He pass'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd ,  
 The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)  
 He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd ;  
 There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,  
 Beheld his vines then liquid harvest yield,  
 And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field.  
 Such Tyders was, the foremost once in fame !  
 Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name  
 Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire  
 Attend, and in the son respect the sire  
 Though sore of battle, though with wounds oppress'd,  
 Let each go forth, and animate the rest,  
 Advance the glory which he cannot share,  
 Though not partaker, witness of the war .  
 But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,  
 Beyond the missile javeln's sounding flight,  
 Safe let us stand , and, from the tumult far,  
 Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war "

He added not the listening kings obey,  
 Slow moving on , Atides leads the way.  
 The god of ocean (to inflame their rage)  
 Appears a warrior sunow'd o'er with age ,  
 Press'd in his own, the general's hand he took,  
 And thus the venerable hero spoke

" Atides ! lo ! with what disdainful eye  
 Achilles sees his country's forces fly ,  
 Blind, impious man ! whose angel is his guide,  
 Who glories in unutterable pride  
 So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim  
 The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame !  
 But Heaven forsakes not thee o'er yonder sands  
 Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands

Fly diverse ; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd,  
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involved around  
Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ  
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy."

He spoke, then rush'd amid the warrior crew,  
And sent his voice before him as he flew,  
Loud, as the shout encountering armies yield  
When twice ten thousand shake the labouring field ;  
Such was the voice, and such the thundering sound  
Of him whose trident rends the solid ground  
Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,  
And grisly war appears a pleasing sight

Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,  
High-throned in gold, beheld the fields below ;  
With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,  
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid  
But placed aloft, on Ida's shady height  
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.  
Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try,  
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye ?  
At length she trusts her power, resolved to prove  
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love,  
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,  
And lull the lord of thunders in her arms

Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,  
Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares  
With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,  
Safe from access of each intruding power.  
Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold  
Self-closed, behind her shut the valves of gold  
Here first she bathes, and round her body pours  
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial showers  
The winds, perfumed, the balmy gale convey  
Through heaven, through earth, and all the aerial way :  
Spirit divine ! whose exhalation greets  
The sense of gods with more than mortal sweets  
Thus while she breathed of heaven, with decent pride  
Her artful hands the radiant tresses tied,  
Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,  
Part o'er her shoulders waved like melted gold.  
Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd,  
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd :  
Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round  
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.  
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,  
Each gem illumined with a triple star.  
Then o'er her head she cast a veil more white  
Than new-fallen snow, and dazzling as the sun  
Last her fair feet celestial sandals shod  
Thus issuing radiant with majestic stride

Forth from the dome the imperious goddess moves,  
And calls the mother of the smiles and loves.

"How long (to Venus thus apart) he cried)  
Shall human strife celestial minds divide?

Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,  
And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy?"

"Let heaven's dread empress (Cytherea said)  
Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd."

"Then grant me (said the queen) those conquering charms,  
That power, which mortals and immortals wins,  
That love, which melts mankind in fierce desire,  
And burns the sons of heaven with sacred fire."

"For lo! I haste to those remote abodes,  
Where the great parents, (sacred source of gods!)  
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,  
On the last limits of the land and deep.

In their kind arms my tender years were past;  
What time old Saturn, from Olympus cast,  
Of upper heaven to Jove resign'd the reign.  
Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.  
For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,  
Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.  
What honour, and what love, shall I obtain,  
If I compose those fatal feuds again;

Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,  
And, what my youth has owed repay their age!"

She said. With awe divine, the queen of love  
Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove;  
And from her fragrant breast the zone embraced,  
With various skill and high embroidery graced.

In this was every art, and every charm,  
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm  
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,  
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,  
Persuasive speech, and the more persuasive sighs,  
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.

This on her hand the Cyprian Goddess laid:  
"Take this, and with it all thy wish," she said  
With smiles she took the charm; and smiling press'd  
The powerful cestus to her snowy breast.

Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;  
Whilst from Olympus pleased Saturnia flew  
O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,  
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore,  
O'er Hemus' hills with snows eternal crown'd;

3 Compare Tasso —

Teneri sdegni, e placide, e tranquille  
Repulse, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,  
Sorrisi, parolette, e dolci stille  
Di pianto, e sospir tronchi, e molli baci."

Gier Lib. xvi. 25

Not once her flying foot approach'd the ground.  
 'I then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,  
 She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,  
 And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.<sup>4</sup>

"Sweet pleasing Sleep<sup>1</sup> (Saturnia thus began)  
 Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man,  
 If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,  
 O power of slumbers<sup>1</sup> hear, and favour still  
 Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,  
 While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies  
 A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine  
 With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine,  
 The work of Vulcan, to indulge thy ease,  
 When wine and feasts thy golden humours please"

"Imperial dame (the balmy power replies),  
 Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies<sup>1</sup>  
 O'er other gods I spread my easy chain,  
 The sire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,  
 And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main  
 But how, unbidden, shall I dare to steep  
 Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep?  
 Long since, too ventures, at thy bold command,  
 On those eternal lids I laid my hand,  
 What time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain,  
 His conquering son, Alcides, plough'd the main  
 When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,  
 And drive the hero to the Coan shore  
 Great Jove, awaking, shook the blest abodes  
 With rising wrath, and tumbled gods on gods,  
 Me chief he sought, and from the realms on high  
 Had hur'd indignant to the nether sky,  
 But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,  
 (The friend of earth and heaven,) her wings display'd;  
 Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,  
 Even Jove revered the venerable dame"

"Vain are thy fears (the queen of heaven replies,  
 And, speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes),  
 Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,  
 Like great Alcides, his all-conquering son?  
 Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,  
 Not for the deed expect a vulgar prize;  
 For know, thy loved-one shall be ever thine,  
 The youngest Grace, Pasithæ the divine"<sup>5</sup>

"Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods  
 That roar through hell, and bind the invoking gods

<sup>4</sup> Compare the description of the dwelling of Sleep in *Orlando Furioso*, bk vi

<sup>5</sup> "Twice seven, the charming daughters of the moon—

Around my person wait, and bear my train

Succeed my wish, and second my design,

The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine"

Dryden's *Virgil*, *Æn* : 107, seq

Let the great parent-earth one hand sustain,  
 And stretch the other o'er the sacred main  
 Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,  
 To hear and witness from the depths of hell ;  
 That she, my loved-one, shall be ever mine,  
 The youngest Grace, Pasithae the divine "

The queen assents, and from the infernal bowers  
 Invokes the sable subtartarcan powers,  
 And those who rule the inviolable floods,  
 Whom mortals name the dread Titanian gods.

Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos' smoky isle  
 They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil ,



SLEEP ESCAPING FROM THE WRATH OF JUPITER

Through air, unseen, involved in darkness glide,  
 And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide  
 (Mother of savages, whose echoing hills  
 Are heard resounding with a hundred rills.)  
 Fair Ida trembles underneath the god,  
 Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod.  
 There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise  
 To join its summit to the neighbouring skies ;  
 Dark in emboowering shade, conceal'd from sight,  
 Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of night  
 (Chalcis his name by those of heavenly birth,  
 But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth )

To Ida's top successful Juno flies ;  
 Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes .  
 The god, whose lightning sets the heavens on fire,  
 Though all his bosom feels the fierce desire ,  
 Fierce as when first by stealth he seized her charms,  
 Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms  
 Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,  
 Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport spoke :  
 " Why comes my goddess from the ethereal sky,  
 And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh ? "

Then she—" I haste to those remote abodes  
 Where the great parents of the deathless gods,  
 The reverend Ocean and gray Tethys, reign,  
 On the last limits of the land and main  
 I visit these, to whose indulgent cares  
 I owe the nursing of my tender years  
 For strife, I hear, has made that union cease  
 Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.  
 The steeds, prepared my chariot to convey  
 O'er earth and seas, and through the aerial way,  
 Wait under Ide of thy superior power  
 To ask consent, I leave the Olympian bower ,  
 Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells  
 Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells."

" For that (said Jove) suffice another day !  
 But eager love denies the least delay  
 Let softer cares the present hour employ,  
 And be these moments sacred all to joy  
 Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,  
 Or for an earthly, or a heavenly love  
 Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame,  
 Whence rose Phœnix like the gods in fame .  
 Not when fair Danae felt the shower of gold  
 Stream into life, whence Perseus brave and bold.  
 Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame  
 (Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came )  
 Nor Phœnix' daughter, beautiful and young,  
 Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.<sup>6</sup>  
 Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face,  
 Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace  
 Not thus even for thyself I felt desire,  
 As now my veins receive the pleasing fire "  
 He spoke , the goddess with the charming eyes

<sup>6</sup> *And Minos* " By Homer, Minos is described as the son of Jupiter, and of the daughter of Phœnix, whom all succeeding authors name Europa, and he is thus carried back into the remotest period of Cretan antiquity known to the poet, apparently as a native hero, illustrious enough for a divine parentage, and too ancient to allow his descent to be traced to any other source. But in a genealogy recorded by later writers, he is likewise the adopted son of Asterius, as descendant of Dorus, the son of Helen, and is thus connected with a colony said to have been led into Creta by Tentamus, or Tectamus, son of Dorus, who is related either to have crossed over from Thessaly, or to have embarked at Malea after having led his followers by land into Laconia"—Thirlwall, p. 136, seq



Glow with celestial red, and thus replies -  
 "Is this a scene for love? On Ida's height,  
 Exposed to mortal and immortal sight!  
 Our joys profaned by each familiar eye;  
 The sport of heaven, and fable of the sky:  
 How shall I e'er review the blest abodes,  
 Or mix among the senate of the gods?  
 Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,  
 All heaven beholds me recent from thy arms?  
 With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,  
 Sacred to love and to the genial hour;  
 If such thy will, to that recess retire,  
 In secret there indulge thy soft desire."

She ceased; and, smiling with superior love,  
 Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove.  
 "Nor god nor mortal shall our joys behold,  
 Shaded with clouds, and circumfused in gold,  
 Not even the sun, who darts through heaven his rays,  
 And whose broad eye the extended earth surveys."

Gazing he spoke, and, kindling at the view,  
 His eager arms around the goddess threw.  
 Glad Earth perceives, and from her bosom pours  
 Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers -  
 Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,  
 And clustering lotos swell'd the rising bed,  
 And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,<sup>7</sup>  
 And flamy crocus made the mountain glow  
 There golden clouds conceal the heavenly pair,  
 Steep'd in soft joys and circumfused with air,  
 Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,  
 Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round.  
 At length, with love and sleep's soft power oppress'd,  
 The panting thunderer nods, and sinks to rest

Now to the navy borne on silent wings,  
 To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings;  
 Beside him sudden, unperceived, he stood,  
 And thus with gentle words address'd the god

"Now, Neptune! now, the important hour employ,  
 To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy -  
 While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed  
 The golden vision round his sacred head,  
 For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties,  
 Have closed those awful and eternal eyes"  
 Thus having said, the power of slumber flew,  
 On human lids to drop the balmy dew  
 Neptune, with zeal increased, renews his care,

<sup>7</sup> Milton has emulated this passage, in describing the couch of our first parents.—

"Underneath the violet  
 Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay,  
 Broder'd the ground"—"Paradise Lost," n 700.

And towering in the foremost ranks of war,  
 Indignant thus—"Oh once of martial fame !  
 O Greeks ! if yet ye can deserve the name !  
 This half-recover'd day shall Troy obtain ?  
 Shall Hector thunder at your ships again ?  
 Lo ! still he vaunts, and threatens the fleet with fires,  
 While stein Achilles in his wrath retires  
 One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,  
 Be still yourselves, and ye shall need no more.  
 Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms,  
 Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms  
 His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,  
 Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield,  
 Let to the weak the lighter arms belong,  
 The ponderous targe be wielded by the strong  
 Thus arm'd, not Hector shall our presence stay,  
 Myself, ye Grecks ! myself will lead the way"  
 The troops assent, their martial arms they change.  
 The busy chiefs their banded legions range.



GREEK SHIELD

The kings, though wounded, and oppress'd with pain,  
 With helpful hands themselves assist the train  
 The strong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield,  
 The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield  
 Thus sheath'd in shining brass, in bright array  
 The legions march, and Neptune leads the way  
 His brandish'd falchion flames before their eyes,  
 Like lightning flashing through the frighted skies  
 Clad in his might, the earth-shaking power appears,  
 Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears  
 Troy's great defender stands alone unawed,  
 Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a god  
 And lo ! the god, and wondrous man, appear  
 The sea's stern ruler there, and Hector here  
 The roaring main, at her great master's call,  
 Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a watery wall  
 Around the ships seas hanging o'er the shores,  
 Both armies join earth thunders, ocean roars  
 Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,  
 When stormy winds disclose the dark profound,

Less loud the winds that from the Æolian hall  
 Roar through the woods, and make whole forests fall ;  
 Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,  
 Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour .  
 With such a rage the meeting hosts are driven,  
 And such a clamour shakes the sounding heaven  
 The first bold javelin, urged by Hector's force,  
 Direct at Ajax' bosom winged its course;  
 But there no pass the crossing belts afford,  
 (One braced his shield, and one sustain'd his sword )  
 Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,  
 And cursed the lance that unavailing flew :  
 But 'scaped not Ajax ; his tempestuous hand  
 A ponderous stone upheaving from the sand,  
 (Where heaps laid loose beneath the warrior's feet,  
 Or served to ballast, or to prop the fleet,)  
 Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings ;  
 On the razed shield the fallen ruin rings,  
 Full on his breast and throat with force descends ;  
 Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,  
 But whirling on, with many a fiery round,  
 Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.  
 As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,  
 Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,  
 The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,  
 Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise ,  
 Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,  
 And own the terrors of the almighty hand !  
 So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore ;  
 His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore ;  
 His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread ,  
 Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head ,  
 His load of armour, sinking to the ground,  
 Clanks on the field, a dead and hollow sound.  
 Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded plain ;  
 Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain  
 All spring to seize him , storms of arrows fly,  
 And thicker javelins intercept the sky  
 In vain an iron tempest hisses round ;  
 He lies protected, and without a wound <sup>s</sup>  
 Polydamas, Agenor the divine,  
 The pious warrior of Anchises' line,  
 And each bold leader of the Lycian band,  
 With covering shields (a friendly circle) stand.

<sup>s</sup> *He lies protected*

"Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run  
 By angels many and strong, who interpos'd  
 Defence, while others bore him on their shields  
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd  
 From off the files of war, there they him lud,  
 Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame"

"Paradise Lost," vi 335, seq

His mournful followers, with assistant care,  
The groaning hero to his chariot bear ;  
His foaming coursers, swifter than the wind,  
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind

When now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd side,  
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide,  
With watery drops the chief they sprinkle round,  
Placed on the margin of the flowery ground  
Raised on his knees, he now ejects the gore ;  
Now faints anew, low-sinking on the shore ,  
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting shier,  
And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes

Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,  
With double fury each invades the field  
Orlean Ajax first his javelin sped,  
Pierced by whose point the son of Enops bled ;  
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neis bore  
Amidst her flocks on Satnio's silver shore .)  
Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies  
Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes

An arduous battle rose around the dead ,  
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled  
Fired with revenge, Polydamas drew near,  
And at Prothœnor shook the trembling spear ,  
The driving javelin through his shoulder thrust,  
He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust  
"Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field.

And thus their arms the race of Panthus yield  
From this unerring hand there flies no dart  
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart  
Propp'd on that spear to which thou owest th  
Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's door

He said, and sorrow touch'd each Atridee  
The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest.

Mark well his port ! his figure and his face  
Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race ;  
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,  
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son "

He spake, and smiled severe, for well he knew  
The bleeding youth Troy sadden'd at the view  
But furious Acamas avenged his cause ,  
As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws,  
He pierced his heart—" Such fate attends you all,  
Proud Argives ! destined by our arms to fall  
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece, shall share  
The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.  
Behold your Promachus deprived of breath,  
A victim owed to my brave brother's death.  
Not unappeased he enters Pluto's gate,  
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate "

Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,  
But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most ,  
At the proud boaster he directs his course ;  
The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.  
But young Ilioneus received the spear ,  
Ilioneus, his father's only care  
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train  
Whom Heimes loved, and taught the arts of gain :)  
Full in his eye the weapon chanced to fall,  
And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,  
Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain ;  
He lifts his miserable arms in vain !  
Swift his broad falchion fierce Peneleus spread,  
And from the spouting shoulders struck his head ;  
To earth at once the head and helmet fly ;  
The lance, yet sticking through the bleeding eye,  
The victor seized , and, as aloft he shook  
The gory visage, thus insulting spoke

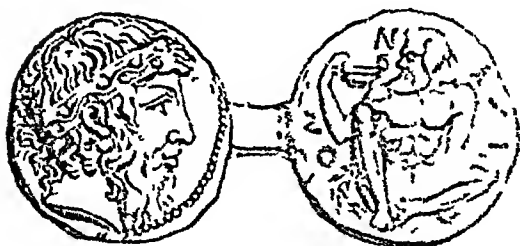
"Trojans ! your great Ilioneus behold !  
Haste, to his father let the tale be told .

Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,  
Such as the house of Promachus must know ,  
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear ,  
Such as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear,  
When we victorious shall to Greece return,  
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn."

Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high ;  
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly  
Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,  
And dread the ruin that impends on all

Daughters of Jove ! that on Olympus shine,  
Ye all-beholding, all-recording nine !  
O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,  
What chief, what hero first embrued the field ?

Of all the Grecians what immortal name,  
And whose bless'd trophies, will ye raise to fame ?  
Thou first, great Ajax ! on the unsanguined plain  
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Mysian train.  
Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew,  
Bold Merion, Morys and Hippotion slew  
Strong Periphætes and Prothoon bled  
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead,  
Pierced in the flank by Menelaus' steel,  
His people's pastor, Hyperenor fell,  
Eternal darkness wrapp'd the warrior round,  
And the fierce soul came rushing through the wound  
But stretch'd in heaps before Oileus' son,  
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run ;  
Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race  
Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.



FAC. III. 3

## BOOK XV.

### ARGUMENT

#### THE FIFTH BATTLE AT THE SHIPS, AND THE ACTS OF AJAX

Jupiter, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions, she is then sent to Iris and Apollo Juno, repairing to the assembly of the gods, attempts, with extraordinary address, to incense them against Jupiter, in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment, he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter, Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter

Now in swift flight they pass the trench profound,  
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground.  
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie.  
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye  
Meanwhile, awaken'd from his dream of love,  
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove  
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,  
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue;  
These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain  
And, 'midst the war, the monarch of the main.  
Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies,  
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes,)  
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,  
His senses wandering to the verge of death.  
The god beheld him with a pitying look,  
And thus, incensed, to fraudulent Juno spoke.  
"O thou, still adverse to the eternal will,  
For ever studious in promoting ill!  
Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,  
And driven his conquering squadrons from the field.  
Canst thou, unhappy in thy wiles, withstand  
Our power immense, and brave the almighty hand?"

Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,  
 From the vast concave of the spangled sky,  
 I hung thee trembling in a golden chain,  
 And all the raging gods opposed in vain?  
 Headlong I hurl'd them from the Olympian hall,  
 Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.  
 For godlike Hercules these deeds were done,  
 Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son  
 When, by thy wiles induced, fierce Boreas toss'd  
 The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast,  
 Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,  
 And sent to Argos, and his native shore  
 Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,  
 Nor pull the unwilling vengeance on thy head;  
 Lest arts and blandishments successful prove,  
 Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love."

The Thunderer spoke imperial Juno mourn'd,  
 And, trembling, these submissive words return'd.

"By every oath that powers immortal ties,  
 The foodful earth and all-infolding skies,  
 By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow  
 Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts below,  
 By the dread honours of thy sacred head,  
 And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!  
 Not by my arts the ruler of the main  
 Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain  
 By his own ardour, his own pity sway'd,  
 To help his Greeks, he fought and disobey'd.  
 Else had thy Juno better counsels given,  
 And taught submission to the sire of heaven."

"Think'st thou with me? fair empress of the skies!  
 (The immortal father with a smile replies,)  
 Then soon the haughty sea-god shall obey,  
 Nor dare to act but when we point the way  
 If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will  
 To yon bright synod on the Olympian hill,  
 Our high decree let various Iris know,  
 And call the god that bears the silver bow.  
 Let her descend, and from the embattled plain  
 Command the sea-god to his watery reign.  
 While Phœbus hastes great Hector to prepare  
 To rise afresh, and once more wake the war.  
 His labouring bosom re-inspires with breath,  
 And calls his senses from the verge of death.  
 Greece chased by Troy, even to Achilles' feet,  
 Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.  
 He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain  
 Shall send Patroclus, but shall send in vain  
 What youths he slaughters under Ilion's walls.  
 Even my loved son, divine Sarpedon, falls!"



Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies.  
 Then, nor till then, shall great Achilles rise.  
 And lo ! that instant, godlike Hector dies  
 From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,  
 Pallas assists, and lofty Ilion burns  
 Not till that day shall Jove relax his rage,  
 Nor one of all the heavenly host engage  
 In aid of Greece. The promise of a god  
 I gave, and seal'd it with the almighty nod,  
 Achilles' glory to the stars to raise,  
 Such was our word, and fate the word obeys."

The trembling queen (the almighty order given)  
 Swift from the Idaean summit shot to heaven.  
 As some wayfaring man, who wanders o'er  
 In thought a length of lands he trod before,  
 Sends forth his active mind from place to place,  
 Joins hill to dale and measures space with space.  
 So swift flew Juno to the bless'd abodes,  
 If thought of man can match the speed of gods  
 There sat the powers in awful synod placed;  
 They bow'd, and made obeisance as she pass'd  
 Through all the brazen dome ' with goblets crown'd  
 They hail her queen, the nectar streams around  
 Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,  
 And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul?

To whom the white-arm'd goddess thus replies:  
 "Enough thou know'st the tyrant of the skies,  
 Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,  
 Unmoved his mind, and unrestrain'd his will  
 Go thou, the feasts of heaven attend thy call,  
 Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall.  
 But Jove shall thunder through the ethereal dome  
 Such stern decrees, such threaten'd woes to come,  
 As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprise,  
 And dump the eternal banquets of the skies."

The goddess said, and sullen took her place.

Behold Ascalaphus ! behold him die,  
 But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh ;  
 Thy own loved boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,  
 If that loved boasted offspring be thy own "

Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,  
 Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun  
 " Thus then, immortals ! thus shall Mars obey ;  
 Forgive me, gods, and yield my vengeance way  
 Descending first to yon forbidden plain,  
 The god of battles dares avenge the slain ,  
 Dares, though the thunder bursting o'er my head  
 Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead "

With that he gives command to Fear and Flight  
 To join his rapid couriers for the fight  
 Then grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies ;  
 Arms that reflect a radiance through the skies  
 And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,  
 Discharged his wrath on half the host of heaven ;  
 But Pallas, springing through the bright abode,  
 Starts from her azure throne to calm the god  
 Struck for the immortal race with timely fear,  
 From frantic Mars she snatch'd the shield and spear  
 Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,  
 Thus to the impetuous homicide she said

" By what wild passion, furious ! art thou toss'd ?  
 Striv'st thou with Jove ? thou art already lost  
 Shall not the Thunderer's dread command restrain,  
 And was imperial Juno heard in vain ?  
 Back to the skies wouldst thou with shame be driven,  
 And in thy guilt involve the host of heaven ?  
 Ithon and Greece no more should Jove engage,  
 The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage ,  
 Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate  
 And one vast ruin whelm the Olympian state  
 Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call ,  
 Heroes as great have died, and yet shall fall  
 Why should heaven's law with foolish man comply  
 Exempted from the race ordain'd to die ? "

This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne ,  
 Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan  
 Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)  
 The winged Iris, and the god of day  
 ' Go wait the Thunderer's will (Saturnia cried)  
 On yon tall summit of the fountful Ide  
 There in the father's awful presence stand,  
 Receive, and execute his dread command "

She said, and sat , the god that gilds the day,  
 And various Iris, wing their airy way  
 Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came,  
 (Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)

There sat the eternal ; he whose nod controuls  
 The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.  
 Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,  
 With clouds of gold and purple circled round.  
 Well-pleased the Thunderer saw their earnest care,  
 And prompt obedience to the queen of air,  
 Then (while a smile serenest his awful brow)  
 Commands the goddess of the showery bow

" Iris ! descend, and what we here ordain,  
 Report to yon mad tyrant of the main.  
 Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,  
 Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.  
 If he refuse, then let him timely weigh  
 Our elder birthright, and superior sway.  
 How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,  
 If heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?  
 Strives he with me, by whom his power was given,  
 And is there equal to the lord of heaven ?"

The all-mighty spoke, the goddess wing'd her flight  
 To sacred Ilion from the Idæan height.  
 Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows,  
 Drive through the skies, when Boreas fiercely blows ;  
 So from the clouds descending Iris falls,  
 And to blue Neptune thus the goddess calls

" Attend the mandate of the sire above !  
 In me behold the messenger of Jove  
 He bids thee from forbidden wars repair  
 To thine own deeps, or to the fields of air  
 This if refused, he bids thee timely weigh  
 His elder birthright, and superior sway  
 How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms  
 If heaven's omnipotence descend in arms ?  
 Striv'st thou with him by whom all power is given ?  
 And art thou equal to the lord of heaven ?"

" What means the haughty sovereign of the skies?  
 (The king of ocean thus, incensed, replies,)  
 Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high ;  
 No vassal god, nor of his train, am I  
 Three brother deities from Saturn came,  
 And ancient Rhœa, earth's immortal dame .  
 Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know ;  
 Infernal Pluto sways the shades below ;  
 O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,  
 Ethereal Jove extends his high domain ;  
 My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,  
 And hush the roarings of the sacred deep ,  
 Olympus, and this earth, in common lie  
 What claim has here the tyrant of the sky ?  
 Far in the distant clouds let him control,  
 And awe the younger brothers of the pole ;

There to his children his commands be given,  
The trembling, servile, second race of heaven."

"And must I then (said she), O sire of floods !  
Bear this fierce answer to the king of gods ?  
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent ,  
A noble mind disdains not to repent  
To elder brother's guardian fiends are given,  
To scourge the wretch insulting them and heaven."

"Great is the profit (thus the god rejoin'd)  
When ministers are blest with prudent mind  
Wain'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,  
And quit, though angry, the contended field  
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,  
The same our honours, and our birth the same  
If yet, forgetful of his promise given  
To Hermes, Pallas, and the queen of heaven,  
To favour Ithon, that perfidious place,  
He breaks his faith with half the ethereal race ;  
Give him to know, unless the Grecian train  
Lay yon proud structures level with the plain,  
Howe'er the offence by other gods be pass'd,  
The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last "

Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,  
And plunged into the bosom of the flood  
The lord of thunders, from his lofty height  
Beheld, and thus bespoke the source of light

"Behold ! the god whose liquid arms are hurl'd  
Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world,  
Desists at length his rebel-war to wage,  
Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage ,  
Else had my wrath, heaven's thrones all shaking round,  
Burn'd to the bottom of his seas profound ;  
And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell  
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.  
Well was the crime, and well the vengeance spared ,  
Even power immense had found such battle hard  
Go thou, my son ! the trembling Greeks alarm,  
Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm,  
Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care,  
Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war  
Let Ithon conquer, till the Achaian train  
Fly to their ships and Hellespont again  
Then Greece shall breathe from toils " The godhead said ;  
His will divine the son of Jove obey'd  
Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,  
That drives a turtle through the liquid skies,  
As Phœbus, shooting from the Idæan brow,  
Glides down the mountain to the plain below  
There Hector seated by the stream he sees,  
His sense returning with the coming breeze ,

Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise ;  
 Again his loved companions meet his eyes ;  
 Jove thinking of his pains, they pass'd away,  
 To whom the god who gives the golden day .

" Why sits great Hector from the field so far ?  
 What grief, what wound, withholds thee from the war ? "

The fainting hero, as the vision bright  
 Stood shaming o'er him, half unseal'd his sight

" What blest immortal, with commanding breath,  
 Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death ?

Has fame not told, how, while my trusty sword  
 Bathed Greece in slaughter, and her battle goled,  
 The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow  
 Had almost sunk me to the shades below ?

Even yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,  
 And hell's black horrors swim before my eye . "

To him Apollo " Be no more dismay'd ,  
 See, and be strong ' the Thunderer sends thee aid.  
 Behold ' thy Phœbus shall his arms employ,  
 Phœbus, propitious still to thee and Troy  
 Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,  
 And to the ships impel thy rapid hoise  
 Even I will make thy fiery coursers way,  
 And drive the Grecians headlong to the sea . "

Thus to bold Hector spoke the son of Jove,  
 And breathed immortal ardour from above  
 As when the pamper'd steed, with reins unbound,  
 Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground ;  
 With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,  
 To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood ;  
 His head, now freed he tosses to the skies ,  
 His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies .  
 He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,  
 And springs, exulting, to his fields again  
 Urged by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,  
 Full of the god ; and all his hosts pursue  
 As when the force of men and dogs combined  
 Invade the mountain goat, or branching hind ,  
 Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie  
 Close in the rock, (not fated yet to die)  
 When lo ! a lion shoots across the way !  
 They fly at once the chasers and the prey  
 So Greece, that late in conquering troops pursued,  
 And mark'd their progress through the ranks in blood,  
 Soon as they see the furious chief appeal,  
 Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear

Thoas with grief observed his dreadful course,  
 Thoas, the bravest of the Ætolian force ,  
 Skill'd to direct the javelin's distant flight,  
 And bold to combat in the standing fight,

Not more in councils famed for solid sense,  
 Than winning words and heavenly eloquence  
 ' Gods ! what portent (he cried) these eyes invades ?  
 Lo ! Hector rises from the Stygian shades !  
 We saw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd  
 What god restores him to the fought field ,  
 And not content that half of Greece lie slain,  
 Pours new destruction on her sons again ?  
 He comes not, Jove ! without thy powerful will ,  
 Lo ! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still !  
 Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand  
 The Greeks' main body to the fleet command ,  
 But let the few whom brisker spirits warm,  
 Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm  
 Thus point your arms , and when such foes appear,  
 Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear "

The warrior spoke , the listening Greeks obey,  
 Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array

Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion gave command,  
 The valiant leader of the Cretan band,  
 And Mars-like Meges these the chiefs excite,  
 Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.  
 Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,  
 To flank the navy, and the shores defend  
 Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,  
 And Hector first came towering to the war.  
 Phœbus himself the rushing battle led ,  
 A veil of clouds involved his radiant head .  
 High held before him, Jove's enormous shield  
 Potentous shone, and shaded all the field ,  
 Vulcan to Jove the immortal gift consign'd,  
 To scatter hosts and terrify mankind,  
 The Greeks expect the shock, the clamours rise  
 From different parts, and mingle in the skies.  
 Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,  
 And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung ;  
 These drink the life of generous warriors slain  
 Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.  
 As long as Phœbus bore unmoved the shield,  
 Sat doubtful conquest hovering o'er the field ,  
 But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,  
 Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,  
 Deep horror seizes every Grecian breast,  
 Their force is humbled, and their fear confess'd  
 So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,  
 No swain to guard them, and no day to guide,  
 When two fell lions from the mountain come,  
 And spread the carnage through the shadowy gloom.  
 Impending Phœbus pours around them fear,  
 And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.

Heaps fall on heaps the slaughter Hector leads,  
 First great Arcesilas, then Stichius bleeds ;  
 One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,  
 And one Menestheus' friend and famed compeer.  
 Medon and Iasus, Æneas sped ,  
 This sprang from Phelus, and the Athenians led ;  
 But hapless Medon from Oileus came ;  
 Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,  
 Though born of lawless love from home expell'd,  
 A banish'd man, in Phylacè he dwell'd,  
 Press'd by the vengeance of an angry wife ,  
 Troy ends at last his labours and his life  
 Mecystes next Polydamas o'erthrew ;  
 And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor slew.  
 By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,  
 Pierced through the shoulder as he basely flies.  
 Poltes' arm laid Echius on the plain ;  
 Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.  
 The Greeks dismay'd, confused, disperse or fall,  
 Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall  
 While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,  
 And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic death  
 On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night ;  
 Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,  
 Points to the fleet - " For, by the gods ! who flies,"  
 Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies ,  
 No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,  
 No friendly hand his funeral pyre compose -  
 Who stops to plunder at this signal hour,  
 The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour "  
 Furious he said, the smiting scourge resounds ,  
 The coursers fly, the smoking chariot bounds ,  
 The hosts rush on, loud clamours shake the shore ;  
 The horses thunder, earth and ocean roar !  
 Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,  
 Push'd at the bank down sank the enormous mound :  
 Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay ,  
 A sudden road ! a long and ample way.  
 O'er the dread fosse (a late impervious space)  
 Now steeds, and men, and cars tumultuous pass.  
 The wondering crowds the downward level trod ;  
 Before them flamed the shield, and march'd the god.  
 Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall ;

<sup>a</sup> *For, by the gods ! who flies* Observe the bold ellipsis of "he cries," and the transition from the direct to the oblique construction So in Milton —

"Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd; both stood,  
 Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd  
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,  
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
 And starry pole — Thou also mad'st the night,  
 Maker omnipotent, and thou the day "

Milton, "Paradise Lost," Book iv

And lo ! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall ·  
 Easy as when ashore an infant stands,  
 And draws imagined houses in the sands ;  
 The sportive wanton, pleased with some new play,  
 Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away :  
 Thus vanish'd at thy touch, the towers and walls ,  
 The toil of thousands in a moment falls

The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,  
 Confused, and weary all the powers with prayer  
 Exhort their men, with praises, threats, commands ;  
 And urge the gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.  
 Experienced Nestor chief obtests the skies,  
 And weeps his country with a father's eyes

" O Jove ! if ever, on his native shore,  
 One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore ;  
 If e'er, in hope our country to behold,  
 We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold ,  
 If e'er thou sign'st our wishes with thy nod .  
 Perform the promise of a gracious god !  
 This day preserve our navies from the flame,  
 And save the relics of the Grecian name "

Thus prayed the sage the eternal gave consent,  
 And peals of thunder shook the firmament  
 Presumptuous Troy mistook the accepting sign,  
 And catch'd new fury at the voice divine  
 As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,  
 The roaring deeps in watery mountains rise,  
 Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,  
 Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend  
 Thus loudly roaring, and o'erpowering all,  
 Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall ;  
 Legions on legions from each side arise  
 Thick sound the keels , the storm of arrows flies  
 Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,  
 These wield the mace, and those the javelin throw.

While thus the thunder of the battle raged,  
 And labouring armies round the works engaged,  
 Still in the tent Patroclus sat to tend  
 The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend  
 He sprinkles healing balms, to anguish kind,  
 And adds discourse, the medicine of the mind.  
 But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,  
 Victorious Troy ; then, starting from his seat,  
 With bitter groans his sorrows he express'd,  
 He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast  
 " Though yet thy state require redress (he cries)  
 Depart I must what horrors strike my eyes !  
 Charged with Achilles' high command I go,  
 A mournful witness of this scene of woe ,  
 I haste to urge him by his country's care



To rise in arms, and shine again in war.  
Perhaps some favouring god his soul may bend,  
The voice is powerful of a faithful friend."

He spoke, and, speaking, swifter than the wind  
Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.  
The embodied Greeks the fierce attack sustain,  
But strive, though numerous, to repulse in vain.  
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,  
Force to the fleet and tents the impervious way  
As when a shipwright, with Palladian art,  
Smooths the rough wood, and levels every part;  
With equal hand he guides his whole design,  
By the just rule, and the directing line  
The martial leaders, with like skill and care,  
Preserved their line, and equal kept the war.  
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were tried,  
And every ship sustained an equal tide.  
At one proud bark, high-towering o'er the fleet,  
Ajax the great, and godlike Hector meet,  
For one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend  
Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend  
One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod,  
That fix'd as fate, thus acted by a god  
The son of Clytius in his daring hand,  
The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand;  
But, pierced by Telamon's huge lance, expires  
Thundering he falls, and drops the extinguish'd fires.  
Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,  
As stretch'd in dust before the stein he lay  
"Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!  
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space.  
Lo! where the son of royal Clytius lies,  
Ah, save his arms, secure his obsequies!"

This said, his eager javelin sought the foe:  
But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow  
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown,  
It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophion.  
An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax' board,  
A faithful servant to a foreign lord,  
In peace, and war, for ever at his side,  
Near his loved master, as he lived, he died.  
From the high-poop he tumbles on the sand,  
And lies a lifeless load along the land  
With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,  
And thus inflames his brother to the fight  
"Teucer, behold! extended on the shore  
Our friend, our loved companion! now no more!  
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care  
To fight our wars he left his native air  
This death deployed, to Hector's rage we owe;

Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.  
Where are those darts on which the fates attend ?  
And where the bow which Phœbus taught to bend ?”

Impatient Teucer, hastening to his aid,  
Before the chief his ample bow display'd,  
The well-stoied quiver on his shoulders hung  
Then hiss'd his arrow, and the bowstring sung  
Clytus, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame,  
(To thee, Polydamas 't an honour'd name)  
Drove through the thickest of the embattled plains  
The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins  
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,  
The pointed death arrests him from behind.  
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies ;  
In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies  
Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,  
The headlong coursers spurn his empty car,  
Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,  
And gave, Astynous, to thy careful hand,  
Then, fired to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe  
Rage edged his sword, and strengthen'd every blow.

Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause,  
At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws  
And had the weapon found the destined way,  
Thy fall, great Trojan ! had renown'd that day  
But Hector was not doom'd to perish then  
The all-wise disposer of the fates of men  
(Imperial Jove) his present death withstands ;  
Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands  
At its full stretch as the tough string he drew,  
Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two,  
Down dropp'd the bow the shaft with brazen head  
Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead  
The astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries ;  
“ Some god prevents our destined enterprise  
Some god, propitious to the Trojan foe,  
Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,  
And broke the nerve my hands had twined with art,  
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart ”

“ Since heaven commands it (Ajax made reply)  
Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by  
Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield,  
And quit the quiver for the ponderous shield.  
In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,  
Thy brave example shall the rest inflame  
Fierce as they are, by long successes vain ;  
To force our fleet, or even a ship to gain,  
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood their utmost might  
Shall find its match—No more 'tis ours to fight ”

Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside ;

The fourfold buckler o'er his shoulder tied ;  
 On his brave head a crested helm he placed,  
 With nodding horse-hair formidably graced ;  
 A dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines,  
 The warrior wields , and his great brother joins.

This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy .  
 " Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy !  
 Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,  
 And spread your glory with the navy's flame  
 Jove is with us , I saw his hand, but now,  
 From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow :  
 Indulgent Jove ! how plain thy favours shine,  
 When happy nations bear the marks divine !  
 How easy then, to see the sinking state  
 Of realms accursed, deserted, reprobate !  
 Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours  
 Behold, ye warriors, and exert your powers  
 Death is the worst , a fate which all must try ;  
 And for our country, 'tis a bliss to die  
 The gallant man, though slain in fight he be,  
 Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free ;  
 Entails a debt on all the grateful state ,  
 His own brave friends shall glory in his fate ,  
 His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed,  
 And late posterity enjoy the deed ! "

This roused the soul in every Trojan breast .  
 The godlike Ajax next his Greeks address'd

" How long, ye warriors of the Argive race,  
 (To generous Aigos what a dire disgrace !)  
 How long on these cursed confines will ye lie,  
 Yet undetermined, or to live or die ?  
 What hopes remain, what methods to retrieve,  
 If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire ?  
 Make how the flames approach, how near they fall,  
 How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call !  
 Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,  
 It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.  
 'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates ;  
 To your own hands are trusted all your fates ;  
 And better far in one decisive strife,  
 One day should end our labour or our life,  
 Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,  
 Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands."

The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame,  
 And every kindling bosom pants for fame  
 Then mutual slaughters spread on either side ,  
 By Hector here the Phocian Schedius died ,  
 There, pierced by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,  
 Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race  
 Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,

The fierce commander of the Epeian band.  
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw ;  
The victor, stooping, from the death withdrew ;  
(That valned life, O Phœbus ! was thy care)  
But Crœsmus' bosom took the flying spear .  
His corpse fell bleeding on the slippery shore ;  
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore  
Dolops, the son of Lampus, rushes on,  
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,  
And fumed for prowess in a well-fought field,  
He pierced the centre of his sounding shield .  
But Meges, Phyleus' ample breastplate wore,  
(Well-known in fight on Sellè's winding shore ,  
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,  
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale)  
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,  
Had saved the father, and now saves the son  
Full at the Trojan's head he urged his lance,  
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,  
New ting'd with Tyrian dye in dust below,  
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.  
Meantime their fight the Spartan king survey'd,  
And stood by Meges' side a sudden aid.  
Through Dolops' shoulder urged his forceful dart,  
Which held its passage through the panting heart,  
And issued at his breast With thundering sound  
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.  
In rush the conquering Greeks to spoil the slain .  
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train ,  
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,  
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young  
He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)  
Fed his large oven on Percotè's plun ,  
But when oppress'd, his country clam'd his care,

With equal ardour Melanippus glows .  
 Then Ajax thus—"O Greeks ! respect your fame,  
 Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame  
 Let mutual revcience mutual warmth inspire,  
 And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.  
 On valour's side the odds of combat lie ,  
 The brave live glorious, or lamented die ;  
 The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,  
 Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame."

His generous sense he not in vain imparts ,  
 It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts  
 They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,  
 And flank the navy with a brazen wall ;  
 Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,  
 And stop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.  
 The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause,  
 Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause.  
 "Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you,  
 So strong to fight, so active to pursue ?  
 Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed ?  
 Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed."

He said , and backward to the lines retired ,  
 Forth rush'd the youth with martial fury fired,  
 Beyond the foremost ranks , his lance he threw,  
 And round the black battalions cast his view.  
 The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear,  
 While the swift javelin hiss'd along in air  
 Advancing Melanippus met the dart  
 With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart  
 Thundering he falls , his falling arms resound,  
 And his broad buckler rings against the ground  
 The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize .  
 Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,  
 And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart  
 The distant hunter sent into his heart.  
 Observing Hector to the rescue flew ,  
 Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew  
 So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain ,  
 Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd's swain,  
 While conscious of the deed, he glares around,  
 And hears the gathering multitude resound,  
 Timely he flies the yet-untasted food,  
 And gains the friendly shelter of the wood .  
 So fears the youth , all Troy with shouts pursue,  
 While stones and darts in mingled tempest flew ,  
 But enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns  
 His manly breast, and with new fury burns  
 Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,  
 Fiercè to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove .  
 The sire of gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,

The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair ;  
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,  
Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.  
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,  
To view the navy blazing to the skies ;  
Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn,  
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.  
These fates revok'd in his almighty mind,  
He raises Hector to the work design'd,  
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,  
And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.  
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,  
Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.  
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,  
Wraps the vast mountains and involves the poles.  
He foams with wrath ; beneath his gloomy brow  
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow  
The radiant helmet on his temple burns,  
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns .  
For Jove his splendour round the chief had thrown,  
And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one  
Unhappy glories ! for his fate was near,  
Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear .  
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,  
And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day !  
Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his eyes  
Burn at each foe, and single every prize ,  
Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,  
He points his ardour, and exerts his might .  
The Grecian phalanx, moveless as a tower,  
On all sides batter'd, yet resists his power :  
So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,<sup>a</sup>  
By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain,  
Unmoved it hears, above, the tempest blow,  
And sees the watery mountains break below  
Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall  
Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all .  
Bursts as a wave that from the cloud impends,  
And, swell'd with tempests, on the ship descends ;  
White are the decks with foam, the winds aloud  
Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every shroud .  
Pale, trembling, tired, the sailors freeze with fears ,  
And instant death on every wave appears  
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,  
The chief so thunders, and so strikes the fleet

As when a lion, rushing from his den,  
 Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,  
 (Where numerous oxen, as at ease they feed,  
 At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead)  
 Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes,  
 The trembling herdsman far to distance flies,  
 Some lordly bull (the rest dispersed and fled)  
 He singles out, arrests, and lays him dead  
 Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew  
 All Greece in heaps; but one he seized, and slew.  
 Mycenaean Periphus, a mighty name,  
 In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame;  
 The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire  
 Against Alcides, Copreus was his sire.  
 The son redeem'd the honours of the race,  
 A son as generous as the sire was base,  
 O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far  
 In every virtue, or of peace or war  
 But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield!  
 Against the margin of his ample shield  
 He struck his hasty foot his heels up-sprung;  
 Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung  
 On the fallen chief the invading Trojan press'd,  
 And plunged the pointed javelin in his breast  
 His circling friends, who strove to guard too late  
 The unhappy hero, fled, or shared his fate

Chased from the foremost line, the Grecian train  
 Now man the next, receding toward the main  
 Wedged in one body at the tents they stand,  
 Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy, desperate band.  
 Now manly shame forbids the inglorious flight,  
 Now fear itself confines them to the fight  
 Man courage breathes in man; but Nestor most  
 (The sage preserver of the Grecian host)  
 Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores,  
 And by their parents, by themselves implores.

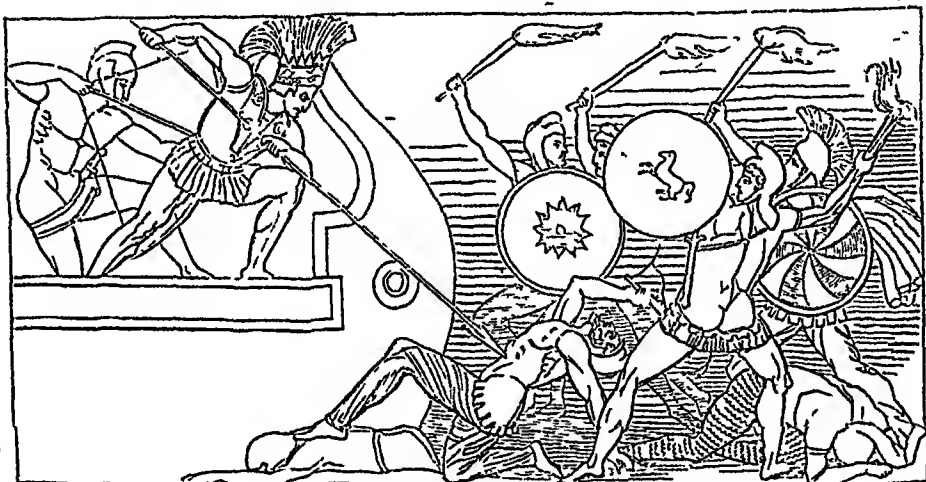
"Oh friends! be men your generous breasts inflame  
 With mutual honour, and with mutual shame!  
 Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care  
 Your wives, your infants, and your parents share:  
 Think of each living father's reverend head,  
 Think of each ancestor with glory dead;  
 Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue,  
 They ask their safety, and their fame, from you.  
 The gods their fates on this one action lay,  
 And all are lost, if you desert the day"

He spoke, and round him breathed heroic fires;  
 Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.  
 The mist of darkness Jove around them threw  
 She clear'd, restoring all the war to view;

A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain,  
 And show'd the shores, the navy, and the main :  
 Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,  
 The scene wide-opening to the blaze of light,  
 First of the field great Ajax strikes their eyes,  
 His port majestic, and his ample size .  
 A ponderous mace with studs of non crown'd,  
 Full twenty cubits long. he swings around ,  
 Nor fights, like others, fix'd to certain stands  
 But looks a moving tower above the bands ;  
 High on the decks with vast gigantic stride,  
 The godlike hero stalks from side to side  
 So when a horseman from the watery mead  
 (Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)  
 Drives four fair coursers, practised to obey,  
 To some great city through the public way ,  
 Safe in his art, as side by side they run,  
 He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one ;  
 And now to this, and now to that he flies ,  
 Admiring numbers follow with their eyes  
 From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew,  
 No less the wonder of the warring crew  
 As furious, Hector thunder'd threats aloud,  
 And rush'd enraged before the Trojan crowd ;  
 Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores  
 Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores ;  
 So the strong eagle from his airy height,  
 Who marks the swans' or cranes' embodied flight,  
 Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,  
 And, stooping, darkens with his wings the flood  
 Jove lends him on with his almighty hand,  
 And breathes fierce spirits in his following band  
 The warring nations meet, the battle roars.  
 Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores  
 Thou wouldst have thought so furious was their fire,  
 No force could tame them, and no toil could tire ,  
 As if new vigour from new fights they won,  
 And the long battle was but then begun  
 Greece, yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,  
 Secure of death, confiding in despair .  
 Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main  
 Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain  
 Like strength is felt from hope, and from despair,  
 And each contends, as his were all the war  
 'Twas thou, bold Hector ! whose resistless hand  
 First seized a ship on that contested strand ;  
 The



The first that touch'd the unhappy Trojan shore ·  
 For this in arms the warring nations stood,  
 And bathed their generous breasts with mutual blood.  
 No room to poise the lance or bend the bow,  
 But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow ·  
 Wounded, they wound, and seek each other's hearts  
 With falchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.  
 The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,  
 Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground,  
 With streaming blood the slippery shores are dyed,  
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide  
 Still raging, Hector with his ample hand  
 Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud command  
 "Haste, bring the flames" that toil of ten long years



AJAX DEFENDING THE GREK SHIPS

Is finished ; and the day desu'd appears !  
 This happy day with acclamations greet,  
 Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.  
 The coward-counsels of a timorous throng  
 Of reverend dotards check'd our glory long  
 Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,  
 But now in peals of thunder calls to arms ·  
 In this great day he crowns our full desires,  
 Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires "  
 He spoke—the warriors at his fierce command  
 Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.  
 Even Ajax paused, (so thick the javelins fly,  
 Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live or die.  
 Yet, where the oars are placed, he stands to wait  
 What chief approaching dares attempt his fate :

Even to the last his naval charge defends.  
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now protends ;  
Even yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires,  
Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires

“ O friends ! O heroes ! names for ever dear,  
Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war !  
Ah ! yet be mindful of your old renown  
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own  
What aids expect you in this utmost strait ?  
What bulwarks rising between you and fate ?  
No aids, no bulwarks your retreat attend,  
No friends to help, no city to defend  
This spot is all you have, to lose or keep ;  
There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep  
'Tis hostile ground you tread, your native lands  
Far, far from hence your fates are in your hands.”

Raging he spoke, nor further wastes his breath,  
But turns his javelin to the work of death  
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,  
Against the sable ships, with flaming brands,  
So well the chief his naval weapon sped,  
The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead  
Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,  
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.



CASTOR AND POLLUX,

## BOOK XVI.

### ARGUMENT

#### THE SIXTH BATTLE, THE ACTS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS.

Patroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without further pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles' armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the uttermost consternation, he beats them off from the vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy, where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him, which concludes the book.

So warr'd both armies on the ensanguined shore,  
While the black vessels smoked with human gore  
Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies,  
The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes  
Not faster, trickling to the plains below,  
From the tall rock the sable waters flow.  
Divine Pelides, with compassion moved,  
Thus spoke, indulgent, to his best beloved <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *His best beloved* The following elegant remarks of Thirlwall (Greece, vol. 1 p. 176, seq.) well illustrate the character of the friendship subsisting between these two heroes —

"One of the noblest and most amiable sides of the Greek character, is the readiness with which it lent itself to construct intimate and durable friendships, and this is a feature no less prominent in the earliest, than in later times. It was indeed connected with the comparatively low estimation in which female society was held, but the devotedness and constancy with which these attachments were maintained, was not the less admirable and engaging. The heroic companions whom we find celebrated, partly by Homer and partly in traditions, which, if not of equal antiquity, were grounded on the same feeling, seem to have but one heart and soul, with scarcely a wish or object apart, and only to live, as they are always ready to die, for one another. It is true that the relation between them is not always one of perfect equality, but this is a circumstance which, while it often adds a peculiar charm to the poetical description, detracts little from the dignity of the idea which it presents. Such were the friendships of Hercules and Iolaus, of Theseus and Pirithous, of Orestes and Pylades, and though these may owe the greater part of their fame to the later epic, or even dramatic poetry, the moral groundwork undoubtedly subsisted in the period to which the traditions are referred. The argument of the Iliad mainly turns on the affection of Achilles for Patroclus, whose love for

"Patroclus, stay, what grief thy bosom bears,  
That flows so fast in these unmanly tears?  
No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps  
From her loved breast, with fondest passion weeps,  
Not more the mother's soul, that infant warms,  
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,  
Than thou hast mine! Oh tell me, to what end  
Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend?"

"Grieve'st thou for me, or for my martial band?  
Or come sad tidings from our native land?  
Our fathers live (our first, most tender care),  
Thy good Menœtius breathes the vital air,  
And hoary Pelens yet extends his days;  
Pleased in their age to hear their children's praise  
Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim?  
Perhaps you relics of the Grecian name,  
Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword,  
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?  
Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,  
And speak those sorrows which a friend would share."  
A sigh that instant from his bosom broke,  
Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke

"Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,  
Thyself a Greek, and, once, of Greeks the best!  
Lo! every chief that might her fate prevent,  
Lies pierced with wounds, and bleeding in his tent—  
Euryπylus, Tydides, Atreus' son,  
And wise Ulysses, at the navy groan,  
More for their country's wounds than for their own  
Their pain soft arts of pharmacy can ease,  
Thy breast alone no lenitives appease  
May never rage like thine my soul enslave,  
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!  
Thy country slighted in her last distress,  
What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress?  
No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,  
Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind

"O man unpitied! if of man thy race,  
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,  
Nor ever amorous hero caused thy birth,  
Nor ev'n tender goddess brought thee forth.  
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,  
And raging seas produced thee in a storm,  
A soul well suiting that tempestuous kind,  
So rough thy manners, so untamed thy mind

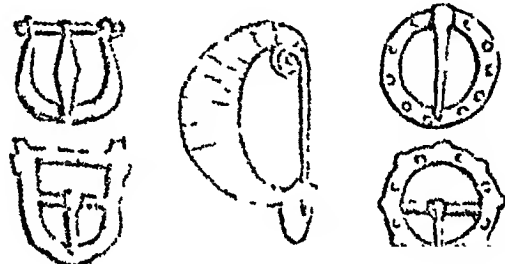
the greater hero is only tempered by reverence for his higher birth and his unequalled prowess. But the mutual regard which united Idomeneus and Menœneus, Diomedes and Sthenelus, though, as the persons themselves are less important, it is kept more in the back ground, is manifestly viewed by the poet in the same light. The idea of a Greek hero seems not to have been thought complete, without such a brother in arms by his side"—Thirlwall, Greece, vol. 1 p. 176, seq.

"If some due oracle thy breast alarm,  
 If aught from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm,  
 Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,  
 If I but lead the Myrmidonian line  
 Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,  
 Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war,  
 Without thy person Greece shall win the day,  
 And thy mere image chase her foes away  
 Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train  
 Shall quit the ships, and Greece resume again"  
 Thus, blind to fate ' with supplicating breath,  
 Thou begg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death.  
 Unfortunately good ' a boding sigh  
 Thy friend return'd ; and with it, this reply  
 "Patroclus ' thy Achilles knows no fears ;  
 Nor words from Jove nor oracles he hears ,  
 Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest ,  
 The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast  
 My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought engage  
 Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage  
 I made him tyrant ' gave him power to wrong  
 Even my I felt it , and shall feel it long  
 The maid, my black-eyed maid, he forced away,  
 Due to the toils of many a well-fought day ;  
 Due to my conquest of her father's reign ;  
 Due to the votes of all the Grecian train  
 From me he forced her , me, the bold and brave,  
 Disgraced, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave.  
 But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are past ;  
 'Tis time our fury should relent at last  
 I fix'd its date , the day I wish'd appears  
 How Hector to my ships his battle bears,  
 The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears  
 Go then, Patroclus ' court his honour's charms  
 In Troy's famed fields, and in Achilles' arms  
 Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,  
 Go save the fleets, and conquer in my right.  
 See the thin relics of their baffled band  
 At the last edge of yon deserted land '  
 Behold all Ilion on their ships descends ,  
 How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends !  
 It was not thus, when, at my sight amazed,  
 Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blazed  
 Had not the injurious king our friendship lost,  
 Yon ample trench had buried half her host  
 No camps, no bulwarks now the Trojans fear,  
 Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there ;  
 No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son ,  
 No more your general calls his heroes on  
 Hector, alone, I hear , his dreadful breath

Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death  
 Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain.  
 Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,  
 And give the Greeks to visit Greece again  
 But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,  
 Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,  
 And from thy deeds expects the Achaian host  
 Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost  
 Rage uncontroll'd through all the hostile crew,  
 But touch not Hector, Hector is my due  
 Though Jove in thunder should command the war,  
 Be just, consult my glory, and forbear  
 The fleet once saved, desist from further chase,  
 Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race,  
 Some adverse god thy rashness may destroy,  
 Some god, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy  
 Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive strait,  
 Do her own work; and leave the rest to fate.  
 O! would to all the immortal powers above,  
 Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove!  
 That not one Trojan might be left alive,  
 And not a Greek of all the race survive  
 Might only we the vast destruction shun,  
 And only we destroy the accursed town!"  
 Such conference held the chiefs, while on the strand  
 Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan band  
 Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,  
 So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd  
 On his tired arm the weighty buckler hung,  
 His hollow helm with falling javelins rung,  
 His breath, in quick short pantings, comes and goes  
 And painful sweat from all his members flows  
 Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most,  
 Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post,  
 Dangers on dangers all around him glow,  
 And toil to toil, and woe succeeds to woe  
 Say, Muses, throned above the starry frame,  
 How first the navy blazed with Trojan flame?  
 Stern Hector waved his sword, and standing near,  
 Where furious Ajax plied his ashen spear,  
 Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,  
 That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head;  
 His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain,  
 The brazen head falls sounding on the plain  
 Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine,  
 Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign,  
 Worn'd he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour  
 The hissing brands; thick streams the fiery shower,  
 O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,  
 And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies

Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames,  
 And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims :  
 "Arm, arm, Patroclus ! Lo, the blaze aspires !  
 The glowing ocean reddens with the fires,  
 Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame ;  
 Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name ,  
 I haste to bring the troop"—The hero said ;  
 The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.

He cased his limbs in brass ; and first around  
 His manly legs, with silver buckles bound  
 The clasp'ng greaves , then to his breast applies  
 The flaming cuirass of a thousand dyes ,  
 Emblazed with studs of gold his falchion shone  
 In the rich belt, as in a starry zone  
 Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread,  
 Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head .  
 Adorn'd in all his terrible array,



All breathing death, around the chief they stand,  
 A grim, terrific, formidable band.  
 Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs<sup>a</sup>  
 When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings;  
 When some tall stag, fiesh-slaughtered in the wood,  
 Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood,  
 To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,  
 With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,  
 Fire fills their eye, then black jaws belch the goie,  
 And gorged with slaughter still they thirst for more  
 Like furious, rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,  
 Such then dread strength, and such their deathful view.

High in the midst the great Achilles stands,  
 Directs their order, and the war commands  
 He, loved of Jove, had launch'd for Ilion's shores  
 Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars  
 Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,  
 Himself supreme in valour, as in sway

First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth,  
 Derived from thee, whose waters wash the earth,  
 Divine Sperchius<sup>1</sup> Jove-descended flood<sup>1</sup>

A mortal mother mixing with a god  
 Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame  
 The son of Borus, that espoused the dame

Eudorus next, whom Polymele the gay,  
 Famed in the graceful dance, produced to-day  
 Her, sly Cellenius loved on her would gaze,  
 As with swift step slic form'd the running maze  
 To her high chamber from Diana's quire,  
 The god pursued her, urged, and crown'd his fire.  
 The son confess'd his father's heavenly race,  
 And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chase.  
 Strong Echeclus, bless'd in all those charms  
 That pleased a god, succeeded to her arms,  
 Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,  
 With gifts of price he sought and won the dame,  
 Her secret offspring to her sire she bare;  
 Her sire caress'd him with a parent's care

Pisander follow'd, matchless in his art  
 To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart,  
 No hand so sure of all the Emathian line,  
 Or if a surer, great Patroclus<sup>1</sup> thine

The fourth by Phoenix' grave command was plac'd,  
 Laertes' valiant offspring led the last

Soon as Achilles with superior care  
 Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,

<sup>a</sup> "As hungry wolves with raging appetite,  
 Scour through the fields, ne'er fear the stormy night—  
 Their whelps at home expect the promised food,  
 And long to temper their dry chaps in blood—  
 So rush'd we forth at once"—Dryden's Virgil, ii. 479



This stern remembrance to his troops he gave.  
 "Ye far-famed Myrmidons ye herce and brave!  
 Thank with what threats you dured the Trojan throng,  
 Think what reproach these ears endured so long,  
 'Stern son of Peleus, thus ye used to say,  
 While rest-less, raging, in your ships you lay  
 Oh madd'nd with gall, unknowing how to yield,  
 Whose rage defrauds us of so famed a field.  
 If that dir. fury must for ever burn,  
 What make we here? Return ye chiefs, return!  
 Such were your words—Now, warriors! grieve no more,  
 Lo there the Trojans; bathe your swords in gore!  
 Thus div shall give you all your soul demands,  
 Gist all your hearts, and weary all your hands!"

Thus while he roused the fire in every breast,  
 Close and more close the listening cohorts press'd;  
 Ranks wedged in ranks; of arms a steely ring



But Peleus' son, and Peleus' son to none  
 Had raised in offerings, but to Jove alone  
 This tinged with sulphur, sacred first to flame,  
 He purged, and wash'd it in the running stream  
 Then cleansed his hands, and fixing for a space  
 His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place  
 Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd  
 Forth in the midst; and thus the god implored

"O thou supreme! high-throned all height above!  
 O great Pelasgie, Dodonæan Jove!  
 Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill,  
 Presid'st on bleak Dodona's vocal hill  
 (Whose groves the Selli, race austere! surround,  
 Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground,  
 Who hear, from rustling oaks, thy dark decrees,  
 And catch the fates, low-whispered in the breeze,)  
 Hear, as of old! Thou gav'st, at Thetis' prayer,  
 Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair  
 Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field  
 The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield,  
 Though still determined, to my ships confined,  
 Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind  
 Oh! be his guard thy providential care,  
 Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war  
 Press'd by his single force let Hector see  
 His fame in arms not owing all to me.  
 But when the fleets are saved from foes and fire,  
 Let him with conquest and renown retire,  
 Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,  
 And safe return him to these eyes again!"

Great Jove consents to half the chiefs request,  
 But heaven's eternal doom denies the rest,  
 To free the fleet was granted to his prayer,  
 His safe return, the winds dispersed in all  
 Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies,  
 And waits the combat with impatient eyes

Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care,  
 Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.  
 As wasps, provoked by children in their play,  
 Pour from their mansions by the broad highway,  
 In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,  
 Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage  
 All rise in arms, and, with a general cry,  
 Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny  
 Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms,  
 So loud their clamours, and so keen their arms  
 Then rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,  
 Who thus inflames them with heroic fires

"O warriors, partners of Achilles' praise!  
 Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days,

Your godlike master let you set proclaim,  
 And add new glories to his mighty name  
 Think your Achilles sees you fight so brave,  
 And humble the proud monarch whom you see.  
 Joyful they heard, and hurray'd to the top,  
 Flew to the fire, involved in fire, and smoke,  
 From shore to shore the doubt, the doubt, and smoke,  
 The hollow ships return'd a deeper sound  
 The war stood still, and all the sea was dead,  
 When great Achilles' humming armour bleat;  
 Troy saw, and to aghast the dread Achilles' feat,  
 At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.  
 Then first thy great, brave Patroclus' feat,  
 Where the war raged, and where the tumult rose,  
 Close to the stern of that famed ship which bore  
 Unbless'd Proteus to his home,  
 The great Peleus, both Pyrrhus' and;  
 (Who led his hands from Asia's winding flood);  
 His shoulder-blade receive the fatal wound;  
 The groaning warrior pants upon the ground,  
 His troops that see their country's glory shewn,  
 Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain  
 Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires  
 And from the half-burn'd ship, and Troy retires;  
 Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies,  
 In heaps on heaps the sea tumbling rocks,  
 Triumphant Greece her rescued deities receives,  
 And loud acclaim the starry region rises.  
 So when thick clouds envelop the mountain's head,  
 O'er heaven's expanse like one black ceiling spread;  
 Sudden the Thunderer, with a flashing ray,  
 Bursts through the darkness, and lets down the day.  
 The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,  
 And streams, and vales, and forests, strike the eyes,  
 The smiling scene wide opens to the sight,  
 And all the unmeasured ether flames with light.  
 But Troy repulsed, and scatter'd o'er the plains,  
 Forced from the navy yet the fight maintains.  
 Now every Greek some hostile hero slew,  
 But still the foremost, bold Patroclus flew.  
 As Atreus had turn'd him round,  
 Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound,  
 The brazen-pointed spear, with vigour thrown,  
 The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone.  
 Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas was thy chance,  
 Thy breast, unarm'd, received the Spartan lance  
 Phylides' dart (as Amphidus drew nigh)  
 His blow prevented, and transpierced his thigh,  
 Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;  
 In darkness, and in death, the warrior lay

In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand,  
 And two bold brothers of the Lycian band .  
 By great Antilochus, Atymnus dies,  
 Pierced in the flank, lamented youth ! he lies,  
 Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,  
 Defends the breathless carcase on the ground ,  
 Furious he flies, his murderer to engage  
 But godlike Thrasmed prevents his rage,  
 Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow ,  
 His arm falls spouting on the dust below  
 He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er  
 And vents his soul, effused with gushing gore

Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,  
 Saipcedon's friends, Amisodarus' seed ,  
 Amisodarus, who, by Furies led,  
 The bane of men, abhor'd Chumæra bred ,  
 Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,  
 And pay the forfeit of their guilty sire

Stopp'd in the tumult Cleobulus lies,  
 Beneath Oileus' arm, a living prize ,  
 A living prize not long the Trojan stood ,  
 The thirsty falchion drank his reeking blood  
 Plunged in his throat the smoking weapon lies ,  
 Black death, and fate un pitying, seal his eyes

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame,  
 Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus came ;  
 In vain their javelins at each other flew,  
 Now, met in arms, their eager swords they drew  
 On the plumed crest of his Boeotian foe  
 The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow ,  
 The sword broke short , but his, Peneleus sped  
 Full on the juncture of the neck and head .  
 The head divided by a stroke so just,  
 Hung by the skin , the body sunk to dust.

O'ertaken Neamas by Menon bleeds,  
 Pierced through the shoulder as he mounts his steeds ;  
 Back from the car he tumbles to the ground  
 His swimming eyes eternal shades surround

Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,  
 His open'd mouth received the Cretan steel  
 Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,  
 Crash'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore .  
 His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils, pour a flood ,  
 He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood

As when the flocks neglected by the swain,  
 Or kids, or lambs, lie scatter'd o'er the plain,  
 A troop of wolves the unguarded charge survey,  
 And rend the trembling, unresisting prey  
 Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came ,  
 Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame

But still at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,  
Still, pointed at his breast, his javelin aimed  
The Trojan chief, experienced in the field,  
O'er his broad shoulders spread the many shield,  
Observed the storm of darts the Grecians pour'd,  
And on his buckler caught the ringing shower.  
He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,  
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his loved allies.

As when the hand of Jove a tempest form,  
And rolls the cloud to blacken heaven with storm,  
Dark o'er the fields the ascending vapour flies,  
And shades the sun, and blot the golden skies:  
So from the ship, along the dusky plain,  
Dire flight and terror drove the Trojan train.  
Even Hector fled, through hail of darts;  
The fiery couriers forced their lord away;  
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd;  
Wedge'd in the trench, in one vast carnage broil'd.  
Chariots on chariots roll the clashing spokes  
Shock, while the madding steeds break short their yokes.  
In vain they labour up the steepy mound;  
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground  
Fierce on the rear, with shouts Patroclus flies,  
Tumultuous clunour fills the fields and skies;  
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight.  
Clouds rise on clouds, and he wren is snatch'd from sight.  
The affrighted steeds their dymg lords cast down  
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town  
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victors cry,  
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die,  
Where horse and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown.  
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.  
No stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew  
From bank to bank the immortal coursers flew  
High-bounding o'er the fosse, the whirling car  
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war.  
And thunders after Hector: Hector flies,  
Patroclus shakes his lance, but fate denies.  
Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,  
The tide of Trojans urge then desperate course,  
Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,  
And earth is loaden with incessant showers,  
(When guilty mortals break the eternal laws,  
Or judges, bribed, betray the righteous cause,)  
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,  
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies  
The impetuous torrents from then hells obey,  
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away;  
Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;  
And trembling man sees all his labours vain!

And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)  
 Back to the ships his destined progress held,  
 Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,  
 And forced the routed ranks to stand the day  
 Between the space where silver Simois flows,  
 Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose,  
 All grim in dust and blood Patroclus stands,  
 And turns the slaughter on the conquering bands  
 First Pronous died beneath his fiery dart,  
 Which pierced below the shield his valiant heart  
 Thetoi was next, who saw the chief appear,  
 And fell the victim of his coward fear ;  
 Shrunk up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,  
 Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly ,  
 Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war,  
 And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,  
 And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws,  
 The javelin sticks, and from the chariot draws  
 As on a rock that overhangs the main,  
 An angler, studious of the line and cane,  
 Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore  
 Not with less ease the barbed javelin bore  
 The gaping dastard , as the spear was shook,  
 He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook

Next on Eryalus he flies ; a stone,  
 Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown  
 Full on his crown the ponderous fragment flew,  
 And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two .  
 Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,  
 And death involved him with the shades of hell.  
 Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius, lie ,  
 Iphicas, Evippus, Polymelus, die ,  
 Amphoterus and Erymas succeed ;  
 And last Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed  
 Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters spread  
 In heaps on heaps a monument of dead.

When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld  
 Grovelling in dust, and gasping on the field,  
 With this reproach his flying host he warms  
 " Oh stain to honour ! oh disgrace to arms !  
 Forsake, inglorious, the contended plain ,  
 This hand unaided shall the war sustain  
 The task be mine this hero's strength to try,  
 Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly "

He spake and, speaking, leaps from off the car .  
 Patroclus lights, and steinly waits the war  
 As when two vultures on the mountain's height  
 Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight ,  
 They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry ,  
 The desert echoes, and the rocks reply .

The warriors thus opposed in arms, engage  
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combat whose event foreseen,  
He thus bespoke his sister and his queen.

"The hour draws on; the destinies ordain,<sup>3</sup>  
My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain.  
Already on the verge of death he stands,  
His life is owed to fierce Patroclus' hands,  
What passions in a parent's breast debate!  
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,  
And send him safe to Lycia, distant far  
From all the dangers and the toils of war,  
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,  
And fatten, with celestial blood, the field?"

Then thus the goddess with the radiant eyes.  
"What words are these, O sovereign of the skies!  
Short is the date prescribed to mortal man,  
Shall Jove for one extend the narrow span,  
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began?  
How many sons of gods, foredoom'd to death,  
'Before proud Ilion must resign their breath'  
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,  
And murmuring powers condemn their partial Jove  
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;  
And when the ascending soul has wing'd her flight,  
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,  
The breathless body to his native land.  
His friends and people, to his future praise,  
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,  
And lasting honours to his ashes give;  
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live."

She said the cloud-compeller, overcome,  
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom  
Then touch'd with grief, the weeping heavens distill'd  
A shower of blood o'er all the fatal field

<sup>3</sup> *The destinies ordain* — "In the mythology, also, of the Iliad, purely Pagan as it is, we discover one important truth unconsciously involved, which was almost entirely lost from view amidst the nearly equal scepticism and credulity of subsequent ages. Zeus or Jupiter is popularly to be taken as omnipotent. No distinct empire is assigned to fate or fortune, the will of the father of gods and men is absolute and uncontrollable. This seems to be the true character of the Homeric deity, and it is very necessary that the student of Greek literature should bear it constantly in mind. A strong instance in the Iliad itself to illustrate this position, is the passage where Jupiter laments to Juno the approaching death of Sarpedon. 'Alas me!' says he, 'since it is fated (*μοῖρα*) that Sarpedon, dearest to me of men, should be slain by Patroclus, the son of Menœtius! Indeed, my heart is divided within me while I ruminate it in my mind, whether having snatched him up from out of the lamentable battle, I should not at once place him alive in the fertile land of his own Lycia, or whether I should now destroy him by the hands of the son of Menœtius!' To which Juno answers, — 'Dost thou mean to rescue from death a mortal man, long since destined by fate (*πάσαι περπωμένοι*)? You may do it—but we, the rest of the gods, do not sanction it.' Here it is clear from both speakers, that, although Sarpedon is said to be fated to die, Jupiter might still, if he pleased, save him, and place him entirely out of the reach of any such event, and further, in the alternative, that Jupiter himself would destroy him by the hands of another."—Coleridge, p. 156, seq.

The god, his eyes averting from the plain,  
Laments his son, predestined to be slain,  
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native reign  
Now met in arms, the combatants appear,  
Each heaved the shield, and poised the lifted spear,  
From strong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,  
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed,  
The nerves unbraced no more his bulk sustain,  
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain  
Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw  
The first aloof with erring fury flew,  
The next transpierced Achilles' mortal steed,  
The generous Pedasus of Theban breed  
Fix'd in the shoulder's joint, he reel'd around,  
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slippery ground,  
His sudden fall the entangled harness broke,  
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook  
When bold Automedon, to disengage  
The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,  
Divides the traces with his sword, and freed  
The encumbered chariot from the dying steed.  
The rest move on, obedient to the rein  
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain  
The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance  
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,  
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,  
And spent in empty air its dying force  
Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart,  
Aim'd at his breast it pierced a mortal part,  
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart  
Then as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,  
Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral)  
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound  
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground,  
Thus fell the king, and laid on earth supine,  
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine  
He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,  
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore  
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,  
While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws  
The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood;  
Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow through the wood.  
Then to the leader of the Lycian band  
The dying chief address'd his last command;  
"Glaucus, be bold, thy task be first to dare  
The glorious dangers of destructive war,  
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,  
Incite the living, and supply the dead  
Tell them, I charged them with my latest breath  
Not unrevenged to bear Sarpedon's death.



What grief, what shame, must Glaucus undergo,  
 If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe !  
 Then as a friend, and as a warrior fight,  
 Defend my body, conquer in my right  
 That, taught by great examples, all may try  
 Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die "  
 He ceased, the Fates suppress'd his labouring breath,  
 And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death  
 The insulting victor with disdain bestrode  
 The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod,  
 Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,  
 The reeking fibres clinging to the dart,  
 From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood,  
 And the soul issued in the purple flood  
 His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain,  
 Unguided now, their mighty master slain.  
 All-impotent of aid, transfus'd with grief,  
 Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief  
 His painful arm, yet useless with the smart  
 Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,  
 Supported on his better hand he stay'd.  
 To Phœbus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd.

" All-seeing monarch ! whether Lycia's coast,  
 Or sacred Ilium, thy bright presence boast,  
 Powerful alike to ease the wretch's smart,  
 O hear me ! god of every healing art !  
 Lo ! stiff with clotted blood, and pierced with pain,  
 That thrills my arm, and shoots through every vein,  
 I stand unable to sustain the spear,  
 And sigh, at distance from the glorious war  
 Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,  
 Nor Jove vouchsafed his hapless offspring aid,  
 But thou, O god of health ! thy succour lend,  
 To guard the relics of my slaughter'd friend  
 For thou, though distant, canst restore my might,  
 To head my Lycians, and support the fight "

Apollo heard, and, suppliant as he stood,  
 His heavenly hand restrain'd the flux of blood,  
 He drew the dolours from the wounded part,  
 And breathed a spirit in his rising heart  
 Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,  
 And owns the assistance of immortal hands  
 First to the fight his native troops he waives,  
 Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms,  
 With ample strides he stalks from place to place,  
 Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas  
 Æneas next, and Hector he accosts,  
 Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts

" What thoughts, regardless chief ! thy breast employ ?  
 Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy !

Those generous friends, who, from their country far,  
 Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.  
 See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,  
 In action valiant, and in council wise,  
 Who guarded night, and kept his people free;  
 To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee!  
 Stretched by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,  
 O save from hostile rage his loved remains!  
 Ah! let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,  
 Nor on his corse revenge her heroes lost!"

He spoke—each leader in his grief partook:  
 Troy, at the loss through all her legions shook  
 Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown  
 At once his country's pillar, and their own;  
 A chief, who led to Troy's beleagu'rd wall  
 A host of heroes, and outlived them all  
 Fired, they rush on, first Hector seeks the foes,  
 And with superior vengeance cruelly glows.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands,  
 And rousing Ajax, roused the listening bands  
 "Heroes, be men, be what you were before,  
 Or weigh the great occasion, and be more  
 The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,  
 Lies pale in death, extended on the field  
 To guard his body Troy in numbers flies,  
 'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize  
 Hasten, strip his arms, the slaughter round him spread,  
 And send the living Lycians to the dead."

The heroes kindle at his fierce command;  
 The martial squadrons close on either hand  
 Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,  
 Thessalia there, and Greece, oppose their arms.  
 With horrid shouts they circle round the slain,  
 The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain  
 Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the fight,  
 O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night,  
 And round his son confounds the warring hosts,  
 His fate ennobling with a crowd of ghosts.

Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls,  
 Agacleus' son, from Budium's lofty walls;  
 Who chased for murder thence a suppliant came  
 To Peleus, and the silver-footed dame,  
 Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,  
 He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade  
 Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead,  
 A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head,  
 Hurl'd by Hectorean force it cleft in twain  
 His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the slain.

Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came,  
 And, like an eagle darting at his game,

Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band  
 What grief thy heart, what fury urged thy hand,  
 O generous Greek ! when with full vigour thrown,  
 At Sthenelaus flew the weighty stone,  
 Which sunk him to the dead when Troy, too near  
 That arm, drew back, and Hector learn'd to fear  
 Far as an able hand a lance can throw,  
 Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe,  
 So far the Trojans from their lines retired;  
 Till Glaucus, turning, all the rest inspired  
 Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,  
 The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age,  
 Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,  
 With stately seats, and riches blest in vain  
 Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue  
 The flying Lycians, Glaucus met and slew,  
 Pierced through the bosom with a sudden wound,  
 He fell, and falling made the fields resound  
 The Achæans sorrow for their heroes slain,  
 With conquering shouts the Trojans shake the plain,  
 And crowd to spoil the dead the Greeks oppose,  
 An iron circle round the carcase grows

Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,  
 Despatch'd by Merion to the shades of death  
 On Ida's holy hill he made abode,  
 The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his god  
 Between the jaw and ear the javelin went,  
 The soul, exhaling, issued at the vent  
 His spear Æneas at the victor threw,  
 Who stooping forward from the death withdrew;  
 The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his covering shield,  
 And trembling struck, and rooted in the field,  
 There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,  
 Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain  
 "Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)  
 And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,  
 My spear, the destined passage had it found,  
 Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground"

"O valiant leader of the Dardan host !  
 (Insulted Merion thus returns the boast)  
 Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,  
 An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust  
 And if to this my lance thy fate be given,  
 Vain are thy vaunts, success is still from heaven.  
 Thus, instant, sends thee down to Pluto's coast;  
 Mine is the glory, his thy pining ghost"

"O friend (Menœtius' son this answer gave)  
 With words to combat, ill befits the brave,  
 Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repel,  
 Your swords must plunge them to the shades of hell.

To speak, beseems the council , but to daie  
In glorious action, is the task of war "

This said, Patroclus to the battle flies ,  
Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise  
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors close ,  
And thick and heavy sounds the storm of blows  
As through the shilling vale, or mountain ground,  
The labours of the woodman's axe resound ,  
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,  
While crackling forests fall on every side  
Thus echoed all the fields with loud alarms,  
So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms

Now great Sarpedon on the sandy shore,  
His heavenly form defaced with dust and gore,  
And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed,  
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.  
His long-disputed corse the chiefs enclose,  
On every side the busy combat grows ,  
Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode  
(The pails high foaming with a milky flood)  
The buzzing flies, a persevering train,  
Incessant swain, and chased return again.

Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey,  
And eyes that flash'd intolerable day  
Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates  
(The vengeance due, and meditates the fates .  
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call  
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,  
This instant see his short-lived trophies won,  
And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd son ;  
Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight,  
Augment the fame and horror of the fight  
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise  
At length he dooms , and, that his last of days  
Shall set in glory, bids him drive the foe ,  
Nor unattended see the shades below

Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay ,  
He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away ,  
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline  
The scales of Jove, and pants' with awe divine

Then, not before, the hardy Lycians fled,  
And left their monarch with the common dead  
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall  
Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall  
(So Jove decreed !) At length the Greeks obtain  
The prize contested, and despoil the slain.  
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne ,  
Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn

Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,  
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling Jove .

"Descend, my Phœbus ! on the Phrygian plain,  
 - And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain,  
 Then bathe his body in the crystal flood,  
 With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood;  
 O'er all his limbs ambrosial odours shed,  
 And with celestial robes adorn the dead.  
 Those rites discharged, his sacred corse bequeath  
 To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death  
 They to his friends the immortal charge shall bear;  
 His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear.  
 What honour mortals after death receive,  
 Those unavailing honours we may give !"  
 Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,  
 Swift to the field precipitates his flight,  
 Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,



SLEEP AND DEATH CONVEYING THE BODY OF SARPEDON TO LICIA

Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simois' shore;  
 There bathed his honourable wounds, and dress'd  
 His manly members in the immortal vest,  
 And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews  
 Restores his freshness, and his form renews  
 Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,  
 Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,  
 Received Sarpedon, at the god's command,  
 And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land,  
 The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid,  
 Where endless honours wait the sacred shade  
 Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,  
 With foaming coursers, and with loosen'd reins  
 Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,

Ah blind to fate ! thy headlong fury flew  
Against what fate and powerful Jove ordain,  
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain .  
For he, the god, whose counsels uncontroll'd  
Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold ;  
The god who gives, resumes, and orders all,  
He urged thee on, and urged thee on to fall

Who first, brave hero ! by that aim was slain,  
Who last beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain ;  
When heaven itself thy fatal sin led.

And call'd to fill the number of the dead ?  
Adrestus first, Autonous then succeeds,  
Echeclus follows, next young Megas bleeds ;  
Epistor, Melanippus, bite the ground,  
The slaughter, Elusus and Mulus crown'd  
Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night,

The rest, dispersing, trust their fates to flight  
Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless power,  
But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tower  
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook, <sup>4</sup>  
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo shook,  
He tried the fourth ; when, bursting from the cloud,  
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud .

"Patroclus ! cease, this heaven-defended wall  
Defies thy lance, not fated yet to fall,  
Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand,  
Troy shall not stoop even to Achilles' hand "

So spoke the god who darts celestial fires,  
The Greek obeys him and with awe retires  
While Hector, checking at the Scæan gates  
His panting coursers, in his breast debates,  
Or in the field his forces to employ,  
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy  
Thus while he thought, beside him Phœbus stood,  
In Asius' shape, who reigned by Sangar's flood,  
(Thy brother, Hecuba ! from Dymas sprung,  
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young,)  
Thus he accosts him "What a shameful sight !  
God ! is it Hector that forbears the fight ?  
Were thine my vigour this successful spear  
Should soon convince thee of so false a fear  
Turn thee, ah turn thee to the field of fame,

<sup>4</sup> *Thrice at the battlements* "The art military of the Homeric age is upon a scale which the state of navigation just described personal prowess decided every thing the right attack and the ambuscade, although much esteemed were never upon a large scale The chief of the in advance, and enact almost as much as the knights of romance The siege of Troy was a little like a modern siege as a capture in the guards is like Achilles The city was not surrounded by a ditch or any other line or work round the town, and the wall itself was accessible without a ladder It was probably a vast mound of earth with a declivity outwardly Patroclus therefore mounts it in armour The Trojans are in no respects blockaded and receive no aid from their allies to the very end"—Coleridge, p. 212

And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.  
 Perhaps Apollo shall thy aims succeed,  
 And heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed ;  
 So spoke the inspiring god ; then took his flight,  
 And plunged amidst the tumult of the fight  
 He bids Cebriou drive the rapid car ;  
 The lash resounds, the couriers rush to war  
 The god the Grecians' sinking souls depress'd,  
 And pour'd swift spirits through each Trojan breast  
 Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight ,  
 A spear his left, a stone employs his right :  
 With all his nerves he drives it at the foe :  
 Pointed above, and rough and gross below .  
 The falling ruin crush'd Cebriou's head,  
 The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed ;  
 His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound :  
 The bursting balls drop sightless to the ground.  
 The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,  
 Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.  
 To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides,  
 While the proud victor thus his fall derides

“ Good heaven ! what active feats yon artist shows !  
 What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes !  
 Mark with what ease they sink into the sand !  
 Pity that all their practice is by land ! ”

Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,  
 To spoil the carcase fierce Patroclus flies .  
 Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,  
 That sweeps the field, depopulates the fold ;  
 Pierced through the dauntless heart, then tumbles slain,  
 And from his fatal courage finds his bane.  
 At once bold Hector leaping from his car,  
 Defends the body, and provokes the war  
 Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,  
 Two lordly rulers of the wood engage ,  
 Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,  
 And echoing roars rebellow through the shades.  
 Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,  
 And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead  
 While all around, confusion, rage, and flight,  
 Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight  
 So pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud  
 In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood ;  
 Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,  
 The broad oaks crackle, and the Sylvans groan ;  
 This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,  
 And the whole forest in one crash descends  
 Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,  
 In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage  
 Darts shower'd on darts, now round the carcase ring ;

Now flights of arrows bounding from the string  
Stones follow stones ; some clatter on the fields  
Some hard, and heavy, shake the sounding shields  
But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,  
Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,  
And, stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins !

Now flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven  
His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven,  
While on each host with equal tempests fell  
The showering darts, and numbers sank to hell  
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,  
Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.  
Then from amidst the tumult and alarms,  
They draw the conquer'd corse and radiant arms  
Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,  
And breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes  
Thrice on the press like Mars himself he flew,  
And thrice three heroes at each onset slew.  
There ends thy glory ! there the Fates untwine  
The last black remnant of so bright a line  
Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way ;  
Death calls, and heaven allows no longer day !

For lo ! the god in dusky clouds enshrined,  
Approaching dealt a staggering blow behind  
The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel ;  
His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel  
In giddy darkness far to distance flung,  
His bounding helmet on the campaign rung  
Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore,  
That plume which never stoop'd to earth before ;  
Long used, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,  
And shade the temples of the mad divine  
Joyc dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod ;  
Not long—for fate pursues him, and the god

His spear in shivers falls, his ample shield  
Drops from his arm his baldric strows the field.  
The corslet his astonish'd breast forsakes  
Loose is each joint, each nerve with horror shakes,  
Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands  
Such is the force of more than mortal hands !

A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,  
From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name ;  
Famed for the manage of the foaming horse,  
Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course.  
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,  
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war  
His venturesous spear first drew the hero's gore,  
He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more  
Nor, though disarm'd, Patroclus fury stood.  
But swift withdrew the long-protended wood



And turn'd him short, and herded in the crowd  
 Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,  
 Wounded, at once, Patroclus yields to fear,  
 Retires for succour to his social train,  
 And flies the fate, which heaven decreed, in vain  
 Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,  
 Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursues  
 The lance arrests him with a mortal wound,  
 He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound -  
 With him all Greece was sunk, that moment all  
 Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall  
 So, scorch'd with heat, along the desert score,  
 The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,  
 Fast by the spring, they both dispute the flood,  
 With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood;  
 At length the sovereign savage wins the strife,  
 And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life  
 Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,  
 So many lives effused, expires his own  
 As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,  
 He sternly views him, and triumphant cries

"Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy  
 Thy pride once promised, of subverting Troy,  
 The fancied scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,  
 And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames  
 Unthinking man! I fought those towers to free,  
 And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee.  
 But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made,  
 Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid,  
 Though much at parting that great chief might say,  
 And much enjoin thee, this important day."

'Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he said),  
 Without the bloody arms of Hector dead'  
 He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped

Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies,  
 With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies

"Vain boaster! cease, and know the powers divine!  
 Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine,  
 To heaven is owed what'er you own you call,  
 And heaven itself disarm'd me ere my fall  
 Had twenty mortals each thy match in might,  
 Opposed me fairly, they had sunk in fight  
 By fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,  
 Euphorbus next, the third man part thy own  
 But thou, imperious! hear my latest breath,  
 The gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death  
 Insulting man, thou shalt be soon as I,  
 Black fate o'erhangs thee, and thy hour draws nigh;  
 Even now on life's last verge I see thee stand,  
 I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand"

He faints . the soul unwilling wings her way,  
(The beautiful body left a load of clay)  
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast ,  
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost !

Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed  
On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead  
" From whence this boding speech, the stern decree  
Of death denounced, or why denounced to me ?  
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given  
To Hector's lance ? Who knows the will of heaven ? "

Pensive he said , then pressing as he lay  
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away ;  
And upwards cast the corse the reeking spear  
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer  
But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins  
Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,  
Far from his rage the immortal coursers drove ,  
The immortal coursers were the gift of Jove



ÆSCULAPIUS.

## BOOK XVII.

### ARGUMENT

THE SEVENTH BATTLE, FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS —THE ACTS OF MENELAÛS

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy Euphorbus, who attempts it, 'is slain Hector advancing, Menelaüs retires, but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off This, Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them Æneas sustains the Trojans Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion Menelaüs sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus death then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaces, bear off the body to the ships

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day The scene lies in the fields before Troy

ON the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,  
Lies pierced with wounds among the vulgar dead.  
Great Menelaus, touch'd with generous woe,  
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe  
Thus round her new-fallen young the heifer moves,  
Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves,  
And anxious (helpless as he lies, and bare)  
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care,  
Opposed to each that near the carcase came,  
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame.

The son of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send,  
Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend  
"This hand, Atides, laid Patroclus low,  
Warrior! desist, nor tempt an equal blow  
To me the spoils my prowess won, resign  
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine"

The Trojan thus the Spartan monarch bind  
With generous anguish, and in scorn return'd.

"Laugh'st thou not, Jove ! from thy superior throne,  
 When mortals boast of prowess not their own ?  
 Not thus the lion glories in his might,  
 Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight,  
 Nor thus the boar (those terrors of the plain,)  
 Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain  
 But far the vainest of the boastful kind,  
 These sons of Panthus vent then haughty mind  
 Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conquering steel  
 This boaster's brother, Hyperenor, fell,  
 Against our arm which rashly he defied,  
 Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride  
 These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,  
 No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his sue  
 Presumptuous youth ! like him shall be thy doom,  
 Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom,  
 Or, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate,  
 Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late "

Unmoved, Euphorbus thus "That action known,  
 Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own  
 His weeping father claims thy destined head,  
 And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed  
 On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,  
 To soothe a consort's and a parent's woe  
 No longer then defer the glorious strife,  
 Let heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life "

Swift as the word the missile lance he flings,  
 The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,  
 But blunted by the brass, innoxious falls  
 On Jove the father great Atrides calls,  
 Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,  
 It pierced his throat, and bent him to the plain,  
 Wide through the neck appears the grisly wound,  
 Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound  
 The shining circlets of his golden hair,  
 Which even the Graces might be proud to wear,  
 Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore,  
 With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore

As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,  
 Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,  
 Lifts the gay head, in snowy flowerets fair,  
 And plays and dances to the gentle air,  
 When lo ! a whirlwind from high heaven invades  
 The tender plant, and withers all its shades,  
 It lies uprooted from its genial bed,  
 A lovely ruin now defaced and dead  
 Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,  
 While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away  
 Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,  
 Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies

While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls ?  
 Even where he died for Troy, you left him there,  
 A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air  
 On my command if any Lycian wait,  
 Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.  
 Did such a spirit as the gods impart  
 Impel one Trojan hand or Trojan heart,  
 (Such as should burn in every soul that draws  
 The sword for glory, and his country's cause)  
 Even yet our mutual arms we might employ,  
 And drag yon carcase to the walls of Troy  
 Oh ! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain  
 Sarpedon's arms and honour'd corse again !  
 Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,  
 And thus due honours purchased to his shade.  
 But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,  
 And Hector trembles and recedes with fear ;  
 Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye ,  
 And lo ! already thou prepar'st to fly "

The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment eyed  
 The Lycian leader, and sedate replied

" Say, is it just, my friend, that Hector's ear  
 From such a warrior such a speech should hear ?  
 I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,  
 But ill this insult suits a prudent mind  
 I shun great Ajax ? I desert my train ?  
 'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain ;  
 I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,  
 And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds  
 But Jove's high will is ever uncontroll'd,  
 The strong he withers, and confounds the bold ,  
 Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now  
 Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow !  
 Come, through yon squadrons let us hew the way,  
 And thou be witness, if I fear to-day ,  
 If yet a Greek the sight of Hector dread,  
 Or yet their hero dare defend the dead."

Then turning to the martial hosts, he cries  
 " Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies !  
 Be men, my friends, in action as in name,  
 And yet be mindful of your ancient fame  
 Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,  
 Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine "

He strode along the field, as thus he said  
 (The sable plumage nodded o'er his head )  
 Swift through the spacious plain he sent a look ,  
 One instant saw, one instant overtook  
 The distant band, that on the sandy shore  
 The radiant spoils to sacred Ilium bore  
 There his own mail unbraced the field bestow'd

He hale to Troy & wey'd the heaviest load  
 Now borne, in the immortal annals stands,  
 Pleas'd and proud prize of celestial hands,  
 Heaved Pelides to Achilles given,  
 As a reward to be the coast of heaven:  
 He thenceforth for ever of Achilles' wars,  
 Both in the field and in his fathers' veils  
 To see, present in triumph glittering from afar.  
 He sat in the thunder under the troubled air  
 Pelted with pelts, as apart he sat.  
 Achilles rose, but'd through all the scene of fate  
 His sword, the steel luminous of his head,  
 Obscured, and the godhead and;  
 "Thou wast but I man! unarm'd of thy end"  
 A mortal's place, and what fate attend'  
 In heaven's people annals bright  
 Thou shalt see, and art's tremble at thy sight.  
 As yet Achilles said 'neath thy dot  
 I shall be the great Achilles' never put  
 Thou from the earth's end those arms hast torn,  
 Which to the greatest of mankind had worn  
 Yet here I prize thee one illustrious day,  
 A hero of glory ere thou fallest away  
 For shall no more Atreus' house shall come  
 With joyful tears to welcome Hector home,  
 Nor mine own, with ending arms.  
 In on the road I shall embrace Pelides arms'  
 Then with his side how he gave the nod  
 That seal'd his word, the sanction of the god  
 The tubburn arms (by Jove's command disposed)  
 Confer'd spontaneous, and around him closed  
 I slid with the god, and his members grew,  
 Through all his veins, a sudden vigour flew,  
 The blood in his arteries began to roll,  
 And his limbs came rushing on his soul  
 Exhorting loud through all the field he strode,  
 And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a god.  
 Now Menelaus, Glaucus, Medon, he inspires,  
 Now Phoebeus, Chromius, and Hippothous fires,  
 The great Thersilochus like fury found,  
 Ascripous kindled at the sound.  
 And Ennomus, in angury renown'd

"Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands  
 Of neighbouring nations, or of distant lands'  
 'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,  
 To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war  
 Ye came to fight, a valiant foe to chase,  
 To save our present, and our future race.  
 For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy,  
 And glean the relics of exhausted Troy

Now then, to conquer or to die prepare ;  
 To die or conquer are the terms of war  
 Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain,  
 Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,  
 With Hector's self shall equal honours claim ;  
 With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame "

Fired by his words, the troops dismiss then fears,  
 They join, they thicken, they protend their spears ;  
 Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,  
 And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey  
 Vain hope ! what numbers shall the field o'erspread,  
 What victims perish round the mighty dead !

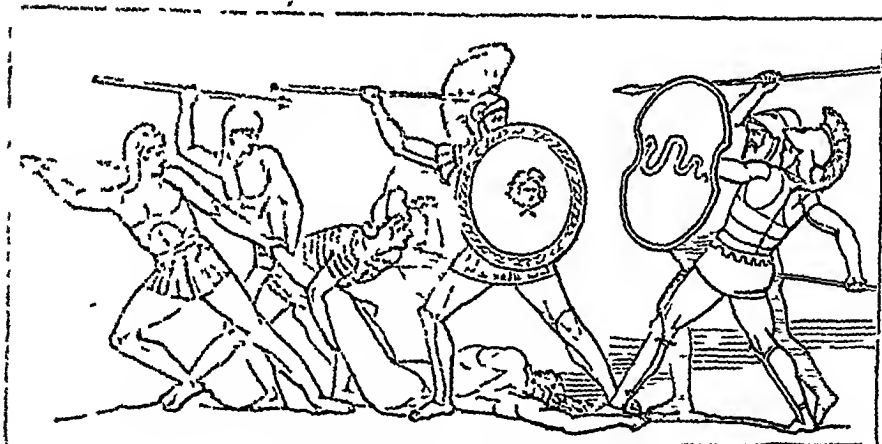
Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far,  
 And thus bespoke his brother of the war  
 " Our fatal day, alas ! is come, my friend ;  
 And all our wars and glories at an end !  
 'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,  
 Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain ;  
 We too must yield the same sad fate must fall  
 On thee, on me, perhaps, my friend, on all  
 See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,  
 And lo ! it bursts, it thunders on our heads !  
 Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,  
 The bravest Greeks this hour demands them all."

The warrior raised his voice, and wide around  
 The field re-echoed the distressful sound  
 " O chiefs ! O princes, to whose hand is given  
 The rule of men, whose glory is from heaven !  
 Whom with due honours both Atreides grace  
 Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race !  
 All, whom this well-known voice shall reach from far,  
 All, whom I see not through this cloud of war,  
 Come all ! let generous rage your arms employ,  
 And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy "

Oilcan Ajax first the voice obey'd,  
 Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid  
 Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,  
 And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.  
 The long-succeeding numbers who can name ?  
 But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame  
 Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng,  
 Whole Troy embodied rush'd with shouts along  
 Thus, when a mountain billow foams and raves,  
 Where some swollen river disembogues his waves,  
 Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,  
 The bounding ocean works from side to side,  
 The river trembles to his utmost shore,  
 And distant rocks re-bellow to the roar

Nor less resolved, the firm Achaean band  
 With brazen shields in horrid circle stand

Love, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,  
 Conceals the warriors' shining helms in night.  
 To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend  
 Had lived not hateful for he lived a friend  
 Dead he protects him with superior care  
 Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air  
 The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain,  
 Repulsed, they yield, the Trojans seize the slain :  
 Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on  
 By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon.  
 (Ajax to Peleus son the second name,  
 In graceful statue next, and next in fame)  
 With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore,  
 So through the thicket bursts the mountain boar,  
 And rudely scatters, for a distance round,  
 The flighted hunter and the baying hound  
 The son of Lethus, brave Pelasgus' hen,  
 Hippothous, dragg'd the carcase through the war,



FIGHT FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS

The sinewy ankles boied, the feet he bound  
 With thongs inserted through the double wound  
 Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed ;  
 Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed,  
 It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain,  
 The shatter'd crest and horse-hair strow the plain.  
 With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground  
 The brain comes gushing through the ghastly wound :  
 He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread,  
 Now lies a sad companion of the dead  
 Far from Larissa lies, his native air,  
 And ill requites his parents' tender care  
 Lamented youth ! in life's first bloom he fell,



Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell  
 Once more at Ajax Hector's javelin flies,  
 The Grecian marking, as it cut the skies,  
 Shunn'd the descending death, which hissing on,  
 Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphitus' son,  
 Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind  
 The boldest warrior and the noblest mind  
 In little Panopæ, for strength renown'd,  
 He held his seat, and ruled the realms around  
 Plunged in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,  
 And deep transpiercing through the shoulder stood,  
 In clanging arms the hero fell and all  
 The fields resounded with his weighty fall.

Phorcys, as slain Hippothous he defends,  
 The Telamonian lance his belly rends,  
 The hollow armour burst before the stroke,  
 And through the wound the rushing entrails broke:  
 In strong convulsions panting on the sands  
 He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands

Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train  
 The shouting Argives stimp the heroes slain  
 And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,  
 Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field,  
 Greece, in her native fortitude elate,  
 With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate  
 But Phœbus urged Æneas to the fight,  
 He seem'd like aged Periphas to sight  
 (A herald in Anchises' love grown old,  
 Revered for prudence, and with prudence bold)

Thus he—"What methods yet, O chief! remain,  
 To save your Troy, though heaven its fall ordain?  
 There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,  
 By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,  
 Have forced the powers to spare a sinking state,  
 And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate  
 But you, when fortune smiles, when Jove declares  
 His partial favour, and assists your wars,  
 Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,  
 And force the unwilling god to ruin Troy"

Æneas through the form assumed describes  
 The power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries  
 "Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey,  
 We seek our ramparts, and desert the day  
 A god, nor is he less, my bosom warms,  
 And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms"

He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew  
 The bold example all his hosts pursue.  
 Then, first, Leocritus beneath him bled,  
 In vain beloved by valiant Lycomedes,  
 Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance,  
 Swift to revenge it sent his angry lance,



As when a slaughter'd bull's yet reek'd with blood,  
Strain'd with full force, and supple'd from the ground,  
The brawny curbs are rent, and all the while  
The extended surface, drench'd with blood,  
So turn, and round the corse with arms and feet  
The mangled body hath, down to the ground;  
While Greeks and Trojans, all the while,  
Now to the ships to bear it, now to the shore  
Not Pallas' will, but his own, hearkens to war,  
Nor he whose power is over the world in air,  
Could blame this scene: such is the fate of war,  
Such, Jove to honor it, decreed and did.

Achilles in his ship at this time lies,  
Nor knew the sad fortune of the day;  
He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,  
In dust extended under Hector's wall,  
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,  
And for his wish'd return prepares in vain;  
Though well he knew, to make proud Hector bleed,  
Was more than he even had destin'd to his friend  
Perhaps to him, this Thetis had reveal'd,  
The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,  
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled.  
"Cursed be the man (even prize Greeks would say)  
Who dares desert this well-disputed day!  
First may the cleaving earth before our eyes  
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice;  
First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast  
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost!"

Thus they, while with one voice the Trojans said,  
"Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!"  
Then clash their sounding arms; the clangor rises,  
And shake the brazen concave of the skies.

Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,  
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood.  
Their godlike master slain before their eyes,  
They wept, and shared in human miseries.

*They wept*

"First by the margin, and the margin stood  
And, sunk in sorrow, hanc his golden head,  
He stands, and careless of his golden hair,  
Weeps his associates and his master dead."

"Nothing is heard upon the mountain's brow,  
But pensive herds that for their master how,  
Straggling and comfortless about their fold,  
Unmindful of their pasture and their fold."

"To close the pomp, I then the weed of war,  
Is led the funeral of his lord to war,  
Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace  
He walks, and the big tears roll down his face."

*Pride's Virg. l. 12*



Alas ! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields  
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields "

" In happy time (the charioteer replies)  
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes ,  
No Greek like him the heavenly steeds restrains,  
Or holds their fury in suspended reins .  
Patroclus, while he lived, their rage could tame,  
But now Patroclus is an empty name !  
To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign  
The ruling charge the task of fight be mine "

He said Alcimedon, with active heat,  
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.  
His friend descends The chief of Troy descried,  
And call'd Æneas fighting near his side  
" Lo, to my sight, beyond our hope restored,  
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord !  
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,  
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through the fight  
Can such opponents stand when we assail ?  
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail "

The son of Venus to the counsel yields ,  
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields  
With brass refulgent the broad surface shined,  
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lined.  
Them Chromius follows, Arctus succeeds ;  
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds  
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,  
In vain advance ! not fated to return

Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,  
Implores the Eternal, and collects his might  
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind  
" Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind !  
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,  
For hard the fight, determined is the foe ,  
'Tis Hector comes and when he seeks the prize,  
War knows no mean , he wins it or he dies "

Then through the field he sends his voice aloud,  
And calls the Ajaces from the warring crowd,  
With great Atrides " Hither turn, (he said,)  
Turn where distress demands immediate aid ,  
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,  
And save the living from a fiercer foe  
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage  
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage  
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove  
Is only mine the event belongs to Jove "

He spoke, and high the sounding javelin flung,  
Which pass'd the shield of Aietus the young  
It pierced his belt, emboss'd with curious art,  
Then in the lower belly struck the dart.

As when a ponderous axe, descending full,  
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull <sup>3</sup>  
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound,  
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground  
Thus fell the youth, the air his soul received,  
And the spear trembled as his entrails heaved.

Now at Automedon the Trojan foe  
Discharged his lance; the meditated blow,  
Stooping, he shunn'd, the javelin idly fled,  
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head,  
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful spear  
In long vibrations spent its fury there  
With clashing falchions now the chiefs had closed,  
But each brave Ajax heard, and interposed,  
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,  
But left then slain companion in his blood  
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,  
"Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice  
Thus have I soothed my griefs, and thus have paid,  
Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade"

So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,  
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore,  
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,  
And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung

And now Minerva from the realms of air  
Descends impetuous, and renews the war,  
For, pleased at length the Grecian arms to aid  
The lord of thunders sent the blue-eyed maid.  
As when high Jove denouncing future woe,  
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,  
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,  
Or from the rage of man, destructive war,)  
The drooping cattle dread the impending skies,  
And from his half-till'd field the labourer flies  
In such a form the goddess round her diew  
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew  
Assuming Phœnix' shape on earth she falls,  
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls  
"And lies Achilles' friend, beloved by all,  
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall"  
What shame to Greece for future times to tell,  
To thee the greatest in whose cause he fell!"  
"O chief, O father!" (Atreus' son replies)  
O full of days! by long experience wise!  
What more desires my soul, than here unmoved  
To guard the body of the man I loved?

<sup>3</sup> *Some brawny bull*

"Like to a bull, that with impetuous spring  
Darts, at the moment when the fatal blow  
Hath struck him, but unable to proceed  
Plunges on either side"—Carey's Dante Hell, c. xii

Ah, would Minerva send me strength to rear  
This wearied arm, and ward the storm of war !  
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,  
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head !

Pleased to be first of all the powers address'd,  
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,  
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despite,  
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight  
So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er),  
Repulsed in vain, and thursty still of gore,  
(Bold son of air and heat) on angry wings  
Untamed, untired, he turns, attacks, and stings.  
Fired with like ardour fierce Atreides slew,  
And sent his soul with every lance he threw.

There stood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,  
Action's son, and Podes was his name  
With riches honour'd, and with courage bless'd,  
By Hector loved, his comrade, and his guest,  
Through his broad belt the spear a passage found,  
And, ponderous as he falls, his arms resound  
Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,  
Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the god ;  
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign  
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main)

"Oh prince ! (he cried) Oh foremost once in fame !  
What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name ?  
Dost thou at length to Menelaus yield,  
A chief once thought no terror of the field ?  
Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize  
He bears victorious, while our army flies .  
By the same arm illustrious Podes bled,  
The friend of Hector, unrevenged, is dead !"  
Thus heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,  
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

But now the Eternal shook his sable shield,  
That shaded Ido and all the subject field  
Beneath its ample verge A rolling cloud  
Involved the mount, the thunder roar'd aloud,  
The affrighted hills from their foundations nod,  
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the god  
At one regard of his all-seeing eye

The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly

Then trembled Greece the flight Peneleus led ;  
For as the brave Boeotian turn'd his head  
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,  
And razed his shoulder with a shorten'd spear  
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,  
Pierced through the wrist, and raging with the pain,  
Grasps his once formidable lance in vain

As Hector follow'd, Idomen address'd

The flaming javelin to his manly breast,  
 The brittle point before his corslet yields;  
 Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:  
 High on his chariots the Cretan stood,  
 The son of Priam whirl'd the massive wood  
 But erring from its aim, the impetuous spear  
 Struck to the dust the squire and charoteer  
 Of martial Merion Cœranus his name,  
 Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame  
 On foot bold Merion fought; and now laid low,  
 Had giaced the triumphs of his Trojan foe,  
 But the brave squire the ready coursers brought,  
 And with his life his master's safety bought  
 Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,  
 The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent  
 Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain,  
 His dying hand forgets the falling rein  
 This Merion reaches, bending from the car,  
 And urges to desert the hopeless war  
 Idomeneus consents, the lash applies,  
 And the swift chariot to the navy flies

Not Ajax less the will of heaven descried,  
 And conquest shifting to the Trojan side,  
 Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,  
 To Atreus's seed, the godlike Telamon

"Alas! who sees not Jove's almighty hand  
 Transfers the glory to the Trojan band?  
 Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,  
 He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart  
 Not so our spears, incessant though they run,  
 He suffers every lance to fall in vain  
 Deserted of the god, yet let us try  
 What human strength and prudence can supply,  
 If yet this honour'd corpse, in triumph borne,  
 May glad the fleets that hope not our return,  
 Who tremble yet, scarce rescued from their fates,  
 And still hear Hector thundering at their gates  
 Some hero too must be despatch'd to bear  
 The mournful message to Pelides' ear,  
 For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,  
 His friend, his loved Patroclus, is no more  
 But such a chief I spy not through the host  
 The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost  
 In general darkness——Lord of earth and air!  
 Oh king! Oh father! hear my humble prayer  
 Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore;  
 Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more  
 If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,  
 But let us perish in the face of day!"

With tears the hero spoke, and at his prayer



The god relenting clear'd the clouded air ;  
 Forth burst the sun with all-enlightening ray ;  
 The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.  
 "Now, now, Atrides ! cast around thy sight ;  
 If yet Antilochus survives the fight,  
 Let him to great Achilles' ear convey  
 The fatal news"—Atrides hastes away.

So turns the lion from the nightly fold,  
 Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,  
 Long gall'd by herdsman, and long vex'd by hounds,  
 Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds ;  
 The darts fly round him from a hundred hands,  
 And the red terrors of the blazing brands :  
 Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day  
 Sour he departs, and quits the untasted prey,  
 So moved Atrides from his dangerous place  
 With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace ,  
 The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,  
 And much admonish'd, much adjured his train .

"O guard these relics to your charge consign'd,  
 And bear the merits of the dead in mind ;  
 How skill'd he was in each obliging art ;  
 The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart .  
 He was, alas ! but fate decreed his end,  
 In death a hero, as in life a friend !"

So parts the chief, from rank to rank he flew,  
 And round on all sides sent his piercing view  
 As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye  
 Of all that wings the mid aerial sky,  
 The sacred eagle, from his walks above  
 Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move ;  
 Then stoops, and sousing on the quivering hare,  
 Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.  
 Not with less quickness, his exerted sight  
 Pass'd this and that way, through the ranks of fight  
 Till on the left the chief he sought, he found,  
 Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around .

To him the king "Beloved of Jove ! draw near,  
 For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear ;  
 Thy eyes have witness'd what a fatal turn !  
 How Ilion triumphs, and the Achæans mourn  
 This is not all Patroclus, on the shore  
 Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.  
 Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell  
 The sad Achilles, how his loved-one fell  
 He too may haste the naked corse to gain  
 The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain "

The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,  
 From his fair eyes the tears began to flow  
 Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say

What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.  
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,  
Who, near him wheeling, drove his steeds along,  
Then ran the mournful message to impart,  
With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.

Swift fled the youth nor Menelaus stands  
(Though sore distress'd) to aid the Pylia bands,  
But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain,  
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain

"Gone is Antilochus (the hero said);  
But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid.  
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,  
Unarm'd, he fights not with the Trojan foe.  
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,  
'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain,  
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate  
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate"

"'Tis well (said Ajax), be it then thy care,  
With Merion's aid, the weighty corse to rear;  
Myself, and my bold brother will sustain  
The shock of Hector and his charging train.  
Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side,  
What Troy can dare, we have already tried,  
Have tried it, and have stood." The hero said  
High from the ground the warriors heave the dead  
A general clamour rises at the sight.  
Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.  
Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,  
With rage insatiate, and with thirst of blood,  
Voracious hounds, that many a length before  
Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar,  
But if the savage turns his glaring eye,  
They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.  
Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,  
Wave their thick falchions, and their javelins shower  
But Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,  
All pale they tremble and forsake the field

While thus aloft the hero's corse they bear,  
Behind them rages all the storm of war  
Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng  
Of men, steeds, chariots, urged the rout along  
Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire  
To whelm some city under waves of fire,  
Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes,  
Now crack the blazing temples of the gods,  
The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,  
And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles  
The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load.  
As when two mules, along the rugged road,  
From the steep mountain with exerted strength

Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length,  
 Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distil,  
 The enormous timber lumbering down the hill:  
 So these—Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands,  
 And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands  
 Thus when a river swell'd with sudden rains  
 Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,  
 Some interposing hill the stream divides,  
 And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides  
 Still close they follow, close the rear engage,  
 Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage  
 While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,  
 Wedged in one body, like a flight of cranes,  
 That shriek incessant, while the falcon, hung  
 High on poised pinions, threatens their callow young  
 So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,  
 Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry  
 Within, without the trench, and all the way,  
 Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;  
 Such horror Jove impress'd ' yet still proceeds  
 The work of death, and still the battle bleeds



VULCAN FROM AN ANTIQUE GEM

## BOOK XVIII.

### ARGUMENT

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES, AND HIS ARMOUR MADE HIM BY VULCAN

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to show himself at the head of the intrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortunes of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and, lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book, the scene is at Achilles' tent on the sea shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

THUS like the rage of fire the combat burns,<sup>1</sup>  
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.  
Meanwhile, where Hellespont's broad waters flow,  
Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe  
There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails,  
On hoisted yards extended to the gales,  
Pensive he sat, for all that fate design'd  
Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind  
Thus to his soul he said "Ah! what constrains  
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?  
Is this the day, which heaven so long ago  
Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe?  
(So Thetis warn'd,) when by a Trojan hand  
The bravest of the Myrmidonian band  
Should lose the light! Fulfilled is that decree,  
Fallen is the warrior, and Patroclus he!  
In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,  
And warn'd to shun Hectorean force in vain!"

<sup>1</sup> This is connected with the earlier part of last book, the regular narrative being interrupted by the message of Antilochus and the lamentations of Achilles.

Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,  
And tells the melancholy tale with tears  
"Sad tidings, son of Peleus ! thou must hear ;  
And wretched I, the unwilling messenger !  
Dead is Patroclus ! For his corse they fight ;  
His naked corse his arms are Hector's right."

A sudden horror shot through all the chief,  
And wrapp'd his senses in the cloud of grief,  
Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread  
The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head,  
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,  
Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears ;  
On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,  
And roll'd and grovelling, as to earth he grew  
The virgin captives, with disorder'd chains,  
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' aims,)  
Rush'd from their tents with cries, and gathering round.  
Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground  
While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,  
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart ;  
Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic woe,  
And oft prevents the meditated blow

Far in the deep abysses of the main,<sup>a</sup>  
With hoary Nereus, and the watery train,  
The mother-goddess from her crystal throne  
Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.  
The circling Nereids with their mistress weep,  
And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.  
Thalia, Glaucè (every watery name),  
Nesæa mild, and silver Spio came  
Cymothoe and Cymodocè were nigh,  
And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye  
Their locks Actæa and Limnonia rear,  
Then Proto, Doris, Panopè appear,  
Thoa, Pheusa, Doto, Melita,  
Agavè gentle, and Amphithoe gay  
Next Calhanua, Callianassa show  
Their sister looks ; Dexamenè the slow,  
And swift Dynamenè, now cut the tides.  
Iæra now the verdant wave divides  
Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head,  
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed,  
These Orythia, Clymenè, attend,  
Mæra, Amphinomè, the train extend ;  
And black Janna, and Janassa fair,  
And Amatheia with her amber hair  
All these, and all that deep in ocean held  
Their sacred seats, the glimmering grotto fill'd ;

<sup>a</sup> *Far in the deep* So Oceanus hears the lamentations of Prometheus, in the play of Æschylus, and comes from the depths of the sea to comfort him.

Each beat her ivory breast with silent woe,  
 Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow  
 "Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main !  
 How just a cause has Thetis to complain !  
 How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate !  
 How more than wretched in the immortal state !  
 Sprung from my bed a godlike hero came,  
 The bravest far that ever bore the name ,  
 Like some fair olive, by my careful hand  
 He grew, he flourish'd and adorn'd the land  
 To Troy I sent him but the fates ordain  
 He never, never must return again  
 So short a space the light of heaven to view,  
 So short, alas ! and fill'd with anguish too !  
 Hear how his sorrows echo through the shore !  
 I cannot ease them, but I must deplore ;  
 I go at least to bear a tender part,  
 And mourn my loved-one with a mother's heart."

She said, and left the caveins of the main,  
 All bathed in tears , the melancholy train  
 Attend her way Wide-opening part the tides,  
 While the long pomp the silver wave divides  
 Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land ,  
 Then, two by two, ascended up the strand  
 The immortal mother, standing close beside  
 Her mournful offspring, to his sighs replied ,  
 Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,  
 And thus the silver-footed dame began

"Why mourns my son ? thy late prefer'd request  
 The god has granted, and the Greeks distress'd .  
 Why mourns my son ? thy anguish let me share,  
 Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care "

He, deeply groaning—"To this cureless grief,  
 Not even the Thunderer's favour brings relief  
 Patroclus—Ah !—say, goddess, can I boast  
 A pleasure now ? revenge itself is lost ,  
 Patroclus, loved of all my martial train,  
 Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain !  
 Lost are those arms the gods themselves bestow'd  
 On Peleus , Hector bears the glorious load  
 Cursed be that day, when all the powers above  
 Thy charms submitted to a mortal love  
 O hadst thou still, a sister of the main,  
 Pursued the pleasures of the watery reign  
 And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led  
 A mortal beauty to his equal bed !  
 Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb  
 Had caused such sorrows past, and woes to come  
 For soon, alas ! that wretched offspring slain,  
 New woes, new sorrows, shall create again

'Tis not in fate the alternate now to give ;  
 Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.  
 Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,  
 Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart ;  
 On these conditions will I breathe 'till then,  
 I blush to walk among the race of men."

A flood of tears, at this, the goddess shed :  
 "Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead !  
 When Hector falls, thou diest"—"Let Hector die,  
 And let me fall ! (Achilles made reply)  
 Far lies Patroclus from his native plain !  
 He fell, and falling, wish'd my aid in vain.  
 Ah then, since from this miserable day  
 I cast all hope of my return away ;  
 Since, unrevenged, a hundred ghosts demand  
 The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand ,  
 Since here for brutal courage far renown'd,  
 I live an idle burden to the ground,  
 (Others in council famed for nobler skill,  
 More useful to preserve, than I to kill,)  
 Let me—But oh ! ye gracious powers above !  
 Wrath and revenge from men and gods remove .  
 Far, far too dear to every mortal breast,  
 Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste .  
 Gathering like vapours of a noxious kind  
 From fiery blood, and darkening all the mind.  
 Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate ;  
 'Tis past—I quell it , I resign to fate.  
 Yes—I will meet the murderer of my friend ;  
 Or (if the gods ordain it) meet my end  
 The stroke of fate the strongest cannot shun .  
 The great Alcides, Jove's unequal'd son,  
 To Juno's hate, at length resign'd his breath,  
 And sunk the victim of all-conquering death  
 So shall Achilles fall ! stretch'd pale and dead,  
 No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread !  
 Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,  
 And reap what glory life's short harvest yields  
 Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear  
 With frantic hands her long dishevell'd hair ?  
 Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,  
 And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes ?  
 Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms—  
 In vain you hold me—Hence ! my arms ! my arms !—  
 Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,  
 That all shall know Achilles swells the tide."  
 "My son (cœrulean Thetis made reply,  
 To fate submitting with a secret sigh,)  
 The host to succour, and thy friends to save,  
 Is worthy thee , the duty of the brave.

But canst thou, naked, issue to the plains ?  
 Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains.  
 Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,  
 But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh  
 Yet, yet awhile thy generous ardour stay,  
 Assured, I meet thee at the dawn of day,  
 Charged with refulgent arms (a glorious load),  
 Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god "

Then turning to the daughters of the main,  
 The goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train  
 "Ye sister Nereids ! to your deeps descend,  
 Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend,  
 I go to find the architect divine,  
 Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine  
 So tell our hoary sue"—This charge she gave



THETIS ORDERING THE NEREIDS TO DESCEND INTO THE SEA

The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave  
 Thetis once more ascends the bless'd abodes,  
 And treads the brazen threshold of the gods  
 And now the Greeks from furious Hector's force,  
 Uge to broad Hellespont their headlong course,  
 Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore  
 Safe through the tempest to the tented shore  
 The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,  
 Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind  
 And like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,  
 The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne  
 Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew,  
 Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamours new.  
 As oft the Ajaces his assault sustain,



But check'd, he turns, repuls'd, attacks again.  
 With fierce shouts his lingering troops he fires,  
 Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires  
 So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,  
 The hungry lion from a carcase slain  
 Even yet Patroclus had he borne away,  
 And all the glories of the extended day,  
 Had not high Juno from the realms of air,  
 Secret, despatch'd her trusty messenger  
 The various goddess of the showery bow,  
 Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below,  
 To great Achilles at his ships she came,  
 And thus began the many-colour'd dame

"Rise, son of Peleus! rise, divinely brave!  
 Assist the combat, and Patroclus save  
 For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,  
 And fall by mutual wounds around the dead  
 To drag him back to Troy the foe contends  
 Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends  
 A prey to dogs he dooms the coise to lie,  
 And marks the place to fix his head on high  
 Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)  
 Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame!"

"Who sends thee, goddess, from the ethereal skies?"  
 Achilles thus. And Iis thus replies

"I come, Pelides! from the queen of Jove,  
 The immortal empress of the realms above;  
 Unknown to him who sits remote on high,  
 Unknown to all the synod of the sky."  
 "Thou comest in vain (he cries, with fury warm'd);  
 Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?  
 Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,  
 Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day  
 Vulcanian arms what other can I wield,  
 Except the mighty Telamonian shield?"

"That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,  
 While his strong lance around him heaps the dead  
 The gallant chief defends Menœtius' son,  
 And does what his Achilles should have done."

"Thy want of arms (said Iis) well we know,  
 But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go!  
 Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,  
 Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear,  
 Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye  
 Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly."

She spoke, and pass'd in air. The hero rose.  
 Her ægis Pallas o'er his shoulder throws,  
 Around his brows a golden cloud she spread,  
 A stream of glory flamed above his head  
 As when from some beleagu'rd town arise

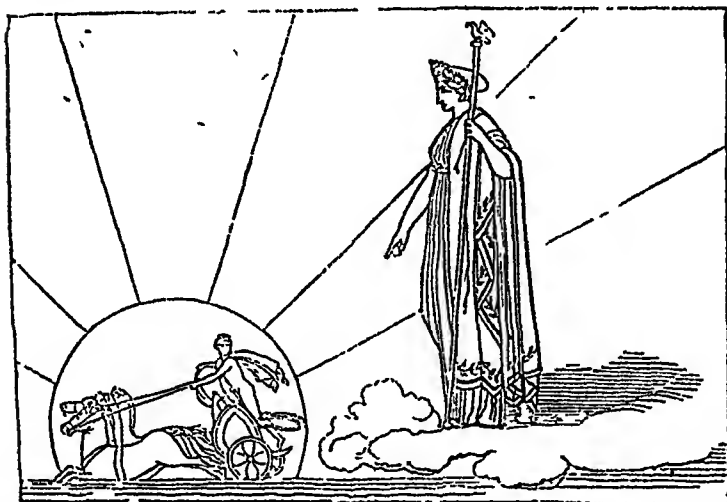
The smokes, high curling to the shaded skies ;  
 (Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,  
 When men distress'd hang out the sign of war,)  
 Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,  
 Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze,  
 With long-projected beams the seas are bright,  
 And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light  
 So from Achilles' head the splendours rise,  
 Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.  
 Forth march'd the chief, and distant from the crowd,  
 High on the rampart raised his voice aloud,  
 With her own shout Minerva swells the sound,  
 Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.  
 As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far  
 With shrilling clangour sounds the alarm of war,  
 Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,  
 And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply ;  
 So high his brazen voice the hero roar'd  
 Hosts dropp'd their arms, and trembled as they heard :  
 And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound,  
 And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.  
 Aghast they see the living lightnings play,  
 And turn their eyeballs from the flashing ray  
 Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he raised,  
 And thrice they fled, confounded and amazed.  
 Twelve in the tumult wedged, untimely rush'd  
 On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd -  
 While, shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain  
 The long-contended carcase of the slain

A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears .  
 Around, his sad companions melt in tears  
 But chief Achilles, bending down his head,  
 Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead,  
 Whom late triumphant, with his steeds and car,  
 He sent refulgent to the field of war ,  
 (Unhappy change !) now senseless, pale, he found,  
 Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping wound

Meantime, unwearied with his heavenly way,  
 In ocean's waves the unwilling light of day  
 Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,  
 And from their labours eased the Achaian band.  
 The frightened Trojans (panting from the war,  
 Their steeds unharness'd from the weary car)  
 A sudden council call'd each chief appear'd  
 In haste, and standing, for to sit they fear'd  
 'Twas now no season for prolong'd debate ;  
 They saw Achilles, and in him their fate  
 Silent they stood Polydamas at last,  
 Skill'd to discern the future by the past,  
 The son of Panthus, thus express'd his fears

(The friend of Hector, and of equal years ;  
The self-same night to both a being gave,  
One wise in council, one in action brave)

"In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak -  
For me, I move, before the morning break,  
To raise our camp : too dangerous here our post,  
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coast.  
I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while engaged  
In mutual feuds her king and hero rag'd ,  
Then, while we hoped our armies might prevail,  
We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail  
I dread Pelides now : his rage of mind  
Not long continues to the shores confin'd ,  
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray  
Contending nations won and lost the day ;  
For Troy, for Troy, shall henceforth be the strife,



JUNO COMMANDING THE SUN TO SET

And the hard contest not for fame, but life  
Haste then to Ilion, while the favouring night  
Detains these terrors, keeps that arm from fight.  
If but the morrow's sun behold us here,  
That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, not fear ;  
And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy,  
If heaven permit them then to enter Troy.  
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,  
Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue.  
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try  
What force of thought and reason can supply ,  
Let us on counsel for our guard depend ,  
The town her gates and bulwarks shall defend.

When morning dawns, our well-appointed powers,  
 Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty towers.  
 Let the fierce hero, then, when fury calls,  
 Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,  
 Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,  
 Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again  
 So may his rage be tired, and labour'd down !  
 And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town "

"Return ! (said Hector, fired with stern disdain)  
 What ! coop whole armies in our walls again ?  
 Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors, say,  
 Nine years imprison'd in those towers ye lay ?  
 Wide o'er the world was Ilion famed of old  
 For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold  
 But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,  
 Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd ;  
 The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,  
 And proud Mæonia wastes the fruits of Troy  
 Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,  
 And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls .  
 Darest thou dispirit whom the gods incite ?  
 Flee any Trojan ? I shall stop his flight.  
 To better counsel then attention lend ,  
 Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.  
 If there be one whose riches cost him care,  
 Forth let him bring them for the troops to share ;  
 'Tis better generously bestow'd on those,  
 Than left the plunder of our country's foes  
 Soon as the morn the purple orient warns,  
 Fierce on yon navy will we pour our arms.  
 If great Achilles rise in all his might,  
 His be the danger . I shall stand the fight  
 Honour, ye gods ! or let me gain or give ;  
 And live he glorious, whoso'er shall live !  
 Mars is our common lord, alike to all ;  
 And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall "

The shouting host in loud applauses join'd ;  
 So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind ;  
 To their own sense condemn'd, and left to choose  
 The worst advice, the better to refuse

While the long night extends her sable reign,  
 Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train  
 Stern in superior grief Pelides stood ,  
 Those slaughtering arms, so used to bathe in blood,  
 Now clasp his clay-cold limbs then gushing start  
 The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.  
 The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,  
 Roars through the desert, and demands his young ,  
 When the grim savage, to his rifled den  
 Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,

And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds ;  
His clamorous grief the bellowing wood resounds.  
So grieves Achilles ; and, impetuous, vents  
To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.

" In what vain promise, gods ! did I engage,  
When to console Menœtus' feeble age,  
I vowed his much-loved offspring to restore,  
Charged with rich spoils, to fur Opuntia's shore ?<sup>3</sup>  
But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,  
The long, long views of poor designing man !  
One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike,  
And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike .  
Me too a wretched mother shall deplore,  
An aged father never see me more !  
Yet, my Patroclus ! yet a space I stay,  
Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way.  
Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid,  
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade .  
That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine ,  
And twelve, the noblest of the Trojan line,  
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire ,  
Their lives effused around thy flaming pyre.  
Thus let me lie till then ! thus, closely press'd,  
Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast !  
While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,  
Weep all the night and murmur all the day .  
Spoils of my arms, and thine , when, wasting wide,  
Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side ."

He spoke, and bade the sad attendants round  
Cleanse the pale corse, and wash each honour'd wound.  
A massy caldron of stupendous frame  
They brought, and placed it o'er the rising flame :  
Then heap'd the lighted wood , the flame divides  
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides .  
In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream  
The boiling water bubbles to the brim  
The body then they bathe with pious toil,  
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,  
High on a bed of state extended laid,  
And decent cover'd with a linen shade ,  
Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw ;  
That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew .

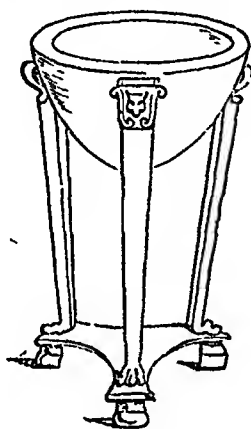
Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above,  
(His wife and sister,) spoke almighty Jove  
" At last thy will prevails great Peleus' son  
Rises in arms . such grace thy Greeks have won  
Say (for I know not), is their race divine,  
And thou the mother of that martial line ? "

" What words are these ? (the imperial dame replies

<sup>3</sup> Opuntia, a city of Lycia.

While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes)  
 Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,  
 And such success mere human wit attend  
 And shall not I, the second power above,  
 Heaven's queen, and consort of the thundering Jove,  
 Say, shall not I one nation's fate command,  
 Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?"

So they    Meanwhile the silver-footed dame  
 Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame !  
 High-eminent amid the works divine,  
 Where heaven's far-beaming brazen mansions shine.  
 There the lame architect the goddess found,  
 Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,  
 While bathed in sweat from fire to fire he flew ;



TRIPOD

And puffing loud, the roaring billows blew  
 That day no common task his labour claim'd  
 Full twenty tripods for his hall he framed,  
 That placed on living wheels of massy gold,  
 (Wondrous to tell,) instinct with spirit roll'd  
 From place to place, around the bless'd abodes  
 Self-moved, obedient to the beck of gods  
 For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flowers,  
 In moulds prepared, the glowing ore he pours  
 Just as responsive to his thought the frame  
 Stood prompt to move, the azure goddess came  
 Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair,  
 (With purple fillets round her braided hair,)  
 Observed her entering, her soft hand she press'd,  
 And, smiling, thus the watery queen address'd  
 "What, goddess ! this unusual favour draws"  
 All hail, and welcome ! whatsoever the cause ,

Till now a stranger, in a happy hour  
 Approach, and taste the dainties of the bower.  
 High on a throne, with stairs of silver graced,  
 And various artifice, the queen she placed ;  
 A footstool at her feet then calling, said,  
 "Vulcan, draw near, 'tis Thetis asks your aid"  
 "Thetis (replied the god) our powers may claim,  
 An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name !  
 When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky,  
 (My awkward form, it seems, displeased her eye,)  
 She, and Eurynome, my griefs redress'd,  
 And soft received me on their silver breast  
 Even then these arts employ'd my infant thought  
 Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys, I wrought.  
 Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,



THETIS AND EURYNOME RECEIVING THE INFANT VULCAN

Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and god  
 Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led,  
 The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head  
 Now, since her presence glads our mansion, say,  
 For such desert what service can I pay ?  
 Vouchsafe, O Thetis ! at our board to share  
 The genial rites, and hospitable fare,  
 While I the labours of the forge forego,  
 And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow "  
 Then from his anvil the lame artist rose,  
 Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes,  
 And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)  
 Locks in their chests his instruments of trade  
 Then with a sponge the sooty workman dress'd





To Troy I sent him ! but his native shore  
 Never, ah never, shall receive him more ;  
 (Even while he lives, he wastes with secret woe ;)  
 Nor I, a goddess, can retard the blow !  
 Robb'd of the prize the Grecian suffrage gave,  
 The king of nations forced his royal slave :  
 For this he grieved, and, till the Greeks oppress'd  
 Required his arm, he sorrow'd undress'd.  
 Large gifts they promise, and their elders send ;  
 In vain—he arms not, but permits his friend  
 His arms, his steeds, his forces to employ .  
 He marches, combats, almost conquers Troy :  
 Then slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)  
 At once resigns his armour, life, and fame.  
 But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won  
 Grace with immortal arms this short-lived son,  
 And to the field in martial pomp restore,  
 To shine with glory, till he shines no more !”

To her the artist-god . “ Thy griefs resign,  
 Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.  
 O could I hide him from the Fates, as well,  
 Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,  
 As I shall forge most envied arms, the gaze  
 Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze !”

Thus having said, the father of the fires  
 To the black labours of his forge retires  
 Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd  
 Their iron mouths, and where the furnace burn'd,  
 Resounding breathed at once the blast expires,  
 And twenty forges catch at once the fires,  
 Just as the god directs, now loud, now low,  
 They raise a tempest, or they gently blow,  
 In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd,  
 And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold,  
 Before, deep fix'd, the eternal anvils stand ;  
 The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,  
 His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,  
 And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults rebound  
 Then first he form'd the immense and solid shield,  
 Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field,  
 Its utmost verge a thicefold circle bound ;

<sup>4</sup> Quintus Calaber, lib. v, has attempted to rival Homer in his description of the shield of  
 the same hero. A few extracts from Mr Dyce's version (Select Translations, p. 104, seq.)  
 here be introduced

“ In the wide circle of the shield were seen  
 Refulgent images of various forms,  
 The work of Vulcan, who had there described  
 The heaven, the ether, and the earth and sea,  
 The winds, the clouds, the moon, the sun, apart  
 In different stations, and you there might view  
 The stars that gem the still-revolving heaven,  
 And, under them, the vast expanse of air,

A silver chain suspends the massy round,  
 Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,  
 And godlike labours on the surface rose  
 There shone the image of the master-mind.  
 There earth, there heaven, there ocean he design'd;  
 The unwearied sun, the moon completely round,  
 The starry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd;  
 The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;  
 And great Orion's more refulgent beam,  
 To which, around the axle of the sky,  
 The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye,  
 Still shines exalted on the ethereal plain,  
 Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,  
 The image one of peace, and one of war.  
 Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,  
 And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite,  
 Along the street the new-made brides are led,  
 With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed  
 The youthful dancers in a circle bound  
 To the soft flute, and cithern's silver sound  
 Through the fair streets the matrons in a row  
 Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show

There in the forum swarm a numerous train;  
 The subject of debate, a townsman slain  
 One pleads the fine discharged, which one denied,  
 And bade the public and the laws decide  
 The witness is produced on either hand  
 For this, or that, the partial people stand  
 The appointed heralds still the noisy bands,  
 And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands.  
 On seats of stone, within the sacred place,<sup>5</sup>  
 The reverend elders nodded o'er the case,  
 Alternate, each the attesting sceptre took,  
 And rising solemn, each his sentence spoke  
 Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,  
 The prize of him who best adjudged the right.

Another part (a prospect differing far)<sup>6</sup>  
 Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war

In which with outstretch'd wings, the long-bank'd bi  
 Winnow'd the gale, as if instinct with life  
 Around the shield the waves of ocean flow'd,  
 The realms of Tethys, which unnumber'd streams,  
 In azure mazes rolling o'er the earth,  
 Seem'd to augment

<sup>5</sup> *On seats of stone* "Several of the old northern Sigris represent the old men assembled for the purpose of judging as sitting on great stones, in a circle called the Urtheilsring or gericht'sring"—Grote, ii p. 200, note. On the independence of the judicial office in the heroic times, see Thirlwall's Greece, vol. i. p. 166

<sup>6</sup> *Another part, &c.*

"And here  
 Were horrid wars depicted, grimly pale  
 Were heroes lying with their slaughter'd steeds

Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,  
 And one would pillage, one would burn the place.  
 Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,  
 A secret ambush on the foe prepare.  
 Their wives, their children, and the watchful band  
 Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.  
 They march, by Pallas and by Mars made bold:  
 Gold were the gods, their radiant garments gold,  
 And gold their armour—these the squadron led,  
 August, divine, superior by the head!  
 A place for ambush fit they found, and stood,  
 Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.  
 Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem  
 If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.  
 Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,  
 And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd swains;  
 Behind them piping on their reeds they go,  
 Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe  
 In arms the glittering squadron rising round  
 Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground,  
 Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,  
 And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!  
 The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear,  
 They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war,  
 They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;  
 The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.  
 There Tumult, there Contention stood confess'd,  
 One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast,  
 One held a living foe, that freshly bled  
 With new-made wounds, another dragg'd a dead;  
 Now here, now there, the carcasses they tore.  
 Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore  
 And the whole war came out, and met the eye;  
 And each bold figure seem'd to live or die.  
 A field deep furrow'd next the god design'd,<sup>1</sup>

Upon the ground incarnadin'd with blood  
 Stern stalk'd Bellona, smear'd with reeking gore,  
 Through charging ranks, beside her Rout was seen,  
 And Terror, Discord to the fatal strife  
 Inciting men, and Furies breathing flames  
 Nor absent were the Fates, and the tall shape  
 Of ghastly Death, round whom did Britles throng,  
 Their limbs distilling plenteous blood and sweat  
 And Gorgons whose long locks were twisting snakes,  
 That shot their forked tongues incessant forth  
 Such were the horrors of dire war!—Dyce's Caliber

<sup>1</sup> *A field deep furrow'd*

"Here was a corn field reapers in a row,  
 Each with a sharp tooth'd sickle in his hand,  
 Work'd busily, and, as the harvest fell,  
 Others were ready still to bind the sheaves  
 Yoked to a wain that bore the corn away  
 The steers were moving, sturdy bullocks here  
 The plough were drawing, and the furrow'd glebe  
 Was black behind them, while with goading wind

The third time labour'd by the sweating hind ;  
 The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,  
 And turn then crooked yokes on every side.  
 Still as at either end they wheel around,  
 The master meets them with his goblet crown'd ,  
 The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,  
 Then back the turning ploughshares cleave the soil .  
 Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd ,  
 And sable look'd, though form'd of molten gold

Another field rose high with waving grain ,  
 With bended sickles stand the reaper train  
 Here stretched in ranks the level'd swarths are found,  
 Sheaves heap'd on sheaves here thicken up the ground  
 With sweeping stroke the mowers stow the lands ,  
 The gatherers follow, and collect in bands ,  
 And last the children, in whose arms are borne  
 (Too short to gape them) the brown sheaves of corn.  
 The rustic monarch of the field describes,  
 With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.  
 A ready banquet on the turf is laid,  
 Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade  
 The victim or the sturdy youth prepare ,  
 The reaper's due repast, the woman's care

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,  
 Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines ,  
 A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,  
 And curl'd on silver props, in order glow  
 A darker metal mix'd intrench'd the place ,  
 And pales of glittering tin-the inclosure grace  
 To this, one pathway gently winding leads,  
 Where march a train with baskets on their heads,  
 (Fair maids and blooming youths,) that smiling bear  
 The purple product of the autumnal year  
 To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,  
 Whose tender lay the fate of *Linus* sings ,  
 In measured dance behind him move the train,  
 Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,  
 Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,  
 And speed to meadows on whose sounding shores  
 A rapid torrent through the rushes roars  
 Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,  
 And nine sour dogs complete the rustic band.  
 Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd ,  
 And seized a bull, the master of the herd  
 He roar'd in vain the dogs, the men withstood ,  
 They tore his flesh, and drank his sable blood

The active youths impell'd them Here a feast  
 Was given to the shrill pipe and ringing lyre  
 A band of blooming virgins led the dance,  
 As if endued with life —Dyce's Calaber

The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,  
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay

Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads  
Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads,  
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between ;  
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene

A figured dance succeeds ; such once was seen  
In lofty Gnosus for the Cretan queen,  
Form'd by Dædalean art, a comely band  
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.  
The maids in soft simars of linen dress'd ,  
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest  
Of those the locks with flowery wreath inroll'd ;  
Of these the sides adorn'd with swards of gold,  
That glittering gay, from silver belts depend.  
Now all at once they rise, at once descend,  
With well-taught feet . now shape in oblique ways,  
Confusedly regular, the moving maze  
Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,  
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring .  
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle toss'd,  
And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.  
The gazing multitudes admire around  
Two active tumblers in the centre bound ,  
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend  
And general songs the sprightly revel end

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd  
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round  
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,  
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole

This done, whatever a warrior's use requires  
He forged, the cuirass that outshone the fires,  
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impress'd  
With various sculpture, and the golden crest  
At Thetis' feet the finished labour lay  
She, as a falcon cuts the aerial way,  
Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,  
And bears the blazing present through the skies <sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Coleridge (*Greek Classic Poets*, p. 182, seq.) has diligently compared this with the description of the shield of Hercules by Hesiod. He remarks that, "with two or three exceptions, the imagery differs in little more than the names and arrangements, and the difference of arrangement in the Shield of Hercules is altogether for the worse. The natural consecution of the Homeric images needs no exposition: it constitutes in itself one of the beauties of the work. The Hesiodic images are huddled together without connection or congruity. Mars and Pallas are awkwardly introduced among the Centaurs and Lapithæ,—but the gap is wide indeed between them and Apollo with the Muses, waking the echoes of Olympus to celestial harmonies, whence however, we are hurried back to Perseus, the Gorgons, and other images of war, over an arm of the sea, in which the sporting dolphins, the fugitive fishes, and the fisherman on the shore with his casting net, are minutely represented. As to the Hesiodic images themselves, the leading remark is, that they catch at beauty by ornament, and at sublimity by exaggeration, and upon the untenable supposition of the genuineness of this poem, there is this curious peculiarity, that, in the description of scenes of rustic peace, the superiority of Homer is decisive—while in those of war and tumult it may be thought, perhaps, that the Hesiodic poet has more than once the advantage."

## BOOK XIX.

### ARGUMENT

#### THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON

Thetis brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles, where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight in appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate: but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirteenth day    The scene is on the sea shore

SOON as Aurora heaved her Orient head  
Above the waves, that blush'd with early red,  
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,  
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light)  
The immortal arms the goddess-mother bears  
Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears  
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corse, while all the rest  
Their sovereign's sorrows in their own express'd  
A ray divine her heavenly presence shed,  
And thus, his hand soft touching, Thetis said  
"Suppress, my son, this rage of grief and kn  
It was not man, but heaven, that gave the blow,  
Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd,  
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a god."

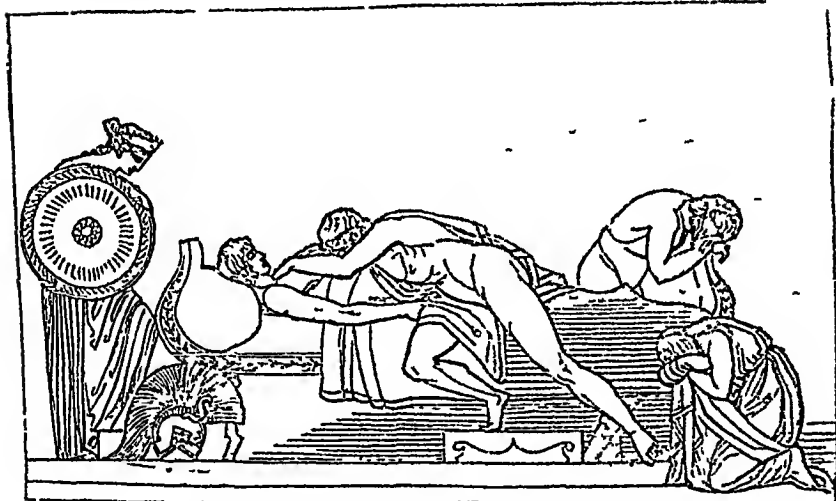
Then drops the radiant burden on the ground,  
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around;  
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,  
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.  
Unmoved the hero kindles at the show,  
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow,

From his fierce eyeballs living flames expire,  
And flash incessant like a stream of fire.

He turns the radiant gift • and feeds his mind  
On all the immortal artist had design'd

“Goddess ! (he cried,) these glorious arms, that shine  
With matchless art, confess the hand divine.  
Now to the bloody battle let me bend •  
But ah ! the relics of my slaughter'd friend !  
In those wide wounds through which his spirit fled,  
Shall flies, and worms obscene, pollute the dead ?”

“That unavailing care be laid aside,  
(The azure goddess to her son replied,)  
Whole years untouch'd, uninjured shall remain,  
Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain  
But go, Achilles, as affairs require,  
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire



THETIS BRINGING THE ARMOUR TO ACHILLES

Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,  
And heaven with strength supply the mighty rage !”

Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd  
Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd  
O'er all the coise The flies forbid their prey,  
Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.

Achilles to the strand obedient went •

The shores resounded with the voice he sent

The heroes heard, and all the naval train

That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,

Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,

Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd ;

Studious to see the terror of the plain,

Long lost to battle, shine in arms again.

He said: his finish'd wrath with loud acclaim  
The Greeks receiv'd, and shout Pelides' name  
When thus, not rising from his lofty throne,  
In state unmoved, the king of men begun  
"Hear me, ye sons of Greece! with silence hear!  
And grant your monarch an impartial ear,  
Awhile your loud, untimely joy suspend,  
And let your rash, injurious clamours end.  
Unruly murmurs, or ill-timed applause,  
Wrong the best speaker, and the justest cause  
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate.  
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,  
With fell trimmings, urged my wrath that day  
When from Achilles' arms I forced the prey  
What then could I against the will of heaven?  
Not by myself, but vengeful Atë driven,  
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest  
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breast  
Not on the ground that haughty fury treads,  
But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads  
Of mighty men; inflicting as she goes  
Long-festering wounds, inextinguishable woes!  
Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes;  
And Jove himself, the sire of men and gods,



The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart ;  
 Deceived by Juno's wiles, and female art .  
 For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,  
 And Jove expected his immortal son,  
 To gods and goddaesses the unruly joy  
 He show'd, and vunted of his matchless boy :  
 ' From us, (he said) this day an infant springs,  
 Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.  
 Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,  
 And fix dominion on the favour'd youth.  
 The Thunderer, unsuspecting of the fraud,  
 Pronounced those solemn words that bind a god.  
 The joyful goddess, from Olympus' height,  
 Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight :  
 Scarce seven moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife ;  
 She push'd her lingering infant into life :  
 Her charms Alcmena's coming labours stay,  
 And stop the babe, just issuing to the day.  
 Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind ,  
 ' A youth (said she) of Jove's immortal kind  
 Is this day born : from Sthenelus he springs,  
 And claims thy promise to be king of kings.  
 Grief seized the Thunderer, by his oath engaged ;  
 Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd, and he raged.  
 From his ambros' u head where perch'd she sate,  
 He snatch'd the fury-goddess of debate,  
 The dread, the irrevocable oath he swore,  
 The immortal seats should ne'er behold her more ;  
 And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driven  
 From bright Olympus and the starry heaven :  
 Thence on the nether world the fury fell ;  
 Ordin'd with man's contentious race to dwell.  
 Full oft the god his son's hard toils bemoan'd,  
 Curs'd the dire fury, and in secret groan'd.  
 Even thus, like Jove himself, was I misled,  
 While raging Hector heap'd o'er camps with dead.  
 What can the errors of my rage atone ?  
 My martial troops, my treasures are thy own :  
 Thus instant from the navy shall be sent  
 Whatever Ulysses promised at thy tent :  
 But thee ! appeased, propitious to our prayer,  
 Resume thy arms, and shine again in war."

"O king of nations : whose superior sway

"The legend is one of the most prominent characteristics in the German Mythology, and according to the report is also familiar to the old epic poets, both the dis-  
 tinct and the confused. The legend is a story of Heracles, the most renowned sub-  
 ject of the Germanic legends, was depicted by the Hellenes, as a being of irresistible  
 force and extremely beloved by Zeus, yet condemned eternally to labour. He was to  
 bear the commands of a worthless and cowardly persecutor. His recompense is reserved to  
 the close of the career, when his suffering trials are brought to a close: he is then admitted  
 to a godhead, and receives in marriage Hebe."—Grimm, vol. i. p. 123.

(Returns Achilles) all our hosts obey '   
 To keep or send the presents, be thy care ,   
 To us, 'tis equal all we ask is war   
 While yet we talk, or but an instant shun   
 The fight, our glorious work remains undone   
 Let every Greek, who sees my spear confound   
 The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round,   
 With emulation, what I act survey,   
 And learn from thence the business of the day,"   
 The son of Peleus thus , and thus replies   
 The great in councils, Ithacus the wise   
 "Though, godlike, thou art by no toils oppress'd,   
 At least our armies claim repast and rest   
 Long and laborious must the combat be,   
 When by the gods inspired, and led by thee   
 Strength is derived from spirits and from blood,   
 And those augment by generous wine and food   
 What boastful son of war, without that stay,   
 Can last a hero through a single day ?   
 Courage may prompt , but, ebbing out his strength,   
 Mere unsupported man must yield at length ,   
 Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declined,   
 The drooping body will desert the mind   
 But built anew with strength-conferring fare,   
 With limbs and soul untamed, he tires a war.   
 Dismiss the people, then, and give command,   
 With strong repast to hearten every band ,   
 But let the presents to Achilles made,   
 In full assembly of all Greece be laid   
 The king of men shall rise in public sight,   
 And solemn swear (observant of the rite)   
 That, spotless, as she came, the maid removes,   
 Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves   
 That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,   
 And the full price of injured honour paid   
 Stretch not henceforth, O prince ! thy sovereign might   
 Beyond the bounds of reason and of right ,   
 'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd,   
 To right with justice whom with power they wrong'd."   
 To him the monarch "Just is thy decree,   
 Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee.   
 Each due atonement gladly I prepare ,   
 And heaven regard me as I justly swear !   
 Here then awhile let Greece assembled stay,   
 Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay   
 Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,   
 And Jove attesting, the firm compact made   
 A train of noble youths the charge shall bear ;   
 These to select, Ulysses, be thy care .   
 In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,

And the fair train of captives close the rear  
 Talthybius shall the victim boar convey,  
 Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day."

"For this (the stern Æacides replies)  
 Some less important season may suffice,  
 When the stern fury of the war is o'er,  
 And wrath, extinguish'd, burns my breast no more.  
 By Hector slain, their faces to the sky,  
 All grim with gaping wounds, our heroes lie  
 Those call to war ' and might my voice incite,  
 Now, now, this instant, shall commence the fight  
 Then, when the day's complete, let generous bowls,  
 And copious banquets, glad your weary souls  
 Let not my palate know the taste of food,  
 Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood  
 Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigured o'er,  
 And his cold feet are pointed to the door.  
 Revenge is all my soul ' no meaner care,  
 Interest, or thought, has 'room to harbour there,  
 Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,  
 And scenes of blood. and agonizing sounds "

"O first of Greeks, (Ulysses thus rejoind,)  
 The best and bravest of the warrior-kind '  
 Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,  
 But old experience and calm wisdom mine.  
 Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield,  
 The bravest soon are satiate of the field ;  
 Though vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain,  
 The bloody harvest brings but little gain  
 The scale of conquest ever wavering lies,  
 Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies '  
 The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall,  
 And endless were the grief, to weep for all  
 Eternal sorrows what avails to shed ?  
 Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead  
 Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay  
 The tribute of a melancholy day  
 One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,  
 Our care devolves on others left behind  
 Let generous food supplies of strength produce,  
 Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice,  
 Let their warm heads with scenes of battle glow,  
 And pour new furies on the feebler foe  
 Yet a short interval, and none shall dare  
 Expect a second summons to the war,  
 Who waits for that, the dire effects shall find,  
 If trembling in the ships he lags behind  
 Embodied, to the battle let us bend,  
 And all at once on haughty Troy descend "

And now the delegates Ulysses sent,

To bear the presents from the royal tent .  
 The sons of Nestor, Phyleus' valiant heir,  
 Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,  
 With Licomedes of Creiontian strain,  
 And Melanippus, form'd the chosen train  
 Swift as the word was given, the youths obey'd  
 Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid ;  
 A row of six fair tripods then succeeds ,  
 And twice the number of high-bounding steeds :  
 Seven captives next a lovely line compose,  
 The eighth Briseis, like the blooming rose,  
 Closed the bright band • great Ithacus, before,  
 First of the train, the golden talents bore  
 The rest in public view the chiefs dispose,  
 A splendid scene ! then Agamemnon rose  
 The boar Talthybius held the Grecian lord  
 Drew the broad cutlass sheath'd beside his sword  
 The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow  
 He crops, and offering meditates his vow  
 His hands uplifted to the attesting skies,  
 On heaven's broad marble roof were fixed his eyes  
 The solemn words a deep attention draw,  
 And Greece around sat thrill'd with sacred awe  
 " Witness thou first ! thou greatest power above,  
 All-good, all-wise, and all-surveying Jove !  
 And mother-earth, and heaven's revolving light,  
 And ye, fell furies of the realms of night,  
 Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare  
 For perjured kings, and all who falsely swear !  
 The black-eyed maid inviolate removes,  
 Pure and unconscious of my manly loves  
 If this be false, heaven all its vengeance shed,  
 And levell'd thunder strike my guilty head ! "

With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound ,  
 The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground ,  
 The sacred herald rolls the victim slain  
 (A feast for fish) into the foaming main  
 Then thus Achilles " Hear, ye Greeks ! and know  
 Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe ,  
 Not else Atides could our rage inflame,  
 Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.  
 'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'erruling all,  
 That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.  
 Go then, ye chiefs ! indulge the genial rite ,  
 Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight "

The speedy council at his word adjourn'd  
 To their black vessels all the Greeks return'd.  
 Achilles sought his tent His train before  
 March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore .  
 Those in the tents the squires industrious spread

The foaming coursers to the stalls they led ;  
 To their new seats the female captives move  
 Briseis, radiant as the queen of love,  
 Slow as she pass'd, beheld with sad survey  
 Where, gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay.  
 Prone on the body fell the heavenly fair,  
 Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair ;  
 All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes  
 Shining with tears she lifts, and thus she cries .

“ Ah, youth for ever dear, for ever kind,  
 Once tender friend of my distracted mind !  
 I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay ;  
 Now find thee cold, inanimated clay !  
 What woes my wretched race of life attend !  
 Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end !  
 The first loved consort of my virgin bed  
 Before these eyes in fatal battle bled  
 My three brave brothers in one mournful day  
 All trod the dark, irremeable way  
 Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,  
 And dried my sorrows for a husband slain ;  
 Achilles' care you promised I should prove,  
 The first, the dearest partner of his love ;  
 That rites divine should ratify the band,  
 And make me empress in his native land  
 Accept these grateful tears ! for thee they flow,  
 For thee, that ever felt another's woe ! ”

Her sister captives echoed groan for groan,  
 Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.  
 The leaders press'd the chief on every side,  
 Unmoved he heard them, and with sighs denied.

“ If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care  
 Is bent to please him, this request forbear,  
 Till yonder sun descend, ah, let me pay  
 To grief and anguish one abstemious day ”

He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face :  
 Yet still the brother-kings of Atreus' race,  
 Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,  
 And Phoenix, strive to calm his grief and rage .  
 His rage they calm not, nor his grief control,  
 He groans, he raves, he sorrow's from his soul

“ Thou too, Patroclus ! (thus his heart he vents)  
 Once spread the inviting banquet in our tents .  
 Thy sweet society, thy winning care,  
 Once stay'd Achilles, rushing to the war  
 But now, alas ! to death's cold arms resign'd,  
 What banquet but revenge can glad my mind ?  
 What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,  
 What more if hoary Peleus were deceased ?  
 Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear

His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.  
 What more, should Neoptolemus the brave,  
 My only offspring, sink into the grave?  
 It yet thine offspring lives; (I distant far,  
 Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war)  
 I could not this, this cruel stroke attend,  
 Fate doom'd Achilles, but might spare his friend  
 I hoped Patroclus might survive, to rear  
 My tender orphan with a parent's care,  
 From Scyros' isle conduct him o'er the main,  
 And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,  
 The busy palace, and the large domain.  
 For Pelus breathes no more the vital air,  
 Or drags a wretched life of age and care,  
 But till the news of my sad fate invades  
 His hastening soul, and sends him to the shades."

Sighing he said: his grief the heroes join'd,  
 Each stole a tear far: hot he left behind  
 Their mangled grief the sire of heaven survey'd,  
 And thus with pity to his blue-eyed maid

"Is then Achilles now no more thy care,  
 And dost thou thus desert the great in war?  
 Lo, where yon sails their canvas wings extend,  
 All comfortless he sits, and waits his friend  
 Ere thirst and want his forces have oppress'd,  
 Haste and infuse ambrosia in his breast."

He spoke; and sudden, at the word of Jove,  
 Shot the descending goddess from above  
 So swift through ether the shrill harpy springs,  
 The wide air floating to her ample wings,  
 To great Achilles she her flight address'd,  
 And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast,<sup>a</sup>  
 With nectar sweet, (refection of the gods<sup>1</sup>)  
 Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.

Now issued from the ships the warrior-train,  
 And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain  
 As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,  
 And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow,  
 From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,  
 Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies.  
 So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields,  
 Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields,  
 Broad glittering breastplates, spears with pointed rays,  
 Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze,  
 Thick beats the centre as the coursers bound,  
 With splendour flame the skies, and laugh the fields around.

<sup>a</sup> Ambrosia

"The blue eyed maid,  
 In ev'ry breast new vigour to infuse,  
 Brings nectar temper'd with ambrosial dews"

Merrick's Tryphiodorus, vi 249

Full in the midst, high-towering o'er the rest,  
 His limbs in arms divine Achilles diess'd,  
 Arms which the father of the fire bestow'd,  
 Forged on the eternal anvils of the god.  
 Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire,  
 His glowing eyeballs roll with living fire,  
 He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay  
 O'erlooks the embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.

The silver cuishes first his thighs infold,  
 Then o'er his breast was braced the hollow gold;  
 The brazen sword a various baldric tied,  
 That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his side,  
 And, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield  
 Blazed with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.

So to night-wandering sailors, pale with fears,  
 Wide o'er the watery waste, a light appears,  
 Which on the far-seen mountain blazing high,  
 Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky.  
 With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again,  
 Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.

Next, his high head the helmet graced, behind  
 The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind  
 Like the red star, that from his flaming hair  
 Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war,  
 So stream'd the golden honours from his head,  
 Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories shed.  
 The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes,  
 His arms he poises, and his motions tries,  
 Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,  
 And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear.  
 Ponderous and huge, which not a Greek could bear,  
 From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire  
 Old Chiron fell'd, and shaped it for his snare;  
 A spear which stern Achilles only wields,  
 The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Automedon and Alcimus prepare  
 The immortal coursers, and the radiant car;  
 (The silver traces sweeping at their side,)  
 Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles tied;  
 The ivory-studded reins, return'd behind,  
 Waved o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.  
 The charioteer then whurl'd the lash around,  
 And swift ascended at one active bound  
 All bright in heavenly arms, above his squire  
 Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire,  
 Not brighter Phœbus in the ethereal way  
 Flames from his chariot, and restores the day.  
 High o'er the host, all terrible he stands,  
 And thunders to his steeds these dread commands:

"Xanthus and Balus <sup>1</sup> of Podaiges' strain,  
(Unless ye boast that heavenly race in vain,)  
Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,  
And learn to make your master more your care  
Through falling squadrons bear my slaughtering sword  
Not, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord "

The generous Xanthus, as the words he said,  
Seem'd sensible of woe, and droop'd his head  
Trembling he stood before the golden wain,  
And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane  
When, strange to tell <sup>1</sup> (so Juno will'd) he broke  
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke  
"Achilles <sup>1</sup> yes <sup>1</sup> this day at least we bear  
Thy rage in safety through the files of war  
But come it will, the fatal time must come,  
Not ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom.  
Not through our crime, or slowness in the course,  
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force,  
*The bright far-shooting god who gilds the day*  
(Confess'd we saw him) tore his arms away  
No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail,  
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,  
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,  
Due to a mortal and immortal hand "

Then ceased for ever, by the Furies tied,  
His fateful voice. The intrepid chief replied  
With unabated rage—"So let it be <sup>1</sup>  
'Portents and prodigies are lost on me  
I know my fate to die, to see no more  
My much-loved parents, and my native shore—  
Enough—when heaven ordains, I sink in night  
Now perish Troy <sup>1</sup>" He said, and rush'd to fight



HERCULES



## BOOK XX.

### ARGUMENT

#### THE BATTLE OF THE GODS, AND THE ACTS OF ACHILLES

Jupiter, upon Achilles' return to the battle, calls a council of the gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combat described, when the deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter, but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter. The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

THUS round Pelides breathing war and blood,  
Greece, sheathed in arms, beside her vessels stood ;  
While near impending from a neighbouring height,  
Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight  
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call  
The gods to council in the starry hall .  
Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,  
And summons all the senate of the skies  
These shining on, in long procession come  
To Jove's eternal adamant dome  
Not one was absent, not a rural power  
That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bower ,  
Each fair-hand'd dryad of the shady wood,  
Each azure sister of the silver flood ,  
All but old Ocean, hoary sire <sup>1</sup> who keeps  
His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps  
On marble thrones, with lucid columns crown'd,  
(The work of Vulcan,) sat the powers around  
Even he whose trident sways the watery reign  
Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main,  
Assumed his throne amid the bright abodes,  
And question'd thus the sire of men and gods  
"What moves the god who heaven and earth commands,  
And grasps the thunder in his awful hands.

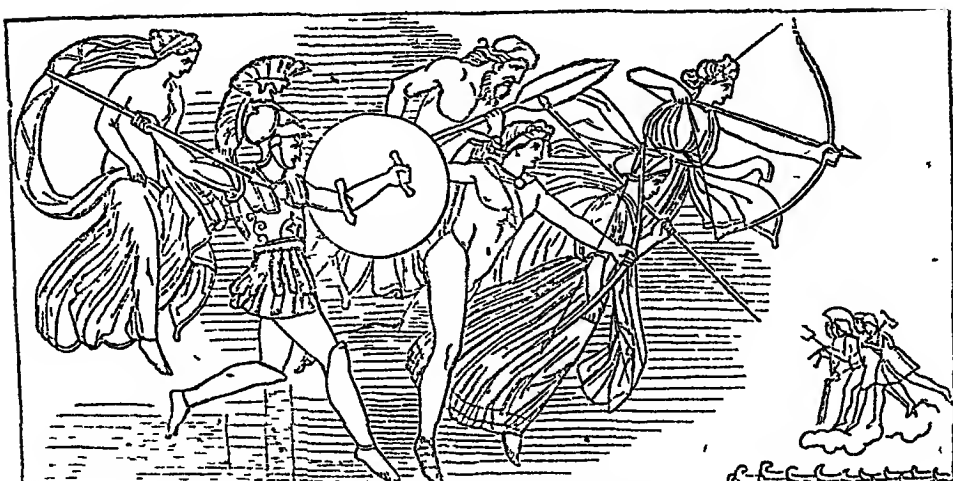
Thus to convene the whole ethereal state ?  
Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate ?  
Already met, the luring hosts appear,  
And death stands ardent on the edge of war "

" 'Tis true (the cloud-compelling power replies)  
This day we call the council of the skies  
In case of human race, even Jove's own eye  
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die  
Far on Olympus' top in secret state  
Ourself will sit, and see the hand of fate  
Work out our will Celestial powers ! descend,  
And as your minds direct, your succour lend  
To either host Troy soon must lie o'erthrown,  
If uncontroll'd Achilles fights alone  
Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes ;  
What can they now, if in his rage he rise ?  
Assist them, gods ! on Ilion's sacred wall  
May fall this day, though fate forbids the fall "

He said, and fired their heavenly breasts with rage,  
On adverse parts the warring gods engage  
Heaven's awful queen, and he whose azure round  
Girds the vast globe, the maid in arms renown'd,  
Hermes, of profitable arts the sire ;  
And Vulcan, the black sovereign, of the fire  
These to the fleet repair with instant flight,  
The vessels tremble as the gods alight  
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus came,  
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dame,  
Xanthus, whose streams in golden currents flow,  
And the chaste huntress of the silver bow  
Ere yet the gods their various aid employ,  
Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,  
While great Achilles (terror of the plain),  
Long lost to battle, shone in arms again  
Dreadful he stood in front of all his host,  
Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost,  
Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,  
And trembling see another god of war

But when the powers descending swell'd the fight,  
Then tumult rose fierce rage and pale affright  
Varied each face then Discord sounds alarms,  
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms  
Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,  
And now she thunders from the Grecian walls  
Mars hovering o'er his Troy, his terror shrouds  
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds  
Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours  
With voice divine, from Ilion's topmost towers  
Now shouts to Simois, from her beauteous hill,  
The mountain shook, the rapid stream stood still

Above, the sire of gods his thunder rolls,  
 And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.  
 Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground ;  
 The forests wave, the mountains nod around ;  
 Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,  
 And from their sources boil her hundred floods.  
 Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain,  
 And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.  
 Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,<sup>1</sup>  
 The infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,  
 Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay  
 His dark dominions open to the day,  
 And pour in light on Pluto's dear abodes,  
 Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful even to gods.<sup>2</sup>



THE GODS DESCENDING TO BATTLE.

Such was the immortals wage ; such horrors rend  
 The world's vast concave, when the gods contend  
 First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain  
 Against blue Neptune, monarch of the main.  
 The god of arms his giant bulk display'd,  
 Opposed to Pallas, war's triumphant maid.  
 Against Latona march'd the son of May  
 The quiver'd Dian, sister of the day,  
 (Her golden arrows sounding at her side,)

<sup>1</sup> "Hell is naked before him, and destruction hath no covering. He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing. He bindeth up the waters in his thick clouds, and the cloud is not rent under them."—Job xxxvi 6—8

<sup>2</sup> "Swift from his throne the infernal monarch run,  
 All pale and trembling, lest the race of men,  
 Slain by Jove's wrath, and led by Hermes' rod,  
 Should fill (a countless throng!) his dark abode."

Merrick's Tryphiodorus, vi 769, sqq.

Saturnia, majesty of heaven, defied.  
 With fiery Vulcan last in battle stands  
 The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands ;  
 Xanthus his name with those of heavenly birth,  
 But called Scamander by the sons of earth.

While thus the gods in various league engage,  
 Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage :  
 Hector he sought , in search of Hector turn'd  
 His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd ,  
 And burst like lightning through the ranks, and now'd  
 To glut the god of battles with his blood.

Æneas was the first who dared to stay ;  
 Apollo wedged him in the warrior's way,  
 But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,  
 Half-forced and half-persuaded to the fight.  
 Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,  
 In voice and aspect, seem'd the power divine ;  
 And bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn  
 In distant threats he braved the goddess-born.

Then thus the hero of Anchises' strain  
 " To meet Pelides you persuade in vain  
 Already have I met, nor void of fear  
 Observed the fury of his flying spear ,  
 From Ida's woods he chased us to the field,  
 Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd ,  
 Lyrnessus, Pedasus in ashes lay ;  
 But (Jove assisting) I survived the day .  
 Else had I sunk oppress'd in fatal fight  
 By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might  
 Where'er he moved, the goddess shone before,  
 And bathed his brazen lance in hostile gore.  
 What mortal man Achilles can sustain ?  
 The immortals guard him through the dreadful plain,  
 And suffer not his dart to fall in vain  
 Were God my aid, this arm should check his power,  
 Though strong in battle as a brazen tower "

To whom the son of Jove " That god implore,  
 And be what great Achilles was before.  
 From heavenly Venus thou deriv'st thy strain,  
 And he but from a sister of the main ;  
 An aged sea-god father of his line ,  
 But Jove himself the sacred source of thine.  
 Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,  
 Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe "

This said, and spirit breathed into his breast,  
 Through the thick troops the embolden'd hero press'd :  
 His venturous act the white-arm'd queen survey'd,  
 And thus, assembling all the powers, she said

" Behold an action, gods ! that claims your care,  
 Lo great Æneas rushing to the war !

Against Pelides he directs his course,  
 Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.  
 Restrain his bold career, at least, to attend  
 Our favour'd hero, let some power descend  
 To guard his life, and add to his renown,  
 We, the great armament of heaven, came down.  
 Hereafter let him fall, as Fates design,  
 That spun so short his life's illustrious line :<sup>3</sup>  
 But lest some adverse god now cross his way,  
 Give him to know what powers assist this day  
 For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,  
 When heaven's refulgent host appear in arms ?"<sup>4</sup>

Thus she, and thus the god whose force can make,  
 The solid globe's eternal basis shake

"Against the might of man, so feeble known,  
 Why should celestial powers exert their own?  
 Suffice from yonder mount to view the scene,  
 And leave to war the fates of mortal men  
 But if the armipotent, or god of light,  
 Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight  
 Thence on the gods of Troy we swift descend :  
 Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end,  
 And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd,  
 Yield to our conquering arms the lower world."

Thus having said, the tyrant of the sea,  
 Cœrulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.  
 Advanced upon the field there stood a mound  
 Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around ;  
 In elder times to guard Alcides made,  
 (The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid.)  
 What time a vengeful monster of the main  
 Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.

Here Neptune and the gods of Greece repair,  
 With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air  
 The adverse powers, around Apollo laid,  
 Crown the fair hills that silver Simois shade  
 In circle close each heavenly party sat,  
 Intent to form the future scheme of fate,  
 But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high  
 Gives the loud signal, and the heavens reply.

Meanwhile the rushing armies hide the ground ;  
 The trampled centre yields a hollow sound  
 Steeds cased in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,  
 The gleaming champaign glows with brazen light.  
 Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear,  
 There great Achilles, bold Æneas, here.

<sup>3</sup> These words seem to imply the old belief, that the Fates might be delayed, but never wholly set aside

<sup>4</sup> It was anciently believed that it was dangerous, if not fatal, to behold a deity See Exod xxxiii 20, Judg xiii 22

With towering strides Æneas first advanced ;  
 The nodding plumage on his helmet danced .  
 Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,  
 And, so he moved, his javelin flamed before.  
 Not so Pelides ; furious to engage,  
 He rush'd impetuous    Such the lion's rage,  
 Who viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,  
 Though all in arms the peopled city rise,  
 Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride ;  
 Till at the length, by some brave youth defied,  
 To his bold spear the savage turns alone,  
 He murmurs fury with a hollow groan ;  
 He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around  
 Lash'd by his tail his heaving sides resound ;  
 He calls up all his rage ; he grinds his teeth,  
 Resolved on vengeance, or resolved on death.  
 So fierce Achilles on Æneas flies ,  
 So stands Æneas, and his force defies  
 Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun  
 The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son .

“ Why comes Æneas through the ranks so far ?  
 Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,  
 In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,  
 And prove his merits to the throne of Troy ?  
 Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,  
 The partial monarch may refuse the prize ;  
 Sons he has many , those thy pride may quell :  
 And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.  
 Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,  
 Has Troy proposed some spacious tract of land  
 An ample forest, or a fair domain,  
 Of hills for vines, and arable for grain ?  
 Even this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.  
 But can Achilles be so soon forgot ?  
 Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear  
 And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear  
 With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled,  
 Nor, till he reach'd Lynessus, turn'd his head .  
 Her lofty walls not long our progress stay'd ;  
 Those, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid  
 In Grecian chains her captive race were cast ;  
 'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast.  
 Defrauded of my conquest once before,  
 What then I lost, the gods this day restore  
 Go ; while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate ;  
 Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late ”

To this Anchises' son “ Such words employ  
 To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy,  
 Such we disdain ; the best may be defied  
 With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride ,

Unworthy the high race from which we came  
 Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame :  
 Each from illustrious fathers draws his line ;  
 Each goddess-born ; half human, half divine.  
 Thetis' this day, or Venus' offspring dies,  
 And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes .  
 For when two heroes, thus arriv'd, contend,  
 'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.  
 If yet thou further seek to learn my birth  
 (A tale resounded through the spacious earth)  
 Hear how the glorious origin we prove  
 From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove .  
 Dardania's walls he rais'd ; for Ilium, then,  
 (The city since of many-languag'd men )  
 Was not. The natives were content to till  
 The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.<sup>5</sup>  
 From Dardanus great Erichthonius springs,  
 The richest, once, of Asia's wealthy kings ;  
 Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,  
 Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed  
 Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,  
 Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane.  
 With voice dissembled to his loves he reign'd,  
 And coursed the dappled beauties o'er the mead .  
 Hence sprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,  
 Swift as their mother mares, and father wind  
 These lightly skimming, when they swept the plain,  
 Nor plied the grass nor bent the tender grain ;  
 And when along the level seas they flew,<sup>6</sup>  
 Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew.  
 Such Erichthonius was from him there came  
 The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.  
 Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,  
 Ilus, Assaracus and Ganymed  
 The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair,  
 Whom heaven, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper air,  
 To bear the cup of Jove (ethereal guest,  
 The grace and glory of the ambrosial feast)  
 The two remaining sons the line divide :  
 First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side ,  
 From him Tithonus, now in cares grown old,  
 And Priam, bless'd with Hector, brave and bold ;  
 Clyteus and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair ;

<sup>5</sup> "Ere Ilium and the Trojan tow'rs arose,  
 In humble vales they built their soft abodes."

<sup>6</sup> *Along the level seas* Compare Virgil's description of Camilla, who  
 "Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain,  
 Flew o'er the field, nor hurt the headed grain -  
 She swept the seas, and as she skimm'd along,  
 Her flying feet unbathe'd on billows hung  
 Dryden, vii. 1100.

And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.  
From great Assaracus sprang Capys, he  
Begot Anchises, and Anchises me.  
Such is our race : 'tis fortune gives us birth,  
But Jove alone endues the soul with worth  
He, source of power and might ! with boundless sway,  
All human courage gives, or takes away  
Long in the field of words we may contend,  
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,  
Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong,  
So voluble a weapon is the tongue,  
Wounded, we wound, and neither side can fail,  
For every man has equal strength to rail  
Women alone, when in the streets they jar,  
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war,  
Like us they stand, encompass'd with the crowd,  
And vent their anger impotent and loud  
Cease then—Our business in the field of fight  
Is not to question, but to prove our might  
To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,  
Receive this answer 'tis my flying spear."

He spoke. With all his force the javelin flung,  
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.  
Far on his outstretch'd arm, Pelides held  
(To meet the thundering lance) his dreadful shield,  
That trembled as it stuck, nor void of fear  
Saw, ere it fell, the immeasurable spear  
His fears were vain, impenetrable charms  
Secured the temper of the ethereal arms  
Through two strong plates the point its passage held,  
But stopp'd, and rested, by the third repell'd  
Five plates of various metal, various mould,  
Composed the shield, of brass each outward fold,  
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold  
There stuck the lance Then rising ere he threw,  
The forceful spear of great Achilles flew,  
And pierced the Dardan shield's extremest bound,  
Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper sound  
Through the thin verge the Pelean weapon glides,  
And the slight covering of expanded hides.  
Æneas his contracted body bends,  
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,  
Sees, through its parting plates, the upper air,  
And at his back perceives the quivering spear.  
A fate so near him, chills his soul with fright;  
And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.  
Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries,  
Draws his broad blade and at Æneas flies.  
Æneas rousing as the foe came on,  
With force collected, heaves a mighty stone :



A mass enormous ! which in modern days  
No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise.  
But ocean's god, whose earthquakes rock the ground,  
Saw the distress, and moved the powers around.

"Lo ! on the bank of fate Æneas stands,  
An instant victim to Achilles' hands ;  
By Phœbus urged ; but Phœbus has bestow'd  
His aid in vain the man o'erpowers the god.  
And can ye see this righteous chief alone  
With guiltless blood for vices not his own ?  
To all the gods his constant vows were paid ,  
Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims our aid.  
Fate wills not this , nor thus can Jove re-ign  
The future father of the Dardan line . ?  
The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,  
And still his love descends on all the race .  
For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,  
At length are odious to the all-seeing mind ;  
On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,  
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain "

The great earth-shaker thus to whom replies  
The imperial goddess with the radiant eyes :  
" Good as he is, to immolate or spare  
The Dardan prince, O Neptune ! be thy care ,  
Pallas and I, by all that gods can bind,  
Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind :  
Not even an instant to protract their fate  
Or save one member of the sinking state ;  
Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore,  
And even her crumbling ruins are no more "

The king of ocean to the fight descends,  
Through all the whistling darts his course he bends,  
Swift interposed between the warrior flies,  
And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes ?  
From great Æneas' shield the spear he drew,  
And at his master's feet the weapon threw.  
That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high  
The Dardan prince, and bore him through the sky,  
Smooth-gliding without step, above the heads  
Of warring heroes, and of bounding steeds .

<sup>7</sup> *The future father* " Æneas and Antenor stand distinguished from the other Trojans by a dissatisfaction with Priam, and a sympathy with the Greeks, which is by Sophocles and others construed as treacherous collusion,—a suspicion indirectly glanced at, though emphatically repelled, in the Æneids of Virgil "—Grote, i p 427

<sup>8</sup> Neptune thus recounts his services to Æneas

"When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds  
Of force unequal and unequal gods  
I spread a cloud before the victor's sight,  
Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secured his flight—  
Even then secured him, when I fought with joy  
The wolv'd destruction of ungrateful Troy "

Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,  
Where the slow Caucas close the rear of fight  
The godhead there (his heavenly form confess'd)  
With words like these the panting chief address'd .

"What power, O prince ! with force inferior far,  
Urged thee to meet Achilles' arm in war ?  
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,  
Defrauding fate of all thy fame to come.  
But when the day decreed (for come it must)  
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust,  
Let then the furies of that arm be known,  
Secure no Grecian force transcends thy own."

With that, he left him wondering as he lay,  
Then from Achilles chased the mist away .  
Sudden, returning with a stream of light,  
The scene of war came rushing on his sight.  
Then thus, amazed ; "What wonders strike my mind !  
My spear, that parted on the wings of wind,  
Laid here before me ! and the Dardan lord,  
That fell this instant, vanish'd from my sword !  
I thought alone with mortals to contend,  
But powers celestial sure this foe defend.  
Great as he is, our arms he scarce will try,  
Content for once, with all his gods, to fly  
Now then let others bleed " This said, aloud  
He vents his fury and inflames the crowd .  
"O Greeks ! (he cries, and every rank alarms)  
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms !  
'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the sky,  
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly .  
No god can singly such a host engage,  
Not Mars himself, nor great Minerva's rage.  
But whatso'er Achilles can inspire,  
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire ,  
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey ,  
All, all Achilles, Greeks ! is yours to-day  
Through yon wide host this arm shall scatter fear,  
And thin the squadrons with my single spear "

He said no less elate with martial joy,  
The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of Troy  
"Trojans, to war ! Think, Hector leads you on ,  
Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty son  
Deeds must decide our fate. E'en these with words  
Insult the brave, who tremble at their swords .  
The weakest atheist-wretch all heaven defies,  
But shrinks and shudders when the thunder flies  
Not from yon boaster shall your chief retire,  
Not though his heart were steel, his hands were fire ;  
That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand,  
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand "

Thus (breathing rage through all) the hero said,  
 A wood of lances rises round his head,  
 Clamours on clamours tempest all the air,  
 They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.  
 But Phoebus warns him from high heaven to shun  
 The single fight with Thetis' godlike son;  
 More safe to combat in the mingled band,  
 Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand  
 He hears, obedient to the god of light,  
 And, plunged within the ranks, awaits the fight.

Then fierce Achilles, shouting to the skies,  
 On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies.  
 First falls Iphytion, at his army's head,  
 Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led;  
 From great Otrynteus he derived his blood,  
 His mother was a Nais, of the flood,  
 Beneath the shades of Tmolus, crown'd with snow,  
 From Hydè's walls he ruled the lands below.  
 Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides:  
 The parted visage falls on equal sides.  
 With loud-resounding arms he strikes the plain,  
 While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain

"Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth  
 Receives thee dead, though Gygæ boast thy birth;  
 Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,  
 And plenteous Hermus swells with tides of gold,  
 Are thine no more"—The insulting hero said,  
 And left him sleeping in eternal shade.  
 The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,  
 And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore

Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid  
 Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.  
 The impatient steel with full-descending sway  
 Forced through his brazen helm its furious way,  
 Resistless drove the batter'd skull before,  
 And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.  
 This sees Hippodamas, and seized with flight,  
 Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight  
 The lance arrests him an ignoble wound  
 The panting Trojan rivets to the ground  
 He groans away his soul not louder roars,  
 At Neptune's shrine on Helice's high shores,  
 The victim bull, the rocks re-bellow round,  
 And ocean listens to the grateful sound  
 Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,  
 The youngest hope of Priam's stooping age.  
 (Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpass'd)

9 On Polydore. Euripides, Virgil, and others, relate that Polydore was sent into to the house of Polymestor, for protection, being the youngest of Priam's sons, and was treacherously murdered by his host for the sake of the treasure sent with him

Of all his sons, the dearest, and the last.  
 To the forbidden field he takes his flight,  
 In the first folly of a youthful knight,  
 To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain,  
 But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain.  
 Struck where the crossing belts unite behind,  
 And golden rings the double back-plate join'd  
 Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel;  
 And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell;  
 The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground  
 His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.  
 When Hector view'd, all ghastly in his gore,  
 Thus sadly slain the unhappy Polydore,  
 A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight,  
 His soul no longer brook'd the distant fight:  
 Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,  
 And shook his javelin like a waving flame.  
 The son of Peleus sees, with joy possess'd,  
 His heart high-bounding in his rising breast.  
 "And, lo! the man on whom black fates attend;  
 The man, that slew Achilles, is his friend!  
 No more shall Hector's and Pelides' spear  
 Turn from each other in the walks of war"—  
 Then with revengeful eyes he scann'd him o'er:  
 "Come, and receive thy fate!" He spake no more.

Hector, undaunted, thus "Such words employ  
 To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy.  
 Such we could give, defying and defied,  
 Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride!  
 I know thy force to mine superior far;  
 But heaven alone confers success in war.  
 Mean as I am, the gods may guide my dart,  
 And give it entrance in a braver heart"

Then parts the lance but Pallas' heavenly breath  
 Far from Achilles wafts the winged death.  
 The bidden dart again to Hector flies,  
 And at the feet of its great master lies  
 Achilles closes with his hated foe,  
 His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow.  
 But present to his aid, Apollo shrouds  
 The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds  
 Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart,  
 Thrice in impassive air he plunged the dart;  
 The spear a fourth time buried in the cloud,  
 He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud.

"Wretch! thou hast 'scaped again; once more thy flight  
 Has saved thee, and the partial god of light  
 But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,  
 If any power assist Achilles' hand.  
 Fly then inglorious! but thy flight this day

Whole hecatombs of Tiojan ghosts shall pay."

With that, he gluts his rage on numbers slain .  
Then Dryops tumbled to the ensanguined plain,  
Pierced through the neck . he left him panting there,  
And stopp'd Demuchus, great Phuletor's heir  
Gigantic chief ! deep gash'd the enormous blade,  
And for the soul an ample passage made.

Laoganus and Dardanus expire,  
The valiant sons of an unhappy sire ;  
Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,  
Sunk in one instant to the nether world .  
This difference only their sad fates afford  
That one the spear destroy'd, and one the sword.

Nor less unpitied, young Alastor bleeds ,  
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads ;  
In vain he begs thee, with a suppliant's moan,  
To spare a form, an age so like thy own !  
Unhappy boy ! no prayer, no moving art,  
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart !  
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cried,  
The ruthless falchion oped his tender side ,  
The panting liver pours a flood of gore  
That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.

Through Mulus' head then drove the impetuous spear .  
The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear.  
Thy life, Echeclus ! next the sword bereaves,  
Deep though the front the ponderous falchion cleaves ;  
Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies,  
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes  
Then brave Deucalion died . the dart was flung  
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung ;  
He dropp'd his arm, an unassisting weight,  
And stood all impotent, expecting fate  
Full on his neck the falling falchion sped,  
From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head :  
Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,  
And, sunk in dust, the corpse extended lies.  
Rhigmas, whose race from fruitful Thracia came,  
(The son of Pierus, an illustrious name,)  
Succeeds to fate . the spear his belly rends ;  
Prone from his car the thundering chief descends.  
The squire, who saw expiring on the ground  
His prostrate master, rein'd the steeds around ;  
His back, scarce turn'd, the Pelian javelin gored,  
And stretch'd the servant o'er his dying lord  
As when a flame the winding valley fills,  
And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills ;  
Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,  
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,  
This way and that, the spreading torrent roars .

So sweeps the hero through the wasted shores;  
Around him wide, immense destruction pours  
And earth is deluged with the sanguine showers  
As with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,  
And thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor;  
When round and round, with never-wearied pain,  
The trampling steeds beat out the unnumber'd grain  
So the fierce coursers, as the chariot rolls,  
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes' souls.  
Dash'd from their hoofs while o'er the dead they fly,  
Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye  
The spiky wheels through heaps of carnage dye  
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.  
High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,  
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood  
Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame;  
Such is the lust of never-dying fame!



CENTAUR.

## BOOK XXI.

### ARGUMENT.

#### THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDER.<sup>1</sup>

The Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great slaughter takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropeus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves Neptune and Pallas assist the hero Simois joins Scamander at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy. Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

AND now to Xanthus' gliding stream they drove,  
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove  
The river here divides the flying train,  
Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,  
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight,  
Now chased, and trembling in ignoble flight.  
(These with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,  
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds.)  
Part plunge into the stream. old Xanthus roars,  
The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores  
With cries promiscuous all the banks resound,  
And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,

<sup>1</sup> "Perhaps the boldest excursion of Homer into this region of poetical fancy collision into which, in the twenty-first of the Iliad, he has brought the river god Scamander first with Achilles, and afterwards with Vulcan, when summoned by Juno to the help of the Trojans. The overwhelming fury of the stream finds the natural interpretation in the character of the mountain torrents of Greece and Asia Minor. Their wide, shingly beds are in summer comparatively dry, so as to be easily forded by the foot passenger. But a thunder-shower in the mountains unobserved perhaps by the traveller on the plain, may suddenly immerse him in the flood of a mighty river. The rescue of Achilles by the fiery arms of Vulcan scarcely admits of the same ready explanation from physical causes. Yet the subsiding of the flood at the critical moment when the hero's destruction appeared imminent, might, by a slight extension of the figurative parallel, be ascribed to a god symbolic of the influences opposed to all atmospheric moisture."—Mure, vol. 1 p. 480, sq.

The flouncing steeds and shucking warriors drown'd,  
 As the scorch'd locusts from their fields retire,  
 While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire ;  
 Driven from the land before the smoky cloud,  
 The clustering legions rush into the flood .  
 So, plunged in Xanthus by Achilles' force,  
 Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.  
 His bloody lance the hero casts aside,  
 (Which, spreading tamarisks on the margin hide,)

Then, like a god, the rapid billows braves,  
 Arm'd with his sword, high brandish'd o'er the waves :  
 Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,  
 Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound ;  
 Repeated wounds the reddening river dyed,  
 And the warm purple circled on the tide  
 Swift through the foam my flood the Trojans fly,  
 And close in rocks or winding caverns lie .  
 So the huge dolphin tempesting the main,  
 In shoals before him fly the scaly train,  
 Confusedly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,  
 Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves  
 Now, tired with slaughter, from the Trojan band -  
 Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land ,  
 With their rich belts their captive arms restrains  
 (Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains)  
 These his attendants to the ships convey'd,  
 Sad victims destined to Patroclus' shade ,

Then, as once more he plunged amid the flood,  
 The young Lycaon in his passage stood ;  
 The son of Priam , whom the hero's hand  
 But late made captive in his father's land  
 (As from a sycamore, his sounding steel  
 Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot wheel)  
 To Lemnos' isle he sold the royal slave,  
 Where Jason's son the price demanded gave ;  
 But kind Eetion, touching on the shore,  
 The ransom'd prince to fair Arisbè bore.  
 Ten days were past, since in his father's reign  
 He felt the sweets of liberty again ;  
 The next, that god whom men in vain withstand  
 Gives the same youth to the same conquering hand .  
 Now never to return ! and doom'd to go  
 A sadder journey to the shades below  
 His well-known face when great Achilles eyed,  
 (The helm and visor he had cast aside  
 With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field  
 His useless lance and unavailing shield,)

As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled,  
 And knock'd his faltering knees, the hero said  
 " Ye mighty gods ! what wonders strike my view !



Is it in vain our conquering aims subdue ?  
 Sure I shall see yon heaps of Trojans kill'd  
 Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field :  
 As now the captive, whom so late I bound  
 And sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground !  
 Not him the sea's unmeasured deeps detain,  
 That bar such numbers from their native plain  
 Lo ! he returns. Try, then, my flying spear !  
 Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer,  
 If earth, at length this active prince can seize,  
 Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules "

Thus while he spoke, the Trojan pale with fears  
 Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears  
 Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,  
 And his soul shivering at the approach of death  
 Achilles raised the spear, prepared to wound ;  
 He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground .  
 And while, above, the spear suspended stood,  
 Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,  
 One hand embraced them close, one stopp'd the dart,  
 While thus these melting words attempt his heart

' Thy well-known captive, great Achilles ! see,  
 Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee  
 Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,  
 Who shared the gifts of Ceres at thy board ;  
 Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,  
 Far from his father, friends, and native shore ;  
 A hundred oxen were his price that day,  
 Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.  
 Scarce respite from woes I yet appeal,  
 And scarce twelve morning suns have seen me here ;  
 Lo ! Jove again submits me to thy hands,  
 Again, her victim cruel Fate demands !  
 I sprang from Priam, and Laothoe fair,  
 (Old Altes' daughter, and Lelegia's heir ;  
 Who held in Pedasus his famed abode,  
 And ruled the fields where silver Satnio flow'd,)  
 Two sons (alas ! unhappy sons) she bore ,  
 For ah ! one spear shall drink each brother's gore,  
 And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore.  
 How from that arm of terror shall I fly ?  
 Some demon urges ! tis my doom to die !  
 If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,  
 Ah ! think not me too much of Hector's kind !  
 Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,  
 With his, who wrought thy loved Patroclus' death."

These words, attended with a shower of tears,  
 The youth address'd to unrelenting ears .  
 "Talk not of life, or ransom (he replies) :  
 Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies :

In vain a single Trojan sues for grace ,  
But least, the sons of Priam's hateful race  
Die then, my friend ! what boots it to deplore ?  
The great, the good Patroclus is no more !  
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,  
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality ?  
Seest thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,  
Sprung from a hero, from a goddess born ?  
The day shall come (which nothing can avert)  
When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,  
By night, or day, by force, or by design,  
Impending death and certain fate are mine !  
Die then,"—He said , and as the word he spoke,  
The fainting stripling sank before the stroke  
His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear,  
While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear  
Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd,  
And buried in his-neck the reeking blade  
Prone fell the youth ; and panting on the land,  
The gushing purple dyed the thirsty sand  
The victor to the stream the carcase gave,  
And thus insults him, floating on the wave  
"Lie there, Lycaon ! let the fish surround  
Thy bloated corpse, and suck thy gory wound :  
There no sad mother shall thy funerals weep,  
But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,  
Whose every wave some watery monster brings,  
To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings.  
So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line !  
Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.  
What boots ye now Scamander's worshipp'd stream,  
His earthly honours, and immortal name ?  
In vain your immolated bulls are slain,  
Your living coursers glut his gulfs in vain !  
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate ,  
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is complete  
Thus is atoned Patroclus' honour'd shade,  
And the short absence of Achilles paid "

These boastful words provoked the raging god ,  
With fury swells the violated flood  
What means divine may yet the power employ  
To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy ?  
Meanwhile the hero springs in arms, to dare  
The great Asteropeus to mortal war ,  
The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line  
Flows from the source of Axius, stream divine !  
(Fair Peribæa's love the god had crown'd,  
With all his reflux waters circled round )  
On him Achilles rush'd , he fearless stood,  
And shook two spears, advancing from the flood ,

The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head  
To avenge his waters choked with heaps of dead.  
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began

"What art thou, boldest of the race of man?  
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the sire  
Whose son encounters our resistless ire."

"O son of Pelcus! what avails to trace  
(Replied the warrior) our illustrious race?  
From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,  
Arm'd with protended spears, my native band;  
Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came  
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame  
Æxius, who swells with all the neighbouring rills,  
And wide around the flooded region fills,  
Begot my sire, whose spear much glory won.  
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!"

Threatening he said the hostile chiefs advance:  
At once Asteropæus discharged each lance,  
(For both his dexterous hands the lance could wield,)  
One struck, but pierced not, the Vulcanian shield;  
One razed Achilles' hand; the spouting blood  
Spun forth, in earth the fasten'd weapon stood  
Like lightning next the Pelæan javelin flies.  
Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies,  
Deep in the swelling bank was driven the spear,  
Even to the middle earth; and quiver'd there.  
Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,  
And on his foe with double fury flew.  
The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood;  
Repulsive of his might the weapon stood:  
The fourth, he tries to break the spear in vain;  
Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain;  
His belly open'd with a ghastly wound,  
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.  
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,  
And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies,  
While the proud victor thus triumphing said,  
His radiant armour tearing from the dead.

"So ends thy glory! Such the fate they prove,  
Who strive presumptuous with the sons of Jove!  
Sprung from a river, didst thou boast thy line?  
But great Saturnius is the source of mine.  
How durst thou vaunt thy watery progeny?  
Of Pelcus, Æacus, and Jove, am I  
The race of these superior far to those,  
As he that thunders to the stream that flows.  
What rivers can, Scamander might have shown;  
But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his son  
Even Achelous might contend in vain,  
And all the roaring billows of the main.

The eternal ocean, from whose fountains flow  
The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,  
The thundering voice of Jove abhois to hear,  
And in his deep abysses shakes with fear "

He said then from the bank his javelin tore,  
And left the breathless warrior in his gore  
The floating tides the bloody carcase lave,  
And beat against it, wave succeeding wave ;  
Till, roll'd between the banks, it lies the food  
Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood  
All scatter'd round the stream (their mightiest slain)  
The amazed Pæonians scour along the plain.  
He vents his fury on the flying ciew,  
Thrasius, Astyplus, and Mnesus slew,  
Mydon, Thersilochus, with Ænius, fell,  
And numbers more his lance had plunged to hell,  
But from the bottom of his gulfs profound  
Scamander spoke ; the shores return'd the sound.

" O first of mortals ! (for the gods are thine)  
In valour matchless, and in force divine !  
If Jove have given thee every Trojan head,  
'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead  
See ! my choked streams no more their course can keep,  
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep  
Turn then, impetuous ! from our injured flood,  
Content, thy slaughters could amaze a god."

In human form, confess'd before his eyes,  
The river thus ; and thus the chief replies  
" O sacred stream ! thy word we shall obey ;  
But not till Troy the destined vengeance pay,  
Not till within her towers the perjured train  
Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again,  
Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,  
Or stain this lance, or see Achilles fall "

He said ; and drove with fury on the foe  
Then to the godhead of the silver bow  
The yellow flood began " O son of Jove !  
Was not the mandate of the sue above  
Full and express, that Phœbus should employ  
His sacred arrows in defence of Troy,  
And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall  
In awful darkness hide the face of all ? "

He spoke in vain—The chief without dismay  
Ploughs through the boiling surge his desperate way.  
Then rising in his rage above the shores,  
From all his deep the bellowing river roars,  
Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,  
And round the banks the ghastly dead are toss'd  
While all before, the billows ranged on high,  
(A watery bulwark,) screen the bands who fly

Now bursting on his head with thundering sound,  
 The falling deluge whelms the hero round :  
 His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide :  
 His feet, upborne, scarce the strong flood divide,  
 Sliddering, and staggering. On the border stood  
 A spreading elm, that overhung the flood ;  
 He seized a bending bough, his steps to stay ;  
 The plant uprooted to his weight gave way.<sup>2</sup>  
 Heaving the bank, and undermining all ;  
 Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall  
 Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd  
 Bridged the rough flood across the hero stay'd  
 On this his weight, and raised upon his hand,  
 Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.  
 Then blacken'd the wild waves, the murmur rose :  
 The god pursues, a huger billow throw,  
 And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy  
 The man whose fury is the fate of Troy.  
 He like the warlike eagle speeds his prey  
 (Swiftest and strongest of the aerial race) ;  
 Far as a spear can fly, Achilles springs ;  
 At every bound his clanging armour rings :  
 Now here, now there, he turns on every side,  
 And winds his course before the following tide ;  
 The waves flow after, wheresoe'er he wheels,  
 And gather fast, and murmur at his heels  
 So when a peasant to his garden brings  
 Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs,  
 And calls the floods from high, to bless his bowers.  
 And feed with pregnant streams the plants and flowers :  
 Soon as he clears whate'er their passage stay'd,  
 And marks the future current with his spade,  
 Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills,  
 Louder and louder purl the falling rills,  
 Before him scattering, they prevent his pains.  
 And shine in many wanderings o'er the plains.  
 Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes  
 Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies :  
 Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods ;  
 The first of men, but not a match for gods.  
 Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,  
 And bravely try if all the powers were foes ;  
 So oft the surge, in watery mountains spread,  
 Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.  
 Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,  
 And still indignant bounds above the waves  
 Tired by the tides, his knees relax with toil ;

<sup>2</sup> Wood has observed, that "the circumstance of a falling tree, which is described as reaching from one of its banks to the other, affords a very just idea of the breadth of the Scamander"

Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil ;  
 When thus (his eyes on heaven's expansion thrown)  
 Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan :

" Is there no god Achilles to befriend,  
 No power to avert his miserable end ?  
 Prevent, O Jove ! this ignominious date,<sup>3</sup>  
 And make my future life the sport of fate.  
 Of all heaven's oracles believed in vain,  
 But most of Thetis must her son complain ;  
 By Phœbus' darts she prophesied my fall,  
 In glorious arms before the Trojan wall  
 Oh ! had I died in fields of battle warm,  
 Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm !  
 Might Hector's spear thus dauntless bosom rend,  
 And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend.  
 Ah no ! Achilles meets a shameful fate,  
 Oh how unworthy of the brave and great !  
 Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,  
 Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,  
 An unregarded carcase to the sea."

Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief,  
 And thus in human form address'd the chief .  
 The power of ocean first " Forbear thy fear,  
 O son of Pelcus ! Lo, thy gods appear !  
 Behold ! from Jove descending to thy aid,  
 Propitious Neptune, and the blue-eyed maid  
 Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave  
 'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave  
 But thou, the counsel heaven suggests, attend !  
 Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,  
 Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all  
 Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall .  
 Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,  
 And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.  
 Thine is the glory doom'd " Thus spake the gods .  
 Then swift ascended to the bright abodes

Stung with new ardour, thus by heaven impell'd,  
 He springs impetuous, and invades the field  
 O'er all the expanded plain the waters spread ,  
 Heaved on the bounding billows danced the dead,  
 Floating 'midst scatter'd arms ; while casques of gold  
 And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd  
 High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,  
 He wades, and mounts , the parted wave resounds  
 Not a whole river stops the hero's course,  
 While Pallas fills him with immortal force.  
 With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,  
 And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.

<sup>3</sup> *Ignominious* Drowning, as compared with a death in the field of battle, was considered utterly disgraceful

Then thus to Simois ! " Haste, my brother flood ;  
 And check this mortal that controls a god ;  
 Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight,  
 And Iliou tumble from her towery height  
 Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,  
 From all thy fountains swell thy watery store,  
 With broken rocks, and with a load of dead,  
 Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head.  
 Mark how resistless through the floods he goes,  
 And boldly bids the warring gods be foes !  
 But nor that force, nor form divine to sight,  
 Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite .  
 Whelm'd under our dark gulfs those arms shall lie,  
 That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye ;  
 And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurld,



ACHILLES CONTESTING WITH THE PIERS

Immersed remain this terror of the world.  
 Such ponderous ruin shall confound the place,  
 No Greeks shall e'er his perish'd relics grace,  
 No hand his bones shall gather, or inhume ;  
 These his cold rites, and this his watery tomb "

He said , and on the chief descends amain,  
 Increased with gore, and swelling with the slain .  
 Then, murmuring from his beds, he boils, he raves,  
 And a foam whitens on the purple waves .  
 At every step, before Achilles stood  
 The crimson surge, and deluged him with blood  
 Fear touch'd the queen of heaven she saw dismay'd,  
 She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid.

" Rise to the war ! the insulting flood requires  
 Thy wasteful arm ! assemble all thy fires !  
 While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,  
 Rush the swift eastern and the western wind  
 These from old ocean at my word shall blow,  
 Pour the red torrent on the watery foe,  
 Corsets and arms to one bright ruin turn,  
 And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn  
 Go, mighty in thy rage ! display thy power,  
 Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour  
 Scorch all the banks ! and (till our voice reclaim)  
 Evert the unwearied furies of the flame !"

The power ignipotent her word obeys .  
 Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze ,  
 At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil  
 And the shrunk waters in their channel boil  
 As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,  
 And instant blows the water'd gardens dry  
 So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,  
 While Vulcan breathed the fiery blast around  
 Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys ,  
 Along the margin winds the running blaze  
 The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,  
 The flowering lotos and the tamarisk burn,  
 Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire ,  
 The watery willows hiss before the fire  
 Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath,  
 The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death  
 Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly fry,  
 Or, gasping, turn their bellies to the sky  
 At length the river rear'd his languid head,  
 And thus, short-panting, to the god he said

" Oh Vulcan ! oh ! what power resists thy might ?  
 I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight——  
 I yield——Let Ilium fall ; if fate decree——  
 Ah——bend no more thy fiery arms on me !"

He ceased , wide conflagration blazing round ,  
 The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound  
 As when the flames beneath a cauldron rise,<sup>4</sup>  
 To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,  
 Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires  
 The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires  
 So boils the imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,  
 And choked with vapours feels his bottom glow.  
 To Juno then, imperial queen of air,

<sup>4</sup> Beneath a caldron

" So, when with crackling flames a caldron fries,  
 The bubbling waters from the bottom rise  
 Above the brims they force their fiery way ,  
 Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the dry "

Dryden's Virgil, vii 644



The burning river sends his earnest prayer :

“ Ah why, Saturnia ; must thy son engage  
Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage ?  
On other gods his dreadful arm employ,  
For mightier gods assent the cause of Troy.  
Submissive I desist, if thou command ,  
But ah ! withdraw this all-destroying hand  
Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to fate  
Unaided Ilion, and her destined state,  
Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame,  
And in one ruin sink the Trojan name.”

His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear :  
She bade the ignipotent his rage forbear,  
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cause  
Infest a god the obedient flame withdraws  
Again the branching streams begin to spread,  
And soft remurmur in their wonted bed

While these by Juno's will the strife resign,  
The warring gods in fierce contention join :  
Rekindling rage each heavenly breast alarms .  
With horrid clangour shock the ethereal arms  
Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound ;  
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.  
Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene describes,  
And views contending gods with careless eyes  
The power of battles lifts his brazen spear,  
And first assaults the radiant queen of wai

“ What moved thy madness, thus to disunite  
Ethereal minds, and mix all heaven in fight ?  
What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood  
Thou drovest a mortal to insult a god ?  
Thy impious hand Tydides' javelin bore,  
And madly bathed it in celestial gore ”

He spoke, and smote the long-resounding shield,  
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field .  
The adamantæne ægis of her sire,  
That turns the glancing bolt and forked fire

Then heaved the goddess in her mighty hand  
A stone, the limit of the neighbouring land,  
There fix'd from eldest times , black, craggy, vast ;  
This at the heavenly homicide she cast  
Thundering he falls, a mass of monstrous size  
And seven broad acres covers as he lies  
The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound  
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound  
The scornful dame her conquest views with smiles,  
And, glorying, thus the prostrate god reviles .

“ Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury ! known  
How far Minerva's force transcends thy own ?  
Juno, whom thou rebellious darest withstand,

Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand ;  
Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,  
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race."

The goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes away,  
That, beaming round, diffused celestial day  
Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,  
Lent to the wounded god her tender hand  
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,  
And, propp'd on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.  
This the bright empress of the heavens rvey'd,  
And, scoffing, thus to war's victorious maid :

"Lo ! what an aid on Mars's side is seen !  
The smiles and loves' unconquiable queen !  
Mark with what insolence, in open view,  
She moves : let Pallas, if she dares, pursue."

Minerva smiling heard, the pain o'ertook,  
And slightly on her breast the wanton strook :  
She, unresisting, fell (her spirits fled) ;  
On earth together lay the lovers spread  
"And like these heroes be the fate of all  
(Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall !  
To Grecian gods such let the Phrygian be,  
So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me,  
Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be moved"  
Thus she, and Juno with a smile approved

Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,  
The god of ocean dares the god of light.  
"What sloth has seized us, when the fields around  
Ring with conflicting powers, and heaven returns the sound ?  
Shall, ignominious, we with shame retire,  
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian sire ?  
Come, prove thy arm ! for first the war to wage,  
Suits not my greatness, or superior age  
Rash as thou art to prop the Trojan throne,  
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own,)  
And guard the race of proud Laomedon !  
Hast thou forgot, how, at the monarch's prayer,  
We shared the lengthen'd labours of a year ?  
Troy walls I raised (for such were Jove's commands),  
And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands  
Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves  
Along fair Ida's vales and pendant groves  
But when the circling seasons in their train  
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain,  
With menace stern the fraudulent king defied  
Our latent godhead, and the prize denied  
Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile hands,  
And doom'd us exiles far in barbarous lands<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> "This tale of the temporary servitude of particular gods, by order of Jove, as a punishment for misbehaviour, recurs not unfrequently among the incidents of the Mythical world."  
—Grote, vol. i. p. 256

Incensed, we heavenward fled with swiftest wing,  
 And destined vengeance on the perjured king  
 Dost thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,  
 And not, like us, infest the faithless race,  
 Like us, their present, future sons destroy,  
 And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?"

Apollo thus: "To combat for mankind  
 Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind;  
 For what is man? Calamitous by birth,  
 They owe their life and nourishment to earth;  
 Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,  
 Smile on the sun; now, wither on the ground  
 To their own hands commit the frantic scene,  
 Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean."

Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly fires,  
 And from the senior power submissive retires:  
 Him thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,  
 The quiver'd huntress of the sylvan shades.

"And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,  
 And yields to ocean's hoary sire the prize?  
 How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful show  
 Of pointed arrows and the silver bow!  
 Now boast no more in yon celestial bower,  
 Thy force can match the great earth-shaking power."

Silent he heard the queen of woods upbraid:  
 Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid,  
 But furious thus. "What insolence has driven  
 Thy pride to face the majesty of heaven?  
 What though by Jove the female plague design'd,  
 Fierce to the feeble race of womankind,  
 The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;  
 Thy sex's tyrant, with a tiger's heart?  
 What though tremendous in the woodland chase  
 Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?  
 How dares thy rashness on the powers divine  
 Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?  
 Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage—"  
 She said, and seized her wrists with eager rage;  
 These in her left hand lock'd, her right untied  
 The bow, the quiver, and its plumed pride  
 About her temples flies the busy bow,  
 Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow;  
 The scattering arrows, rattling from the case,  
 Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place  
 Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,  
 And scarce restrains the torrent in her eyes  
 So, when the falcon wings her way above,  
 To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove;  
 (Not fated yet to die;) there safe retreats,  
 Yet still her heart against the marble beats.  
 To her Latona hastes with tender care,

Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war  
 "How shall I face the dame, who gives delight  
 To him whose thunders blacken heaven with night?  
 Go, matchless goddess! triumph in the skies,  
 And hoist my conquest, while I yield the prize"

He spoke; and pass'd: Latona, stooping low,  
 Collects the scatter'd shafts and fallen bow,  
 That, glittering on the dust, lay here and there  
 Dishonour'd relics of Diana's war:

Then swift pursued her to her blest abode,  
 Where, all confused, she sought the sovereign god;  
 Weeping, she grasp'd his knees the ambrosial vest  
 Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast

He sire superior smiled, and bade her show  
 What heavenly hand had caused his daughter's woe?  
 Abask'd, she names his own imperial spouse,  
 And the pale crescent fades upon her brows

Thus they above, while swiftly gliding down,  
 Apollo enters Iliou's sacred town;  
 The guardian-god now trembled for her wall,  
 And fear'd the Greeks, though fate forbade her fall.

Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,  
 Return the shining bands of gods in arms;  
 Some proud in triumph, some with rage on fire,  
 And take their thrones around the ethereal sire

Through blood, through death, Achilles still proceeds,  
 O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling steeds.

As when avenging flames with fury driven  
 On guilty towns exert the wrath of heaven;  
 The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly;  
 And the red vapours purple all the sky  
 So raged Achilles death and dire dismay,  
 And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day

High on a turret hoary Priam stands,  
 And marks the waste of his destructive hands,  
 Views, from his arm, the Trojans' scatter'd flight,  
 And the near hero rising on his sight!

No stop, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,  
 And settled sorrow on his aged face,  
 Fast as he could, he sighing quits the walls;  
 And thus descending, on the guards he calls

"You to whose care our city-gates belong,  
 Set wide your portals to the flying throng  
 For lo! he comes, with unresisted sway,  
 He comes, and desolation marks his way!  
 But when within the walls our troops take breath,  
 Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death."  
 Thus charged the reverend monarch wide were flung  
 The opening folds, the sounding hinges rung  
 Phoebus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet,

Struck slaughter back, and cover'd the steep  
On heaps the Trojans crowd to gain the shore,  
And glad some see their last escape before  
Thither, all purch'd with that a heavy price,  
Hoary with dust, they leave the tomb of war;  
And gasping, panting, fainting, run away  
With heavier stride, that leave behind a trail  
Enraged Achilles, follow with his spear,  
Wild with revenge, in search of war.

Then had the Greek a mortal pain to see  
And Troy in flames to be, all rest was o'er;  
But he, the god who dwells in eth'ral towers,  
Shot down to save her, and to beguile her,  
To young Aeneas first, down he goes  
(Antenor's son, proph'ying, his father's name)  
In aid of him, beside the beach he stands,  
And wrapt in clouds, he tramples the head of sand.  
When now the panceas youth Achilles  
Thick beats in his ears, the troubled sea he hears  
(So, ere a storm, the waves low and roll)  
He stops, and quakes, thus he utters his soul.

"What, shall I fly this terror of the deep?  
Like others fly, and be like other men?  
Vain hope! to shun him by the sea, and sail  
Yon line of slaughter'd Trojans I may trail.  
No, with the common ruin I come to roll—  
What if they pass'd me to the Trojan wall,  
While I decline to yonder path, that leads  
To Ida's forests and surrounding hills?  
So may I reach, conceal'd, the evening shade,  
From my tired body wash the dirt and blood,  
As soon as night her dusky veil extends,  
Return in safety to my Trojan friends.

What if?—But wherefore all this vain debate,  
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of fate?  
Even now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,  
The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall:  
Such is his swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,  
And such his valour, that who stands must die.  
How'er 'tis better, fighting for the state,  
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.  
Yet sure he too is mortal, he may feel  
(Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel  
One only soul informs that dreadful frame,  
And Jove's sole favour gives him all his fame."

He said, and stood, collected, in his might;  
And all his beating bosom clum'd the fight.  
So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,  
Roused from his thicket by a storm of darts.  
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds

Of shouting hunters, and of clamorous hounds ;  
Though struck, though wounded, scarce perceives the pain ,  
And the barb'd javelin stings his breast in vain .  
On their whole war, untamed, the savage flies ,  
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.  
Not less resolved, Antenor's valiant heir  
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,  
Disdainful of retreat . high held before,  
His shield (a broad circumference) he bore ,  
Then graceful as he stood, in act to throw  
The lifted javelin, thus bespoke the foe

“ How proud Achilles glories in his fame !  
And hopes this day to sink the Trojan name  
Beneath his ruins ! Know, that hope is vain ,  
A thousand woes, a thousand toils remain  
Parents and children our just arms employ,  
And strong and many are the sons of Troy.  
Great as thou art, even thou may'st stain with gore  
These Phrygian fields, and press a foreign shore ”

He said - with matchless force the javelin flung  
Smote on his knee ; - the hollow cushions rung  
Beneath the pointed steel , but safe from harms  
He stands impassive in the ethereal arms  
Then fiercely rushing on the daring foe,  
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow  
But, jealous of his fame, Apollo shrouds  
The god-like Trojan in a veil of clouds  
Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view,  
Dismiss'd with fame, the favour'd youth withdrew.  
Meanwhile the god, to cover their escape,  
Assumes Agenor's habit, voice and shape,  
Flies from the furious chief in this disguise ;  
The furious chief still follows where he flies  
Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd strides,  
Now urge the course where swift Scamander glides  
The god, now distant scarce a stride before,  
Tempt's his pursuit, and wheels about the shore ,  
While all the flying troops their speed employ,  
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy  
No stop, no stay , no thought to ask, or tell,  
Who 'scaped by flight, or who by battle fell  
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight ,  
And sudden joy confused, and mix'd affright.  
Pale Troy against Achilles shuts her gate  
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

## BOOK XXII.

### ARGUMENT

#### THE DEATH OF HECTOR

The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take, but at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies. Achilles pursue him thrice round the walls of Troy. The gods debate concerning the fate of Hector, at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus, he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace. She mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

THUS to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,  
The heided Ilians rush like driven deer  
There safe they wipe the briny drops away,  
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.  
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields  
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,  
March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied powers,  
Far stretching in the shade of Trojan towers  
Great Hector singly stay'd chain'd down by fate,  
There fix'd he stood before the Scæan gate,  
Still his bold arms determined to employ,  
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.  
Apollo now to tired Achilles turns  
(The power confess'd in all his glory burns )  
" And what (he cries) has Peleus' son in view,  
With mortal speed a godhead to pursue?  
For not to thee to know the gods is given,  
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heaven.  
What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?  
Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain :

Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,  
While here thy frantic rage attacks a god."

The chief incensed—"Too partial god of day !  
To check my conquests in the middle way.  
How few in Ithaca else had refuge found !  
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground !  
Thou robbst me of a glory justly mine,  
Powerful of godhead, and of fraud divine  
Mean fame, alas ! for one of heavenly strain,  
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain."

Then to the city, terrible and strong,  
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along,  
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,  
To the near goal with double ardour flies.  
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,  
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.  
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,<sup>1</sup>  
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,  
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs),  
And o'er the feeble stars exerts his rays,  
Terrific glory ! for his burning breath  
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.  
So flamed his fiery mail. Then wept the sage  
He strikes his reverend head, now white with age,  
He lifts his wither'd arms, obtests the skies,  
He calls his much-loved son with feeble cries  
The son, resolved Achilles' force to dare,  
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war,  
While the sad father on the rampart stands,  
And thus adjures him with extended hands

"Ah stay not, stay not ! guardless and alone ;  
Hector ! my loved, my dearest, bravest son !  
Methinks already I behold thee slain,  
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.  
Implacable Achilles ! might'st thou be  
To all the gods no dearer than to me !  
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,  
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore  
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,  
Valiant in vain ! by thy cursed arm destroy'd  
Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles  
To shameful bondage, and unworthy toils  
Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,  
Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore,

<sup>1</sup> *Not half so dreadful*

"On the other side,  
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood  
Urterrified, and like a comet burn'd,  
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
In the æthereal sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war"—*Paradise Lost*, xi. 708.



And loved Lycaon ; now perhaps no more !  
 Oh ! if in yonder hostile camp they live,  
 What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give !  
 (Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth then own,  
 Consign'd his daughter with Lælegia's throne .)  
 But if (which Heaven forbid) already lost,  
 All pale they wander on the Stygian coast ;  
 What sorrows then must their sad mother know,  
 What anguish I ? unutterable woe !  
 Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,  
 Less to all Troy, if not deprived of thee.  
 Yet shun Achilles ! enter yet the wall ;  
 And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all !  
 Save thy dear life , or, if a soul so brave  
 Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save  
 Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs ,  
 While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,  
 Yet curs'd with sense ! a wretch, whom in his rage  
 (All trembling on the verge of helpless age)  
 Great Jove has placed, sad spectacle of pain !  
 The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain :  
 To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,  
 And number all his days by miseries !  
 My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,  
 My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,  
 My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor ;  
 These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more !  
 Perhaps even I, reserved by angry fate,  
 The last sad relic of my ruin'd state,  
 (Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness !) must fall,  
 And stain the pavement of my regal hall ;  
 Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,  
 Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore  
 Yet for my sons I thank ye, gods ! 'tis well ;  
 Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell  
 Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the best.  
 Struck through with wounds, all honest on the breast.  
 But when the fates, in fulness of their rage,  
 Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,  
 In dust the reverend lineaments deform,  
 And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm .  
 This, this is misery ! the last, the worse,  
 That man can feel ! man, fated to be curs'd ! "  
 He said, and acting what no words could say,  
 Rent from his head the silver locks away  
 With him the mournful mother bears a part ,  
 Yet all her sorrows turn not Hector's heart  
 The zone unbraced, her bosom she display'd ;  
 And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said  
 " Have mercy on me, O my son ! revere

The words of age ; attend a parent's prayer !  
 If ever thee in these fond aims I press'd,  
 Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast ,  
 Ah do not thus our helpless years forego,  
 But, by our walls secured, repel the foe  
 Against his rage if singly thou proceed,  
 Should'st thou, (but Heaven avert it!) should'st thou bleed,  
 Nor must thy corse lie honour'd on the bier,  
 Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear !  
 Far from our pious rites those dear remains  
 Must feast the vultures on the naked plains "

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll ;  
 But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul ,  
 Resolved he stands, and with a fiery glance  
 Expects the hero's terrible advance  
 So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake  
 Beholds the traveller approach the brake ,  
 When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins  
 Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains ,  
 He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,  
 And his red eyeballs glare with living fire  
 Beneath a turret, on his shield reclined,  
 He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind "

"Where lies my way? to enter in the wall?  
 Honour and shame the ungenerous thought recall :  
 Shall proud Polydamas before the gate  
 Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,  
 Which timely follow'd but the former night,  
 What numbers had been saved by Hector's flight?  
 That wise advice rejected with disdain,  
 I feel my folly in my people slain  
 Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear,  
 But most her worthless sons insult my ear,  
 On my rash courage charge the chance of war,  
 And blame those virtues which they cannot share  
 No—if I e'er return, return I must  
 Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust .  
 Or if I perish, let her see me fall  
 In field at least, and fighting for her wall.  
 And yet suppose these measures I forego,  
 Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,  
 The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance, lay down  
 And treat on terms of peace to save the town .  
 The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd  
 (Cause of the war, and grievance of the land)  
 With honourable justice to restore  
 And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,  
 Which Troy shall, sworn, produce , that injured Greece  
 May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace

"And thus his own undaunted mind explores"—"Paradise Lost," vi. 223

But why this thought? Unaim'd if I should go,  
 What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,  
 But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?  
 We greet not here, as man conversing man,  
 Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;  
 No season now for calm familiar talk,  
 Like youths and maidens in an evening walk  
 War is our business, but to whom is given  
 To die, or triumph, that, determine Heaven!<sup>3</sup>

Thus pondering, like a god the Greek drew nigh  
 His dreadful plumage nodded from on high,  
 The Pelian javelin, in his better hand,  
 Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land,  
 And on his breast the beamy splendour shone,  
 Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun  
 As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,  
 Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies  
 He leaves the gates, he leaves the wall behind:  
 Achilles follows like the winged wind  
 Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies  
 (The swiftest racer of the liquid skies),  
 Just when he holds, or thinks he holds his prey,  
 Obliquely wheeling through the aerial way,  
 With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,  
 And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:  
 No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,  
 One urged by fury, one by fear impell'd.  
 Now circling round the walls their course maintain,  
 Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain;  
 Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad,  
 (A wider compass,) smoke along the road.  
 Next by Scamander's double source they bound,  
 Where two famed fountains burst the parted ground;  
 This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,  
 With exhalations steaming to the skies;  
 That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,  
 Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.  
 Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,  
 Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;  
 Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)  
 Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace<sup>3</sup>  
 By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight  
 (The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might)  
 Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,  
 No vulgar victim must reward the day  
 (Such as in races crown the speedy strife)  
 The prize contended was great Hector's life

<sup>3</sup> The example of *Nausicaa*, in the *Odyssey*, proves that the duties of the laundry were not thought derogatory, even from the dignity of a princess, in the heroic times

As when some hero's funerals are decreed  
 In grateful honour of the mighty dead,  
 Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame  
 (Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame)  
 The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,  
 And with them turns the raised spectator's soul.  
 Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly  
 The gazing gods lean forward from the sky;  
 To whom, while eager on the chase they look,  
 The sire of mortals and immortals spoke.

"Unworthy sight! the man beloved of heaven,  
 Behold, inglorious round yon city driven!  
 My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain,  
 Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,  
 Whose grateful fumes the gods received with joy,  
 From Ida's summits, and the towers of Troy.  
 Now see him flying, to his fears resign'd,  
 And fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind.  
 Consult, ye powers! 'tis worthy your debate)  
 Whether to snatch him from impending fate,  
 Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain,  
 (Good as he is) the lot imposed on man."

Then Pallas thus "Shall he whose vengeance forms  
 The forky bolt, and blackens heaven with storms,  
 Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath?  
 A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!  
 And will no mummies fill the courts above?  
 No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?"

"Go then (return'd the sire) without delay,  
 Exert thy will I give the Fates then way  
 Swift at the mandate pleased Tritonia flies,  
 And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies  
 As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,  
 The well-breath'd beagle dives the flying fawn,  
 In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,  
 Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes,  
 Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,  
 The certain hound his various maze pursues  
 Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,  
 There swift Achilles compass'd round the field  
 Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,  
 And hopes the assistance of his pitying friends,  
 (Whose showering arrows, as he coursed below,  
 From the high turrets might oppress the foe.)  
 So oft Achilles turns him to the plain.  
 He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.  
 As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace,  
 One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,  
 Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,  
 Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake.

No less the labouring heroes pant and strain .

While that but flies, and this pursues in vain

What god, O muse, assisted Hector's force

With fate itself so long to hold the course ?

Phœbus it was ; who, in his latest hour,

Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with power :

And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance

Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,

Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,

And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show

The fates of mortal men, and things below

Here each contending hero's lot he tries,

And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies

Low sinks the scale surcharged with Hector's fate ;

Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then Phœbus left him Fierce Minerva flies

To stern Pelides, and triumphing, cries

"O loved of Jove ! this day our labours cease,

And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece

Great Hector falls , that Hector famed so far,

Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,

Falls by thy hand, and mine ! nor force, nor flight,

Shall more avail him, nor his god of light.

See, where in vain he supplicates above,

Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove ;

Rest here myself will lead the Trojan on,

And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun "

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind

Obeys'd , and rested, on his lance reclined

While like Deiphobus the martial dame

(Her face, her gesture, and her aims the same),

In show an aid, by hapless Hector's side

Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice belied :

"Too long, O Hector ! have I borne the sight

Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight .

It fits us now a noble stand to make,

And here, as brothers, equal fates partake "

Then he "O prince ! allied in blood and fame,

Dearer than all that own a brother's name ,

Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,

Long tried, long loved much loved, but honour'd more

Since you, of all our numerous race alone

Defend my life, regardless of your own "

Again the goddess "Much my father's prayer,

And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear

My friends embraced my knees, adjured my stay,

But stronger love impell'd, and I obey

Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,

Let the steel sparkle, and the javelin fly ;

Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,  
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield "

Fraudful she said ; then swiftly march'd before .  
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more,  
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke .  
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke

" Enough. O son of Pelus ! Troy has view'd  
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursued.  
But now some god within me bids me try  
Thine, or my fate . I kill thee, or I die

Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,  
And for a moment's space suspend the day ;  
Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate  
The just conditions of this stern debate,  
(Eternal witnesses of all below,

And faithful guardians of the treasured vow ")  
To them I swear ; if, victor in the strife,  
Joye by these hands shall shed thy noble life,  
No vile dishonour shall thy corpse pursue ;  
Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)  
The rest to Greece uninjured I'll restore .

Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more "

" Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,  
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes),  
Detested as thou art, and ought to be,

Not oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee  
Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,  
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,  
To such I call the gods ! one constant state  
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate

No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,  
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.

Rouse then thy forces this important hour,  
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power

No further subterfuge, no further chance ,

'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance

Each Grecian ghost, by thee deprived of breath,

Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death "

He spoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe ,

But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow

He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear

Sang innocent, and spent its force in air

Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,

Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,

Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,

Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy .

" The life you boasted to that javelin given,

Prince ! you have miss'd My fate depends on Heaven.

To thee, presumptuous as thou art, unknown,

Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.

Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,  
 And with false terrors sink another's mind.  
 But know, whatever fate I am to try,  
 By no dishonest wound shall Hector die.  
 I shall not fall a fugitive at least,  
 My soul shall bravely issue from my breast  
 But first, try thou my arm ; and may this dart  
 End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart."

The weapon flew, its course unerring held,  
 Unerring, but the heavenly shield repell'd  
 The mortal dart ; resulting with a bound  
 From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.  
 Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,  
 Nor other lance, nor other hope remain ;  
 He calls Deiphobus, demands a spear—  
 In vain, for no Deiphobus was there  
 All comfortless he stands then, with a sigh ;  
 "'Tis so—Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh !  
 I deem'd Deiphobus had heard my call,  
 But he secure lies guarded in the wall.  
 A god deceived me, Pallas, 'twas thy deed,  
 Death and black fate approach ! 'tis I must bleed.  
 No refuge now, no succour from above,  
 Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,  
 Propitious once, and kind ! Then welcome fate !  
 'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great .  
 Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,  
 Let future ages hear it, and admire !"

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,  
 And, all collected, on Achilles flew.  
 So Jove's bold bird, high balanced in the air,  
 Stoops from the clouds to truss the quivering hare.  
 Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares  
 Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,  
 Refulgent orb ! above his fourfold cone  
 The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,  
 Nodding at every step (Vulcanian frame !)  
 And as he moved, his figure seem'd on flame  
 As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,<sup>4</sup>  
 Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night  
 When all the starry train emblaze the sphere  
 So shone the point of great Achilles' spear  
 In his right hand he waves the weapon round,  
 Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound ,  
 But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore  
 Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er  
 One space at length he spies, to let in fate,

<sup>4</sup> *Hesper shines with keener light*

"Furthest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn"

"Paradise Lost, 'v 166

Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate  
 Gave entrance · through that penetrable part  
 Furious he drove the well-directed dart  
 Nor pierced the windpipe yet, nor took the power  
 Of speech, unhappy ! from thy dying hour  
 Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,  
 While, thus triumphing, stern Achilles cries  
 " At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,  
 Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain  
 - Then, prince ! you should have fear'd, what now you feel,  
 Achilles absent was Achilles still  
 Yet a short space the great avenger stayed,  
 Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid  
 Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,  
 For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd  
 While cast to all the rage of hostile power,  
 Thee birds shall mangle, and the gods devour "

Then Hector, fainting at the approach of death  
 " By thy own soul ! by those who gave thee breath !  
 By all the sacred prevalence of prayer,  
 Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear !  
 The common rites of sepulture bestow,  
 To soothe a father's and a mother's woe  
 Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,  
 And Hector's ashes in his country rest "

" No, wretch accused ! relentless he replies,  
 (Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes,)  
 Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,  
 Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer  
 Could I myself the bloody banquet join !  
 No—to the dogs that carcase I resign  
 Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,  
 And giving thousands, offer thousands more,  
 Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,  
 Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame  
 Their Hector on the pile they should not see,  
 Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee "

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew  
 " Thy rage, implacable ! too well I knew  
 The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,  
 And cursed thee with a heart that cannot yield  
 Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree  
 And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee,  
 Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,  
 And stretch thee here before the Scæan gate " 5

5 Such was his fate After chasing the Trojans into the town, he was slain by an arrow from the quiver of Paris, directed under the unerring auspices of Apollo The greatest efforts were made by the Trojans to possess themselves of the body, which was however rescued and borne off to the Grecian camp by the valour of Ajax and Ulysses Thetis stole away the body, just as the Greeks were about to burn it with funeral honours, and conveyed it away to a renewed life of immortality in the isle of Leuke in the Euxine



He ceased. The Fates suppress'd his labouring breath,  
 And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death ;  
 To the dark realm the spirit wings its way,  
 (The manly body left a load of clay,)  
 And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,  
 A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost !

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes  
 O'er the dead hero, thus unheard, replies  
 "Die thou the first ! When Jove and heaven ordain,  
 I follow thee"—He said, and stripp'd the slain.  
 Then forcing backward from the gaping wound  
 The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground  
 The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes  
 His manly beauty and superior size ;  
 While some, ignobler, the great dead deface  
 With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace :

"How changed that Hector, who like Jove of late  
 Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate !"

High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,  
 Begut with heroes and surrounding bands ;  
 And thus aloud, while all the host attends  
 "Princes and leaders ! countrymen and friends !  
 Since now at length the powerful will of heaven  
 The dire destroyer to our arm has given,  
 Is not Troy fallen already ? Haste, ye powers !  
 See, if already their deserted towers  
 Are left unmann'd, or if they yet retain  
 The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain.  
 But what is Troy, or glory what to me ?  
 Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,  
 Divine Patroclus ! Death hath seal'd his eyes,  
 Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies !  
 Can his dear image from my soul depart,  
 Long as the vital spirit moves my heart ?  
 If in the melancholy shades below,  
 The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,  
 Yet mine shall sacred last, mine, undecay'd,  
 Burn on through death, and animate my shade  
 Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring  
 The corpse of Hector, and your pæans sing.  
 Be this the song, slow-moving toward the shore,  
 "Hector is dead, and Ilium is no more"

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bled,  
 (Unworthy of himself, and of the dead,)  
 The nervous ancles bored, his feet he bound  
 With thongs insert'd through the double wound ;  
 These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,  
 His graceful head was trail'd along the plain  
 Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,  
 And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.

He smites the steeds ; the rapid chariot flies ;  
 The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.  
 Now lost is all that formidable air ,  
 The face divine, and long-descending hair,  
 Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand ;  
 Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land,  
 Given to the rage of an insulting throng,  
 And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along !

The mother first beheld with sad survey ,  
 She rent her tresses, venerable grey,  
 And cast, far off, the regal veils away  
 With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,  
 While the sad father answers groans with groans  
 Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,  
 And the whole city wears one face of woe .  
 No less than if the rage of hostile fires,  
 From her foundations curling to her spires,  
 O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,  
 And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies  
 The wretched monarch of the falling state,  
 Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.  
 Scarce the whole people stop his desperate course,  
 While strong affliction gives the feeble force  
 Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro ,  
 In all the raging impotence of woe  
 At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,  
 Imploring all, and naming one by one  
 " Ah ! let me, let me go where sorrow calls ,  
 I, only I, will issue from your walls  
 (Guide or companion, friends ! I ask ye none),  
 And bow before the murderer of my son.  
 My grief perhaps his pity may engage ;  
 Perhaps at least he may respect my age.  
 He has a father too , a man like me ;  
 One, not exempt from age and misery  
 (Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace  
 Begot this pest of me, and all my race)  
 How many valiant sons, in early bloom,  
 Has that cursed hand send headlong to the tomb !  
 Thee, Hector ! last thy loss (divinely brave)  
 Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.  
 O had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,  
 The son expiring in the sire's embrace,  
 While both thy parents wept the fatal hour,  
 And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender shower !  
 Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,  
 To melt in full satiety of grief ! "

Thus wail'd the father, grovelling on the ground,  
 And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.

Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears .

(A mourning princess, and a train in tears ;)   
 "Ah why has Heaven prolong'd this hated breath,   
 Patient of horrors, to behold thy death ?   
 O Hector ! late thy parents' pride and joy,   
 The boast of nations ! the defence of Troy !   
 To whom her safety and her fame she owed ,   
 Her chief, her hero, and almost her god !   
 O fatal change ! become in one sad day   
 A senseless corse ! inanimated clay !"

But not as yet the fatal news had spread -   
 To fair Andromache, of Hector dead ;   
 As yet no messenger had told his fate,   
 Not e'en his stay without the Scæan gate.   
 Far in the close recesses of the dome,   
 Pensive she plied the melancholy loom ,   
 A growing work employ'd her secret hours,



THE BATH

Confusedly gay with intermingled flowers   
 Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,   
 The bath preparing for her lord's return   
 In vain ; alas ! her lord returns no more ;   
 Unbathed he lies, and bleeds along the shore !   
 Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,   
 And all her members shake with sudden fear .   
 Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,   
 And thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls .

"Ah follow me ! (she cried) what plaintive noise   
 Invades my ear ? 'Tis sure my mother's voice   
 My faltering knees then trembling frame desert,   
 A pulse unusual flutters at my heart ;   
 Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate   
 (Ye gods avert it !) threatens the Trojan state.   
 Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest !

But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast  
 Confronts Achilles ; chased along the plain,  
 Shut from our walls ! I fear, I fear him slam !  
 Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,  
 And sought for glory in the jaws of fate  
 Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,  
 Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death."

She spoke and furious, with distracted pace,  
 Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,  
 Flies through the dome (the maids her steps pursue),  
 And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.  
 Too soon her eyes the killing object found,  
 The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.  
 A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes.  
 She faints, she falls, her breath, her colour flies  
 Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,



ANDROMACHE FAINING ON THE WALL.

The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,  
 The veil and dridem flew far away  
 (The gift of Venus on her bridal day)  
 Around a train of weeping sisters stands,  
 To raise her sinking with assistant hands  
 Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again  
 She faints, or but recovers to complain  
 "O wretched husband of a wretched wife !  
 Born with one fate, to one unhappy life !  
 For sure one star its baneful beam display'd  
 On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's shade.  
 From different parents, different climes we came,  
 At different periods, yet our fate the same !  
 Why was my birth to great Action owed,  
 And why was all that tender care bestow'd ?

Would I had never been !—O thou, the ghost  
 Of my dead husband ! miserably lost !  
 Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone !  
 And I abandon'd, desolate, alone !  
 An only child, once comfort of my pains,  
 Sad product now of hapless love, remains !  
 No more to smile upon his sire, no friend  
 To help him now ! no father to defend !  
 For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,  
 What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come !  
 Even from his own paternal roof expell'd,  
 Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field  
 The day, that to the shades the father sends,  
 Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends  
 He, wretched outcast of mankind ! appears  
 For ever sad, for ever bathed in tears,  
 Amongst the happy, unregarded, he  
 Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,  
 While those his father's former bounty fed  
 Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread  
 The kindest but his present wants allay,  
 To leave him wretched the succeeding day  
 Frugal compassion ! Heedless, they who boast  
 Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,  
 Shall cry, ' Begone ! thy father feasts not here :'  
 The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear  
 Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,  
 To my sad soul Astyanax appears !  
 Forced by repeated insults to return,  
 And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn  
 He, who, with tender delicacy bled,  
 With princes sported, and on dainties fed,  
 And when still evening gave him up to rest,  
 Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,  
 Must—ah what must he not ? Whom Ilion calls  
 Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,<sup>6</sup>  
 Is now that name no more, unhappy boy !  
 Since now no more thy father guards his Troy  
 But thou, my Hector, best exposed in an,  
 Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care,  
 Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,  
 The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove  
 Now to devouring flames be these a prey,  
 Useless to thee, from this accursed day !  
 Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,  
 An honour to the living, not the dead ! ”  
 So spake the mournful dame her matrons hear,  
 Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

<sup>6</sup> *Astjanax*, i.e. the city-king or guardian. It is amusing that Plato, who often finds fault with Homer without reason, should have copied this twaddling etymology into his *Cratylus*.

## BOOK XXIII.

### ARGUMENT

#### THE FUNERAL GAMES IN HONOUR OF PATROCLUS<sup>1</sup>

Achilles and the Myrmidons do honours to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead Achilles sacrifices several animals and lastly twelve Trojan captives, at the pile, then sets fire to it. He prays libations to the Winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games the chariot race, the flight of the crest, the wrestling, the foot race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile the two and thirtieth in burning it, and the three and thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea shore.

THUS humbled in the dust, the pensive train  
Through the sad city mourn'd her hero slain  
The body soil'd with dust, and black with gore,  
Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore  
The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand,  
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band  
These yet assembled great Achilles holds,  
And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds  
"Not yet, my brave companions of the war,  
Release your smoking coursers from the car;  
But, with his chariot each in order led,  
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.  
Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief,  
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief"

<sup>1</sup> This book has been closely imitated by Virgil in his fifth book, but it is almost useless to attempt a selection of passages for comparison.

The troops obey'd ; and thrice in order led<sup>a</sup>  
 (Achilles first) then coursers round the dead ,  
 And thrice their sorrows and laments renew ;  
 Tears bathe their aims, and tears the sands bedew.  
 For such a warrior Thetis aids their woe,  
 Melts then strong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.  
 But chief, Pelides' thick-succeeding sighs  
 Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes  
 His slaughtering hands, yet red with blood, he laid  
 On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said

" All hail, Patroclus ! let thy honour'd ghost  
 Heal, and rejoice on Pluto's dreary coast ,  
 Behold ! Achilles' promise is complete ,  
 The bloody Hector stretch'd before thy feet.  
 Lo ! to the dogs his carcase I resign ,  
 And twelve sad victims, of the Trojan line,  
 Sacred to vengeance, instant shall expire ,  
 Their lives effused around thy funeral pyre "

Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)  
 Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,  
 Prone on the dust The Myrmidons around  
 Unbraced their armour, and the steeds unbound.  
 All to Achilles' sable ship repair,  
 Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.  
 Now from the well-fed swine black smokes aspire,  
 The bustling victims hissing o'er the fire .  
 The huge ox bellowing falls , with feebl' cries  
 Expires the goat , the sheep in silence dies  
 Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd,  
 In one promiscuous stream, the reeking blood.  
 And now a band of Argive monarchs brings  
 The glorious victor to the king of kings.  
 From his dead friend the pensive warrior went,  
 With steps unwilling, to the regal tent  
 The attending heralds, as by office bound,  
 With kindled flames the tripod-vase surround  
 To cleanse his conquering hands from hostile gore,  
 They urged in vain , the chief refused, and swore<sup>b</sup>

" No drop shall touch me, by almighty Jove !

The first and greatest of the gods above !

Till on the pyre I place thee , till I rear

The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair.

Some ease at least those pious rites may give,

And soothe my sorrows, while I bear to live

Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay

And share your feast , but with the dawn of day,

<sup>a</sup> Thrice in order led This was a frequent rite at funerals The Romans had the same custom, which they called *decursio* Plutarch states that Alexander, in after times, renewed these same honours to the memory of Achilles himself

<sup>b</sup> And swore Literally, and called Orcus, the god of oaths, to witness See Büttmann, Lexilog, p 436

(O king of men <sup>1</sup>) it claims thy royal care,  
 That Greece the warrior's funeral pile prepare,  
 And bid the forests fall (such rites are paid  
 To heroes slumbering in eternal shade.)  
 Then, when his earthly part shall mount in fire,  
 Let the leagued squadrons to their posts retire."  
 He spoke they hear him, and the word obey;  
 The rage of hunger and of thirst allay,  
 Then ease in sleep the labours of the day  
 But great Pelides, stretch'd along the shore,  
 Where, dash'd on rocks, the broken billows roar,  
 Lies inly groaning, while on either hand  
 The martial Myrmidons confusedly stand  
 Along the grass his languid members fall,  
 Tired with his chase around the Trojan wall,  
 Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,  
 At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep  
 When lo! the shade, before his closing eyes,  
 Of sad Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise  
 In the same robe he living wore, he came  
 In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.  
 The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,  
 "And sleeps Achilles? (thus the phantom said.)  
 Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?  
 Living, I seem'd his dearest, tenderest care,  
 But now forgot, I wander in the air  
 Let my pale corse the rites of burial know,  
 And give me entrance in the realms below  
 Till then the spirit finds no resting-place,  
 But here and there the unbodied spectres chase  
 The vagrant dead around the dark abode,  
 Forbid to cross the irremediable flood  
 Now give thy hand, for to the farther shore  
 When once we pass, the soul returns no more  
 When once the last funereal flames ascend,  
 No more shall meet Achilles and his friend,  
 No more our thoughts to those we loved make known;  
 Or quit the dearest, to converse alone  
 Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,  
 The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth  
 Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall  
 Even great and godlike thou art doom'd to fall.  
 Hear then, and as in fate and love we join,  
 Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine!  
 Together have we lived, together bled,  
 One house received us, and one table fed,  
 That golden urn, thy goddess-mother gave,  
 May mix our ashes in one common grave."  
 "And is it thou? (he answers) To my sight <sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> "O, long expected by thy friends' from whence  
 Art thou so late return'd for our defence?"



Once more return'st thou from the realms of night?  
 O more than brother! Think each office paid,  
 Whate'er can rest a discontented shade;  
 But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy!  
 Afford at least that melancholy joy!"

He said, and with his longing arms essay'd  
 In vain to grasp the visionary shade!  
 Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,<sup>5</sup>  
 And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.  
 Confused he wakes; amazement breaks the bands  
 Of golden sleep, and starting from the sands,  
 Pensive he muses with uplifted hands:

"'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, though dead, retains  
 Part of himself; the immortal mind remains.  
 The form subsists without the body's aid,  
 Aërial semblance, and an empty shade!  
 This night my friend, so late in battle lost,  
 Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost  
 Even now familiar, as in life, he came;  
 Alas! how different! yet how like the same!"

Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with tears:  
 And now the rosy-finger'd morn appears,  
 Shows every mournful face with tears o'erspread,  
 And glares on the pale visage of the dead.  
 But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,  
 With mules and waggons sends a chosen band  
 To load the timber, and the pile to rear;  
 A charge consign'd to Merion's faithful care.  
 With proper instruments they take the road,  
 Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load  
 First march the heavy mules, securely slow,  
 O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go,<sup>6</sup>  
 Jumping, high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground,  
 Rattle the clattering cars, and the shock'd axles bound  
 But when arrived at Ida's spreading woods,<sup>7</sup>

Do we behold thee, wearied as we are  
 With length of labours, and with toils of war?  
 After so many funerals of thy own,  
 Art thou restored to thy declining town?  
 But say, what wounds are these? what new disgrace  
 Deforms the manly features of thy face?"

*Like a thin smoke* Virgil, Georg. iv. 72

Dryden, *ll.* 369

"In vain I reach my feeble hands to join  
 In sweet embraces—ah! no longer thine!  
 She said, and from his eyes the fleeting fair  
 Retired, like subtle smoke dissolved in air"

<sup>6</sup> So Milton —

Dryden

"So eagerly the fiend  
 O'er bog, o'er steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
 With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,  
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies"

<sup>7</sup> "An ancient forest, for the work design'd  
 (The shady covert of the savage kind),  
 "Paradise Lost," ii. 948

(Fair Ida, water'd with descending floods,) Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes ; On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks Headlong Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown ; Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down. The wood the Grecians cleave, prepared to burn , And the slow mules the same rough road return, The sturdy woodmen equal burdens bore (Such charge was given them) to the sandy shore ; There on the spot which great Achilles show'd, They eased their shoulders, and disposed the load ; Circling around the place, where times to come Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb. The hero bids his martial troops appear High on their cars in all the pomp of war ; Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires, All mount their chariots, combatants and squires. The chariots first proceed, a shining train , Then clouds of foot that smoke along the plain , Next these the melancholy band appear , Amidst, lay dead Patroclus on the bier , O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw ; Achilles next, oppress'd with mighty woe, Supporting with his hands the hero's head, Bends o'er the extended body of the dead Patroclus decent on the appointed ground They place, and heap the sylvan pile around. But great Achilles stands apart in prayer, And from his head divides the yellow hair ; Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,<sup>s</sup> And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood Then sighing, to the deep his locks he cast, And roll'd his eyes around the watery waste :  
 "Sperchius ! whose waves in mazy errors lost Delightful roll along my native coast ! To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return, These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn . Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice, Where to the day thy silver fountains rise, And where in shade of consecrated bowers Thy altars stand, perfumed with native flowers ! So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain , No more Achilles sees his native plain ,

The Trojans found the sounding axe is placed  
 Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the tow'ring pride  
 Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke,  
 And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.  
 High trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown  
 Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down "

Dryden's Virgil, vi 258

<sup>s</sup> He vowed This was a very ancient custom

In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow,  
 Patroclus bears them to the shades below ;

Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,  
 On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid  
 Once more afresh the Grecian sorrows flow  
 And now the sun had set upon their woe ,  
 But to the king of men thus spoke the chief .  
 " Enough, Atiides ! give the troops relief .  
 Permit the mourning legions to retire,  
 And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre ;  
 The pious care 'bc ours, the dead to burn——"  
 He said . the people to their ships return  
 While those deputed to inter the slain  
 Heap with a rising pyramid the plain<sup>9</sup>  
 A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,  
 The growing structure spreads on every side ;  
 High on the top the manly coise they lay,  
 And well-fed sheep and sable oxen slay .  
 Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,  
 And the piled victims round the body spread ;  
 Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,  
 Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.  
 Four sprightly couriers, with a deadly groan  
 Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.  
 Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,  
 Fall two, selected to attend their lord,  
 Then last of all, and horrible to tell,  
 Sad sacrifice ! twelve Trojan captives fell<sup>10</sup>  
 On these the rage of fire victorious preys,  
 Involves and joins them in one common blaze  
 Smear'd with the bloody rites, he stands on high,  
 And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry<sup>11</sup>

" All hail, Patroclus ! let thy vengeful ghost  
 Hear, and exult, on Pluto's dreary coast  
 Behold Achilles' promise fully paid,  
 Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy shade ;  
 But heavier fates on Hector's coise attend,  
 Saved from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend "  
 So spake he, threatening . but the gods made vain  
 His threat, and guard inviolate the slain  
 Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,  
 And roseate unguents, heavenly fragrance<sup>1</sup> shed  
 She watch'd him all the night and all the day,  
 And drove the bloodhounds from their destined prey

<sup>9</sup> The height of the tomb or pile was a great proof of the dignity of the deceased, and the honour in which he was held

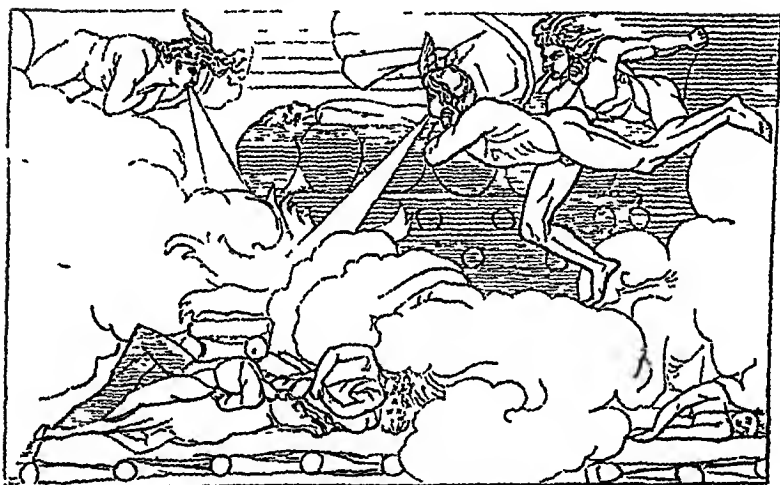
<sup>10</sup> On the prevalence of this cruel custom amongst the northern nations, see Mallet, p. 213

<sup>11</sup> And calls the spirit      Such was the custom anciently, even at the Roman funerals.

" Hail, O ye holy manes ! hail again,  
 Paternal ashes, now revived in vain "

Nor sacred Phœbus less employ'd his care ,  
 He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,  
 And kept the nerves undried, the flesh entire,  
 Against the solar beam and Sirian fire.

Nor yet the pile, where dead Patroclus lies,  
 Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise ,  
 But, fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer,  
 Invoked the gods whose spirit moves the air,  
 And victims promised, and libations cast,  
 To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast  
 He call'd the aerial powers, along the skies  
 To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.  
 The winged Iris heard the hero's call,  
 And instant hasten'd to their airy hall,



THE FUNERAL PILE OF PATROCLUS

Where in old Zephyr's open courts on high,  
 Sat all the blustering brethren of the sky  
 She shone amidst them, on her painted bow ;  
 The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show  
 All from the banquet rise, and each invites  
 The various goddess to partake the rites  
 "Not so (the dame replied), I haste to go  
 To sacred Ocean, and the floods below  
 Even now our solemn hecatombs attend,  
 And heaven is feasting on the world's green end,  
 With righteous Ethiops (uncorrupted train !)  
 Far on the extremest limits of the main  
 But Peleus' son entreats, with sacrifice,  
 The western spirit, and the north, to rise !  
 Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driven,  
 And bear the blazing honours high to heaven "

Swift as the word she vanish'd from their view ;  
 Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew ;  
 Forth burst the stormy band with thundering roar  
 And heaps on heaps the clouds are toss'd before.  
 To the wide main then stooping from the skies,  
 The heaving deeps in watery mountains rise  
 Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,  
 Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls  
 The structure crackles in the roaring fires,  
 And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.  
 All night Achilles hails Patroclus' soul,  
 With large libations from the golden bowl.  
 As a poor father, helpless and undone,  
 Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son,  
 Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,  
 And pours in tears, ere yet they close the urn  
 So stay'd Achilles, circling round the shore,  
 So watch'd the flames, till now they flame no more  
 'Twas when, emerging through the shades of night.  
 The morning planet told the approach of light ;  
 And, fast behind, Aurora's warmer ray  
 O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day .  
 Then sank the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,  
 And to their caves the whistling winds return'd  
 Across the Thracian seas their course they bore ;  
 The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar  
 Then parting from the pile he ceased to weep,  
 And sank to quiet in the embrace of sleep,  
 Exhausted with his grief : meanwhile the crowd  
 Of thronging Grecians round Achilles stood ,  
 The tumult waked him from his eyes he shook  
 Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke  
 " Ye kings and princes of the Achaian name !  
 First let us quench the yet remaining flame  
 With sable wine , then, as the rites direct,  
 The hero's bones with careful view select  
 (Apart, and easy to be known they lie  
 Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye  
 The rest around the margin will be seen  
 Promiscuous, steeds and immolated men )  
 These wrapp'd in double cauls of fat, prepare ;  
 And in the golden vase dispose with care ,  
 There let them rest with decent honour laid,  
 Till I shall follow to the infernal shade.  
 Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,  
 A common structure on the humble sands  
 Hereafter Greece some nobler work may raise,  
 And late posterity record our praise !"  
 The Greeks obey ; where yet the embers glow,  
 Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,

And deep subsides the ashy heap below.  
 Next the white bones his sad companions place,  
 With tears collected, in the golden vase.  
 The sacred relics to the tent they bore,  
 The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.  
 That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,  
 And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;  
 High in the midst they heap the swelling bed  
 Of rising earth, memorial of the dead

The swarming populace the chief detains,  
 And leads amidst a wide extent of plains,  
 There placed them round then from the ships proceeds  
 A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,  
 Vases and tripods (for the funeral games),  
 Resplendent brass, and more resplendent dames  
 First stood the prizes to reward the force  
 Of rapid racers in the dusty course  
 A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,  
 Skill'd in the needle, and the labouring loom,  
 And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,  
 Of twenty measures its capacious size.  
 The second victor claims a mare unbroke,  
 Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke.  
 The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame,  
 Four ample measures held the shining frame  
 Two golden talents for the fourth were placed.  
 An ample double bowl contents the last  
 These in fair order ranged upon the plain,  
 The hero, rising, thus address'd the train

"Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed  
 To the brave rulers of the racing steed,  
 Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,  
 Should our immortal coursers take the plain,  
 (A race unrival'd, which from ocean's god  
 Peleus received, and on his son bestow'd)  
 But this no time our vigour to display;  
 Nor suit, with them, the games of this sad day  
 Lost is Patroclus now, that wont to deck  
 Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck.  
 Sad, as they shared in human grief, they stand,  
 And trail those graceful honours on the sand!  
 Let others for the noble task prepare,  
 Who trust the courser and the flying car."

Fired at his word the rival racers rise,  
 But far the first Eumelus hopes the prize,  
 Famed though Picia for the fleetest breed,  
 And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed  
 With equal ardour bold Tydides swell'd,  
 The steeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd  
 (Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command.

When scarce a god redeem'd him from his hand).  
 Then Menelaus his Podargus brings,  
 And the famed courser of the king of kings -  
 Whom rich Echepolus (more rich than brave),  
 To 'scape the wais, to Agamemnon gave,  
 (Æthè her name) at home to end his days,  
 Base wealth preferring to eternal praise  
 Next him Antilochus demands the couse  
 With beating heart, and cheers his Pylian horse.  
 Experienced Nestor gives his son the reins,  
 Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;  
 Nor idly warns the hoary sire, nor hears  
 The prudent son with unattending ears.

"My son! though youthful ardour fire thy breast,  
 The gods have loved thee, and with arts have bless'd,  
 Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill  
 Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel  
 To guide thy conduct little precept needs,  
 But slow, and past then vigour, are my steeds.  
 Fear not thy rivals, though for swiftness known;  
 Compare those rivals' judgment and thy own.  
 It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,  
 And to be swift is less than to be wise.  
 'Tis more by art than force of numerous strokes  
 The dexterous woodman shapes the stubborn oaks;  
 By art the pilot, through the boiling deep  
 And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship,  
 And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course,  
 Not those who trust in chariots and in horse  
 In vain, unskilful to the goal they strive,  
 And short, or wide, the ungovern'd courser drive  
 While with sure skill, though with inferior steeds,  
 The knowing racer to his end proceeds,  
 Fix'd on the goal his eye foretells the course,  
 His hand unerring steers the steady horse,  
 And now contracts, or now extends the rein,  
 Observing still the foremost on the plain  
 Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found;  
 Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground,  
 Of some once stately oak the last remains,  
 Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains.  
 Inclosed with stones, conspicuous from afar;  
 And round a circle for the wheeling car.  
 (Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace;  
 Or then, as now, the limit of a race)  
 Bear close to this, and warily proceed,  
 A little bending to the left-hand steed;  
 But urge the right, and give him all the reins,  
 While the strict hand his fellow's head restrains,  
 And turns him short, till, doubling as they roll,

The wheels round naves appear to brush the goal.  
 Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)  
 Clear of the stony heap direct the course ;  
 Lest through incaution failing, thou mayst be  
 A joy to others, a reproach to me  
 So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,  
 And leave unskilful swiftness far behind  
 Though thy fierce rival drove the matchless steed  
 Which bore Adrastus, of celestial breed ,  
 Or the famed race, through all the regions known  
 That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon "

Thus (nought unsaid) the much-advising sage  
 Concludes , then sat, stiff with unyielding age  
 Next bold Meriones was seen to rise  
 The last, but not least ardent for the prize.  
 They mount their seats ; the lots their place dispose  
 (Roll'd in his helmet, these Achilles throws)  
 Young Nestor leads the race Eumelus then ;  
 And next the brother of the king of men  
 Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was cast ,  
 And, far the bravest, Diomed, was last  
 They stand in order, an impatient train  
 Pelides points the barrier on the plain,  
 And sends before old Phoenix to the place,  
 To mark the course, and to order the race.





When youthful rivals their full force extend,  
 So far, Antilochus <sup>1</sup> thy chariot flew  
 Before the king . he, cautious, backward drew  
 His horse compell'd , foreboding in his fears  
 The rattling run of the clashing cars,  
 The floundering coursers rolling on the plain,  
 And conquest lost through frantic haste to gain.  
 But thus upbraids his rival as he flies  
 " Go, furious youth ! ungenerous and unwise !  
 Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign ,  
 Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine—"   
 Then to his steeds with all his force he cries,  
 " Be swift, be vigorous, and regain the prize !  
 Your rivals, destitute of youthful force,  
 With fainting knees shall labour in the course,  
 And yield the glory yours "—The steeds obey ;  
 Already at their heels they wing their way,  
 And seem already to retrieve the day

Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld  
 The coursers bounding o'er the dusty field  
 The first who mark'd them was the Cretan king ,  
 High on a rising ground, above the ring,  
 The monarch sat . from whence with sure survey  
 He well observed the chief who led the way,  
 And heard from far his animating cues,  
 And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes ,  
 On whose broad front a blaze of shining white,  
 Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.  
 He saw , and rising, to the Greeks begun  
 " Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone ?

Or can ye, all, another chief survey,  
 And other steeds than lately led the way ?  
 Those, though the swiftest, by some god withheld,  
 Lie sure disabled in the middle field  
 For, since the goal they doubled, round the plain  
 I search to find them, but I search in vain  
 Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,  
 And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,  
 Shot from the chariot ; while his coursers stray  
 With frantic fury from the destined way  
 Rise then some other, and inform my sight,  
 For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right ,  
 Yet sure he seems, to judge by shape and air,  
 The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war "

" Old man <sup>1</sup> (Odiseus rashly thus replies)  
 Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize ,  
 Of those who view the course, nor sharpest eyed,  
 Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide  
 Eumelus' steeds, high bounding in the chase,  
 Still, as at first, unrivall'd lead the race :

I well discern him, as he strikes the car,  
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain."

Thus he. Idomeneus, incensed, rejoind'  
"Barbarous of words! and arrogant of mind!  
Contentious prince, of all the Greeks' behead  
The last in merit, as the first in pride!  
To vile reproach what answer can we make?  
A goblet or a tripod let us strike,  
And be the king the judge. The most unwise  
Will learn their rashness, when they pay the price."

He said: and Ajax, by mild passion borne,  
Stern had replied; fierce scorn enlacing scorn  
To fell extremes. But Thetis' godlike son  
Awful amidst them rose, and thus began:

"Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;  
Much would ye blame, should others thus offend.  
And lo! the approaching steeds your contest end."  
No sooner had he spoke, but thundering near,  
Drives, through a stream of dust, the charioteer.  
High o'er his head the circling lash he wields:  
His bounding horses scarcely to ich the fields.  
His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,  
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,  
Refulgent through the cloud: no eye could find  
The track his flying wheels had left behind:  
And the fierce coursers urged their rapid pace  
So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.  
Now victor at the goal Tydides stands,  
Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands;  
From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream;  
The well-plied whip is hung athwart the beam.  
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,  
The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eyes.  
These to the ships his train triumphant leads,  
The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.

Young Nestor follows (who by art, not force,  
O'erpass'd Atrides) second in the course  
Behind, Atrides urged the race, more near  
Than to the courser in his swift career  
The following car, just touching with his heel  
And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel:  
Such, and so narrow now the space between  
The rivals, late so distant on the green;  
So soon swift Æthè her lost ground regain'd,  
One length, one moment, had the race obtain'd.

Merion pursued, at greater distance still,  
With tardier coursers, and inferior skill.  
Last came, Admetus! thy unhappy son;  
Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on:  
Achilles saw, and pitying thus began:

"Behold ! the man whose matchless art surpass'd  
The sons of Greece ! the ablest, yet the last !  
Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay  
(Since great Tydides bears the first away)  
To him the second honours of the day "

The Greeks consent with loud-applauding cries,  
And then Eumelus had received the prize,  
But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame,  
The award opposes, and asserts his claim  
"Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign,  
O Peleus' son ! the more so justly mine  
What if the gods, the skilful to confound.  
Have thrown the horse and horseman to the ground ?  
Perhaps he sought not heaven by sacrifice,  
And vows omitted forfeited the prize  
If yet (distinction to thy friend to show,  
And please a soul desirous to bestow)  
Some gift must grace Eumelus, view thy store  
Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining ore ;  
An ample present let him thence receive,  
And Greece shall praise thy generous thirst to give  
But this my prize I never shall forego ;  
This, who but touches, warriors ! is my foe "

Thus spake the youth, nor did his words offend,  
Pleased with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend,  
Achilles smiled "The gift proposed (he cried),  
Antilochus ! we shall ourself provide.  
With plates of brass the corslet cover'd o'er.  
(The same renown'd Asteropæus wore )  
Whose glittering margins raised with silver shine,  
(No vulgar gift,) Eumelus ! shall be thine "

He said . Automedon at his command  
The corslet brought, and gave it to his hand  
Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows  
With generous joy then Menelaus rose ;  
The herald placed the sceptre in his hands,  
And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands  
Not without cause incensed at Nestor's son,  
And only grieving, thus the king began .

"The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd,  
An act so rash, Antilochus ! has staid  
Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,  
To you, O Grecians ! be my wrong declared  
So not a leader shall our conduct blame,  
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame  
But shall not we, ourselves, the truth maintain ?  
What needs appealing in a fact so plain ?  
What Greek shall blame me, if I bid thee rise  
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize  
Rise if thou darest, before thy chariot drive,

The driving scourge high-lifted in thy hand ;  
 And touch thy steeds, and swear thy whole intent  
 Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.  
 Swear by that god whose liquid arms surround  
 The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave the ground !

The prudent chief with calm attention heard ;  
 Then mildly thus : " Excuse, if youth have err'd ;  
 Superior as thou art, forgive the offence,  
 Nor I thy equal, or in years, or sense.  
 Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age,  
 Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.  
 The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign ;  
 The mare, or aught thou ask'st, be freely thine  
 Ere I become (from thy dear friendship torn)  
 Hateful to thee, and to the gods forsworn."

So spoke Antilochus, and at the word  
 The mare contested to the king restored  
 Joy swells his soul · as when the vernal grain  
 Lifts the green ear above the springing plain,  
 The fields then vegetable life renew,  
 And laugh and glitter with the morning dew,  
 Such joy the Spartan's shining face o'erspread,  
 And lifted his gay heart, while thus he said :

" Still may our souls, O generous youth ! agree  
 'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee  
 Rash heat perhaps a moment might control,  
 Not break, the settled temper of thy soul  
 Not but (my friend) 'tis still the wiser way  
 To waive contention with superior sway,  
 For ah ! how few, who should like thee offend,  
 Like thee, have talents to regain the friend !  
 To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,  
 Suffice thy father's merit and thy own  
 Generous alike, for me, the sire and son  
 Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.  
 I yield, that all may know, my soul can bend,  
 Nor is my pride prefer'd before my friend "

He said ; and pleased his passion to command,  
 Resign'd the courser to Nomicus's hand,  
 Friend of the youthful chief · himself content,  
 The shining charger to his vessel sent  
 The golden talents Merion next obtain'd ;  
 The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd  
 Achilles thus to reverend Nestor bears,  
 And thus the purpose of his gift declares .  
 " Accept thou this, O sacred sire ! (he said)  
 In dear memorial of Patroclus dead,  
 Dead and for ever lost Patroclus lies,  
 For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes !  
 Take thou this token of a grateful heart,

Though 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart,  
The quoad to toss, the ponderous mace to wield,  
Or wear the race or vie the on the field  
Thy prowess viceroy age has overthrown,  
But left the place of the past thy own."

He said, and placed the goblet at his side,  
Wishing the wish the king replied

"Why say and yet, my son, thy words have proved  
A foe or be would, and friend beloved!

For thou art made of my strength,  
Thy arms and limbs have fail'd at length

Which had I seen the force I felt of yore,  
Ere on the Trojan shore and the Pylian shore!

Alas, my son, the very solemn game,  
Ordain'd to advance thy mighty name,

The ban of Pyrrhus gave my glory way,  
Achilles, Pyrrhus, all re-ward the day

I quail'd Chryseides in fight of hand,  
And brist'ling hard Anchises on the sand,

Serpeid Iphiclus in the swift career,  
Philoctetes and Pelidonus with the spear.

The son of Actor won the prize of horse,  
But won by numbers, not by art or force.

For the fated twin, impatient to survey  
Prize after prize by Nectar borne away,

Sprung to their car, and with united pains  
One held the reins, while one ruled the reins.

Such once I was! Now to these tasks succeeds  
A younger race, that emulate our deeds

I yield, alas! (to age who must not yield?)  
Though once the foremost hero of the field

Go thou, my son! by generous friendship led,  
With martial honours decorate the dead

While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands present,  
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent.)

Rejoic'd, of all the numerous Greeks, to see  
Not one but honours sacred age and me

Those due distinctions thou so well canst pay,  
May the just gods return another day!"

Proud of the gift, thus spoke the full of days.  
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise

The prizes next are order'd to the field,  
For the bold champions who the crestus wield

A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,  
Of six years' age, unconscious of the yoke,

Is to the circus led, and firmly bound,  
Next stands a goblet, massy, large, and round

Achilles rising, thus "Let Greece excite  
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight,

Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,

And rush beneath the long-descending stroke,  
On whom Apollo shall the palm bestow,  
And whom the Greeks supreme by conquest know,  
This mule his dauntless labours shall repay,  
The vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away."

This dreadful combat great Epeus chose ;<sup>22</sup>  
High o'er the crowd, enormous bulk ! he rose,  
And seized the beast, and thus began to say  
" Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl away !  
(Price of his ruin . for who dares deny  
This mule my right ; the undoubted victor I ?  
Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle shine,  
But the first honours of this fight are mine ;  
For who excels in all ? Then let my foe  
Draw near, but first his certain fortune know ,  
Secure this hand shall his whole frame confound,  
Mash all his bones, and all his body pound  
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,  
To heave the batter'd carcase off the plain."

The giant spoke , and in a stupid gaze  
The host beheld him, silent with amaze !  
'Twas thou, Euryalus ! who durst aspire  
To meet his might, and emulate thy sire,  
The great Mecistheus , who in days of yore  
In Theban games the noblest trophy bore,  
(The games ordain'd dead Œdipus to grace,)  
And singly vanquish the Cadmean race  
Him great Tydides urges to contend,  
Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend ,  
Officious with the cincture girds him round ,  
And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound  
Amid the circle now each champion stands,  
And poises high in air his iron hands ,  
With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close,

<sup>22</sup> Virgil, by making the boaster vanquish'd, has drawn a better moral from this episode than Homer. The following lines deserve comparison —

"The haughty Dares in the lists appears  
Walking he strides, his head erected bears  
His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield,  
And loud applauses echo through the field  
\* \* \*

Such Dares was, and such he strode along,  
And drew the wonder of the grazing throng  
His brawny breast and ample chest he shows,  
His lifted arms around his head he throws,  
And deals in whistling air his empty blows  
His match is sought, but, through the trembling band,  
No one dares answer to the proud demand  
Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes,  
Already he devours the promised prize  
\* \* \*

If none my matchless valour dares oppose,  
How long shall Dares wait his dastard foes?"

Dryden's Virgil, v. 486, seq

Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,  
 And painful sweat from all their members flows.  
 At length Teucus dealt a weighty blow  
 Full on the cheek of his unwary foe,  
 Beneath that ponderous arm's resistless sway  
 Down dropp'd he, nerveless, and extended lay.  
 As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,  
 By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,  
 Lies printing, not less batter'd with his wound,  
 The bleeding hero prints upon the ground  
 To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,  
 Scornful, his hand, and gives him to his friends,  
 Whose arms support him, reeling through the throng,  
 And dragging his disabled legs along,  
 Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulder o'er,  
 His mouth and nostrils pour the clot'd gore,<sup>13</sup>  
 Wrapp'd round in mists he lies, and lost to thought,  
 His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought  
 The third bold game Achilles next demands,  
 And calls the wrestlers to the level sands.  
 A massy tripod for the victor lies,  
 Of twice six oxen its reputed price;  
 And next, the loser's spirits to restore,  
 A female captive, valued but at four  
 Scarce did the chief the vigorous strife prop  
 When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose.  
 Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,  
 Embracing rigid with implicit hands  
 Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mix'd,  
 Below, their planted feet at distance fix'd,  
 Like two strong rafters which the builder forms,  
 Proof to the wintry winds and howling storms,  
 Their tops connected, but at wider space  
 Fix'd on the centre stands their solid base.  
 Now to the grasp each manly body bends;  
 The humid sweat from every pore descends;  
 Their bones resound with blows. sides, shoulders, thighs,  
 Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise  
 Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,  
 O'eturn the strength of Ajax on the ground;  
 Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow  
 The watchful caution of his artful foe  
 While the long strife even tired the lookers on,  
 Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon.  
 "Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me  
 Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree."

<sup>13</sup> "The grapple fight thus ended, from the shore  
 His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore  
 His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood,  
 And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood"





Of the fair spinster's breast and moving arms :  
 Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,  
 And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise ,  
 His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays  
 The admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise  
 To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,  
 And send their souls before him as he flies  
 Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,  
 The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul  
 " Assist, O goddess ! " thus in thought he pray'd !  
 And present at his thought descends the maid  
 Buoy'd by her heavenly force, he seems to swim,  
 And feels a pinion lifting every limb  
 All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,  
 Unhappy Ajax stumbles on the plain  
 (O'erturn'd by Pallas), where the slippery shore  
 Was clogg'd with slimy dung and mingled gore  
 (The self-same place beside Patroclus' pyre,  
 Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire )  
 Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,  
 Obscene to sight, the rucful racer lay ,  
 The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shared,  
 And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward  
 Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast,  
 The baffled hero thus the Greeks address'd .  
 " Accursed fate ! the conquest I forego ,  
 A mortal I, a goddess was my foe ,  
 She urged her favourite on the rapid way,  
 And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day."

Thus sourly wail'd he, sputtering dirt and gore ,  
 A burst of laughter echoed through the shore  
 Antilochus, more humorous than the rest,  
 Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest .  
 " Why with our wiser elders should we strive ?  
 The gods still love them, and they always thrive.  
 Ye see, to Ajax I must yield the prize  
 He to Ulysses, still more aged and wise ;  
 (A green old age unconscious of decays,  
 That proves the hero born in better days !)  
 Behold his vigour in this active race !  
 Achilles only boasts a swifter pace  
 For who can match Achilles ? He who can,  
 Must yet be more than hero, more than man "

The effect succeeds the speech Pelides cries,  
 " Thy artful praise deserves a better prize  
 Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd ,  
 Receive a talent of the purest gold "

The youth departs content The host admire  
 The son of Nestor, worthy of his sire  
 Next these a buckler, spear, and helm, he brings ;

Cast on the plain, the brazen burden rings :  
 Arms which of late divine Sarpedon wore,  
 And great Patroclus in short triumph bore  
 " Stand forth the bravest of our host ! (he cries)  
 Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,  
 Now grace the lists before our army's sight,  
 And sheathed in steel, provoke his foe to fight  
 Who first the jointed armour shall explore,  
 And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore,  
 The sword Asteropæus possess'd of old,  
 (A Thracian blade, distinct with studs of gold,)  
 Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side :  
 These arms in common let the chiefs divide  
 For each brave champion, when the combat ends,  
 A sumptuous banquet at our tents attends "

Fierce at the word uprose great Tydeus' son,  
 And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon  
 Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,  
 The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand ;  
 Louring they meet, tremendous to the sight ;  
 Each Argive bosom beats with fierce delight  
 Opposed in arms not long they idly stood,  
 But thrice they closed, and thrice the charge renew'd.  
 A furious pass the spear of Ajax made  
 Through the broad shield, but at the corslet stay'd.  
 Not thus the foe his javelin aim'd above  
 The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove  
 But Greece, now trembling for her hero's life,  
 Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife.  
 Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains,  
 With him the sword and studded belt remains.

Then hurl'd the hero, thundering on the ground,  
 A mass of iron (an enormous round),  
 Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire,  
 Rude from the furnace, and but shaped by fire.  
 This mighty quoit Aetion wont to rear,  
 And from his whirling arm dismiss in air  
 The giant by Achilles slain, he stow'd  
 Among his spoils this memorable load  
 For this, he bids those nervous artists vie,  
 That teach the disk to sound along the sky.  
 " Let him, whose might can hurl this bowl, arise ;  
 Who farthest hurls it, take it as his prize,  
 If he be one enrich'd with large domain  
 Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,  
 Small stock of iron needs that man provide,  
 His hinds and swains whole years shall be supplied  
 From hence ; nor ask the neighbouring city's aid  
 For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade."  
 Stern Polypoetes stepp'd before the throng,

And great Leonteus, more than mortal strong ;  
Whose force with rival forces to oppose,  
Uprose great Ajax ; up Epeus rose  
Each stood in order : first Epeus threw ;  
High o'er the wondering crowds the whirling circle flew.  
Leonteus next a little space surpass'd ;  
And third, the strength of godlike Ajax cast  
O'er both their marks it flew , till fiercely flung  
From Polyxetes' arm the discus sung .  
Far as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,  
That distant falls among the grazing cows,  
So past them all the rapid circle flies  
His friends, while loud applauses shake the skies,  
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize  
Those, who in skilful archery contend,  
He next invites the twanging bow to bend ,  
And twice ten axes casts amidst the round,  
Ten double edged, and ten that singly wound  
The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore,  
The hero fixes in the sandy shore ,  
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,  
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.

"Whose weapon strikes yon fluttering bird, shall bear  
These two-edged axes, terrible in war ;  
The single, he whose shaft divides the cord "  
He said : experienced Merion took the word ,  
And skilful Leucer . in the helm they threw  
Their lots inscribed, and forth the latter flew  
Swift from the string the sounding arrow flies ,  
But flies unblest'd ! No grateful sacrifice,  
No firstling lambs, unheeded ! didst thou vow  
To Phœbus, patron of the shaft and bow.  
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow turn'd aside,  
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that tied .  
Adown the mainmast fell the parted string,  
And the free bird to heaven displays her wing .  
Sea, shores, and skies, with loud applause resound,  
And Merion eager meditates the wound .  
He takes the bow, directs the shaft above,  
And following with his eye the soaring dove,  
Implores the god to speed it through the skies,  
With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice  
The dove, in airy circles as she wheels,  
Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels ,  
Quite through and through the point its passage found,  
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground  
The wounded bird, ere yet she breathed her last,  
With flapping wings alighted on the mast,  
A moment hung, and spread her pinions there,  
Then sudden dropp'd, and left her life in air.

From the pleased crowd new peals of thunder rise,  
And to the ships brave Merion bears the prize.

To close the funeral games, Achilles last  
A massy spear amid the circle placed,  
And ample charger of unsullied flame,  
With flowers high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.  
For these he bids the heroes prove their art,  
Whose dexterous skill directs the flying dart  
Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize,  
Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.  
With joy Pelides saw the honour paid,  
Rose to the monarch, and respectful said :

"Thee first in virtue, as in power supreme,  
O king of nations ! all thy Greeks proclaim ;  
In every martial game thy worth attest,  
And know thee both their greatest and their best  
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear  
This beamy javelin in thy brother's war."

Pleased from the hero's lips his praise to hear,  
The king to Merion gives the brazen spear .  
But, set apart for sacred use, commands  
The glittering charger to Talthybius' hands.



CERES

## BOOK XXIV,

### ARGUMENT

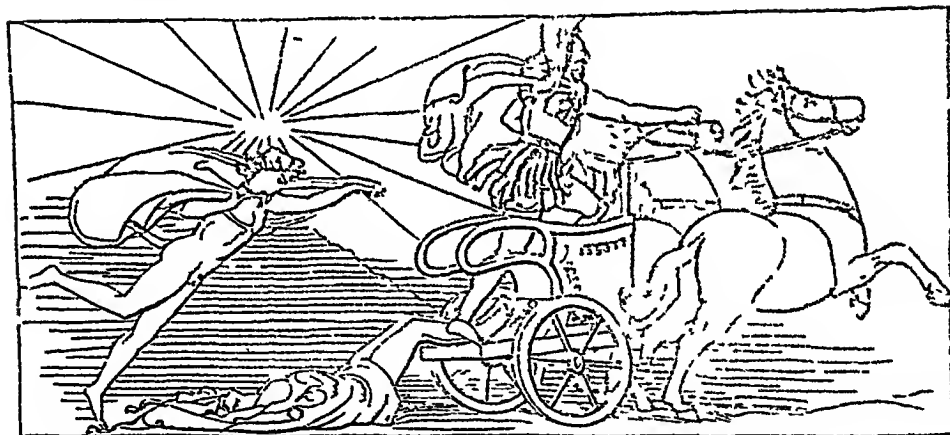
#### THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HECTOR.

The gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles, to dispose him for the restoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents, under the charge of Idæus the herald Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son. Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body. The Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles, and as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band  
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand,  
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,  
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care  
Not so Achilles—he, to grief resign'd,  
His friend's dear image present to his mind,  
Takes his sad couch, more unobserved to weep ;  
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep  
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,  
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed .  
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,  
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,  
What toils they shared, what martial works they wrought,  
What seas they measured, and what fields they fought ;  
All pass'd before him in remembrance dear,  
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.  
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,  
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day :

Then starting up, disconsolate he goes  
 Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.  
 There as the solitary mourner raves,  
 The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves .  
 Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd !  
 The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.  
 And thrice, Patroclus ! round thy monument  
 Was Hector dragg'd, then hurried to the tent.  
 There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes ,  
 While foul in dust the unhonour'd carcase lies,  
 But not deserted by the pitying skies  
 For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care,  
 Preserved from gaping wounds and tainting air ;  
 And, ignominious as it swept the field,  
 Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield  
 All heaven was moved, and Hermes will'd to go  
 By stealth to snatch him from the insulting foe .



HECTOR'S BODY AT THE CAR OF ACHILLES.

But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,  
 And th' unrelenting empress of the skies,  
 E'er since that day implacable to Troy,  
 What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,  
 Won by destructive lust (reward obscene),  
 Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen  
 But when the tenth celestial morning broke,  
 To heaven assembled, thus Apollo spoke  
 "Unpitying powers ! how oft each holy fane  
 Has Hector tinged with blood of victims slain ?  
 And can ye still his cold remains pursue ?  
 Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view ?  
 Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire,  
 The last sad honours of a funeral fire ?  
 Is then the dire Achilles all your care ?

That iron heart, inflexibly severe ;  
A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide,  
In strength of rage, and impotence of pride ;  
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy.  
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy '—  
Shame is not of his soul ; nor understood,  
The greatest evil and the greatest good.  
Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,  
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind ,  
To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,  
Heaven dooms each mortal, and its will is done  
Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care ,  
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.  
But this insatiate, the commission given  
By fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of heaven :





To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode  
 Yourself were present, where this minstrel-god,  
 Well pleased to share the feast, amid the quire  
 Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre."

Then thus the Thunderer checks the imperial dame :  
 " Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame ;  
 Their merits, nor their honours, are the same  
 But mine, and every god's peculiar grace  
 Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race  
 Still on our shrines his grateful offerings lay,  
 (The only honours men to gods can pay,)  
 Nor ever from our smoking altar ceased  
 The pure libation, and the holy feast  
 Howe'er by stealth to snatch the corpse away,  
 We will not . Thetis guards it night and day.  
 But haste, and summon to our courts above  
 The azure queen ; let her persuasion move  
 Her furious son from Priam to receive  
 The proffer'd ransom, and the corpse to leave."

He added not . and Iris from the skies,  
 Swift as a whirlwind, on the message flies,  
 Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps,  
 Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps  
 Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,  
 And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,  
 Down plunged the maid ; (the parted waves resound ;)  
 She plunged and instant shot the dark profound  
 As bearing death in the fallacious bait,  
 From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight,  
 So pass'd the goddess through the closing wave,  
 Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave  
 There placed amidst her melancholy train  
 (The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main)  
 Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,  
 And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.  
 Then thus the goddess of the painted bow .  
 " Arise, O Thetis ! from thy seats below,  
 'Tis Jove that calls."—" And why (the dame replies)  
 Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies ?  
 Sad object as I am for heavenly sight !  
 Ah may my sorrows ever shun the light !  
 Howe'er, be heaven's almighty sire obey'd—"  
 She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,  
 Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad ,  
 And forth she paced, majestically sad

Then through the world of waters they repair  
 (The way fair Iris led) to upper air  
 The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,  
 And touch with momentary flight the skies  
 There in the lightning's blaze the sire they found,

And all the gods in shaming synod round.  
 Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face,  
 (Minerva rising, gave the mourner place,)  
 Even Juno sought her sorrows to console,  
 And offer'd from her hand the nectar-bowl.  
 She tasted, and resign'd it : then began  
 The sacred sire of gods and mortal man  
 "Thou comest, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast,  
 Maternal sorrows ; long, ah, long to last !  
 Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares,  
 But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares  
 Nine days are past since all the court above  
 In Hector's cause have moved the ear of Jove,  
 'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe  
 By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so :  
 We will, thy son himself the corpse restore,  
 And to his conquest add this glory more  
 Then lie thee to him, and our mandate bear  
 Tell him he tempts the wrath of heaven too far ;  
 Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)  
 Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead,  
 But yield to ransom and the father's prayer,  
 The mournful father, Iris shall prepare  
 With gifts to sue, and offer to his hands  
 Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands "

His word the silver-footed queen attends,  
 And from Olympus' snowy tops descends  
 Arrived, she heard the voice of loud lament,  
 And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.  
 His friends prepare the victim, and dispose  
 Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes,  
 The goddess seats her by her pensive son,  
 She press'd his hand, and tender thus begun

"How long, unhappy ! shall thy sorrows flow,  
 And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe.  
 Mindless of food, or love, whose pleasing reign  
 Soothes weary life, and softens human pain ?  
 O snatch the moments yet within thy power,  
 Not long to live, indulge the amorous hour !  
 Lo ! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)  
 Forbids to tempt the wrath of heaven too far  
 No longer then (his fury if thou dread)  
 Detain the relics of great Hector dead,  
 Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,  
 But yield to ransom, and restore the slain "

To whom Achilles "Be the ransom given,  
 And we submit, since such the will of heaven "

While thus they communed, from the Olympian bowers  
 Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers  
 "Haste, winged goddess ! to the sacred town,

And urge her monarch to redeem his son.  
 Alone the Ilian ramparts let him leave,  
 And bear what stern Achilles may receive .  
 Alone, for so we will , no Trojan near  
 Except, to place the dead with decent care,  
 Some aged herald, who with gentle hand  
 May the slow mules and funereal car command  
 Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,  
 Safe through the foe by our protection led  
 Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey.  
 Guard of his life, and partner of his way.  
 Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare  
 His age, nor touch one venerable hair  
 Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,  
 Some sense of duty, some desire to save."



IRIS ADVISES PRIAM TO OBTAIN THE BODY OF HECTOR.

Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,  
 And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives .  
 Where the sad sons beside their father's throne  
 Sat bathed in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.  
 And all amidst them lay the hoary sire,  
 (Sad scene of woe !) his face his wrapp'd attire  
 Conceal'd from sight , with frantic hands he spread  
 A shower of ashes o'er his neck and head.  
 From room to room his pensive daughters roam ;  
 Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome ;  
 Mindful of those, who late their pride and joy,  
 Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy !  
 Before the king Jove's messenger appears,  
 And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears .  
 " Fear not, O father ! no ill news I bear ,  
 From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care ;

For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,  
 And bear what stern Achilles may receive ;  
 Alone, for so he wills , no Trojan near,  
 Except, to place the dead with decent care,  
 Some aged herald, who with gentle hand  
 May the slow mules and funeral car command  
 Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread  
 Safe through the foe by his protection led  
 Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,  
 Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way  
 Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare  
 Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair ,  
 Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,  
 Some sense of duty, some desire to save "

She spoke, and vanish'd Priam bids prepare  
 His gentle mules and harness to the car ,  
 There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay  
 His pious sons the king's command obey.  
 Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room,  
 Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,  
 And where the treasures of his empire lay ;  
 Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say :

" Unhappy consort of a king distress'd !  
 Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast .  
 I saw descend the messenger of Jove,  
 Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move ;  
 Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain  
 The corse of Hector, at yon navy slain.  
 Tell me thy thought . my heart impels to go  
 Through hostile camps. and bears me to the foe."

The hoary monarch thus Her piercing cries  
 Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies  
 " Ah ! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind ?  
 And where the prudence now that awed mankind ?  
 Through Phrygia once and foreign regions known ;  
 Now all confused, distracted, overthrown !  
 Singly to pass through hosts of foes ! to face  
 ( O heart of steel ! ) the murderer of thy race !  
 To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er  
 Those hands yet red with Hector's noble gore !  
 Alas ! my lord ! he knows not how to spare,  
 And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare ;  
 So brave ! so many fallen ! To claim his rage  
 Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age  
 No—pent in this sad palace let us give  
 To grief the wretched days we have to live.  
 Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,  
 Born to his own, and to his parents' woe !  
 Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,  
 To dogs, to vultures, and to Pelus' son !

Oh ! in his dearest blood might I allay  
 My rage, and these barbarities repay !  
 For ah ! could Hector merit thus, whose breath  
 Expired not meanly, in unactive death ?  
 He poured his latest blood in manly fight,  
 And fell a hero in his country's right."

" Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright  
 With words of omen, like a bird of night,  
 (Replied unmoved the venerable man,)  
 'Tis heaven commands me, and you urge in vain.  
 Had any mortal voice the junction laid,  
 Nor augur, priest, nor seer, had been obey'd.  
 A present goddess brought the high command,  
 I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.  
 I go, ye gods ! obedient to your call :  
 If in yon camp your powers have doom'd my fall,  
 Content—By the same hand let me expiate !  
 Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire !  
 One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,  
 And my last tears flow mingled with his blood !"

From forth his open'd stores, thus said, he drew  
 Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue,  
 As many vests, as many mantles told,  
 And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with gold,  
 Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine,  
 With ten pure talents from the richest mine,  
 And last a large well-labour'd bowl had place,  
 (The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace !)  
 Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,  
 For one last look to buy him back to Troy !

Lo ! the sad father, frantic with his pain,  
 Around him furious drives his menial train  
 In vain each slave with duteous care attends,  
 Each office hurts him, and each face offends  
 "What make ye here, officious crowds ! (he cries).  
 Hence ! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes  
 Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there .  
 Am I the only object of despair ?

Am I become my people's common show,  
 Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe ?  
 No, you must feel him too, yourselves must fall ;  
 The same stern god to ruin gives you all .  
 Nor is great Hector lost by me alone ,  
 Your sole defence, your guardian power is gone !  
 I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,  
 I see the ruins of your smoking town !  
 O send me, gods ! ere that sad day shall come,  
 A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome !"

He said, and feebly drives his friends away :  
 The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.

Next on his sons his erring fury falls,  
 Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls,  
 His threats Derphobus and Dius hear,  
 Hippothous, Pammon, Helenes the seer,  
 And generous Antiphon . for yet these nine  
 Survived, sad relics of his numerous line.

"Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire !  
 Why did not all in Hector's cause expire ?  
 Wretch that I am ! my bravest offspring slain,  
 You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain !  
 Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,  
 With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,<sup>1</sup>  
 And last great Hector, more than man divine,  
 For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line !  
 All those relentless Mais untimely slew,  
 And left me these, a soft and servile crew,  
 Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,  
 Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy !  
 Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,  
 And speed my journey to redeem my son ?"

The sons their father's wretched age revere,  
 Forgive his anger and produce the car  
 High on the seat the cabinet they bind .  
 The new-made car with solid beauty shined ;  
 Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains,  
 And hung with ringlets to receive the reins ,  
 Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground .  
 These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound.  
 Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,  
 And close beneath the gather'd ends were tied  
 Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)  
 The sad attendants load the groaning wain  
 Last to the yoke the well-matched mules they bring,  
 (The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king)  
 But the fair horses, long his darling care,  
 Himself received, and harness'd to his car  
 Grieved as he was, he not this task denied,  
 The hoary herald help'd him, at his side  
 While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,  
 Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind ,  
 A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,  
 (Libation destined to the power divine.)  
 Held in her right, before the steed she stands,  
 And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands :

"Take this, and pour to Jove , that safe from harms  
 His grace restore thee to our roof and arms  
 Since victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,

<sup>1</sup> "Troilus is only once named in the Iliad he was mentioned also in the Cypriad Latin youth, beauty, and untimely end made him an object of great interest with the subsequent poets."—Grote, i, p. 399

Heaven, or thy soul, inspires this bold design ;  
 Pray to that god, who high on Ida's brow  
 Surveys thy desolated realms below,  
 His winged messenger to send from high,  
 And lead thy way with heavenly augury '  
 Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race  
 Tower on the right of yon ethereal space  
 That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,  
 Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove  
 But if the god his augury denies,  
 Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice "

" 'Tis just (said Priam) to the sire above  
 To raise our hands ; for who so good as Jove ? "  
 He spoke, and bade the attendant handmaid bring  
 The purest water of the living spring  
 (Her ready hands the ewer and bason held )  
 Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd ;  
 On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,  
 Uplifts his eyes, and calls the power divine .

" O first and greatest ! heaven's imperial lord !  
 On lofty Ida's holy hill adored !

To stern Achilles now direct my ways,  
 And teach him mercy when a father prays.  
 If such thy will, despatch from yonder sky  
 Thy sacred bird, celestial augury !

Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race  
 Tower on the right of yon ethereal space ,  
 So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,  
 Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove "

Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high,  
 Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury !

The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,  
 And known to gods by Peronos' lofty name  
 Wide as appears some palace-gate display'd  
 So broad, his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,  
 As stooping dexter with resounding wings  
 The imperial bird descends in airy rings.

A dawn of joy in every face appears  
 The mourning nation dries her timorous tears :  
 Swift on his car the impatient monarch sprung ;  
 The brazen portal in his passage rung ;  
 The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,  
 Charged with the gifts , Idæus holds the rein .  
 The king himself his gentle steeds controls,  
 And through surrounding friends the chariot rolls.  
 On his slow wheels the following people wait,  
 Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate ,  
 With hands uplifted eye him as he pass'd,  
 And gaze upon him as they gazed their last.  
 Now forward fares the father on his way,

Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they  
 Great Jove beheld him as he cross'd the plain,  
 And felt the woes of miserable man.  
 Then thus to Hermes. "Thou whose constant cares  
 Still succour mortals, and attend their prayers,  
 Behold an object to thy charge consign'd  
 If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,  
 Go, guard the sire the observing foe prevent,  
 And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent"

The god obeys, his golden pinions binds,<sup>a</sup>  
 And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds.  
 That high, through fields of air, his flight sustain,  
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main;  
 Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,  
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye  
 Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,  
 And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea  
 A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,  
 He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!  
 Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,  
 And clad the dusky fields in sober grey,  
 What time the herald and the hoary king  
 (Their chariots stopping at the silver spring,  
 That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows)  
 Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose,  
 Through the dim shade the herald first espies  
 A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries  
 "I mark some foe's advance. O king! beware,  
 This hard adventure claims thy utmost care!"

<sup>a</sup> Milton has rivalled this passage describing the descent of Gabriel, "Paradise Lost," bk  
 v 266, seq

"Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
 Soars between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,  
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
 Winnows the buxom air \* \* \* \*

At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise  
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
 A seraph wing'd \* \* \* \*

Like Man's son he stood,  
 And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd  
 The circuit wide."

Vergil, *Æn* iv 350 —

"Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds  
 His flying feet, and mounts the western winds  
 And whether o'er the seas or earth he flies  
 With rapid force they bear him down the skies.  
 But first he grasps in his awful hand  
 The mark of sovereign power, his magic wand.  
 With this he draws the ghost from hollow graves,  
 With this he drives them from the Sæbian waves,  
 Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,  
 And drives the racing clouds along the liquid space"

Dryden



For much I fear destruction hovers nigh .  
 Our state asks counsel ; is it best to fly ?  
 Or old and helpless, at his feet to fall,  
 Two wretched suppliants, and for mercy call ? ”

The afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair ;  
 Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair ;  
 Sunk was his heart , his colour went and came ;  
 A sudden trembling shook his aged frame .  
 When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,  
 And, gentle, thus accosts with kind demand

“ Say whither, father ! when each mortal sight  
 Is seal'd in sleep, thou wanderest through the night ?  
 Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,  
 Through Grecian foes, so numerous and so strong ?  
 What couldst thou hope, should these thy treasures view !  
 These, who with endless hate thy race pursue ?  
 For what defence, alas ! couldst thou provide ;  
 Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide ?  
 Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread ,  
 From me no harm shall touch thy reverend head ;  
 From Greece I'll guard thee too , for in those lines  
 The living image of my father shines ”

“ Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,  
 Are true, my son ! (the godlike sire rejoind' )-  
 Great are my hazards , but the gods survey  
 My steps, and send thee, guardian of my way.  
 Hail, and be bless'd ! For scarce of mortal kind  
 Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.”

“ Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide ,  
 (The sacred messenger of heaven replied ,)  
 But say, convey'st thou through the lonely plains  
 What yet most precious of thy store remains,  
 To lodge in safety with some friendly hand .  
 Prepared, perchance, to leave thy native land ?  
 Or fliest thou now ?—What hopes can Troy retain,  
 Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain ? ”

The king, alarm'd “ Say what, and whence thou art  
 Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,  
 And know so well how godlike Hector died ? ”  
 Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus replied

“ You tempt me, father, and with pity touch .  
 On this sad subject you inquire too much  
 Oft have these eyes that godlike Hector view'd  
 In glorious fight, with Grecian blood embrued  
 I saw him when, like Jove, his flames he toss'd  
 On thousand ships, and wither'd half a host  
 I saw, but help'd not . stern Achilles' ire  
 Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire  
 For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race ,  
 One ship convey'd us from our native place ;

Polyctor is my sire, an honour'd name,  
Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame ;  
Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast  
To serve our prince, it fell on me, the last  
To watch this quarter, my adventure falls  
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls ;  
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,  
And scarce their rulers check their martial rage "

" If then thou art of stern Pelides' train,  
(The mournful monarch thus rejoind again,)  
Ah tell me truly, where, oh ! where are laid  
My son's dear relics ? what befalls him dead ?  
Have dogs dismember'd (on the naked plains),  
Or yet unmangled rest, his cold remains ? "

" O favour'd of the skies ! (thus answer'd then  
The power that mediates between god and men)  
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,  
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent  
This the twelfth evening since he rested there,  
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air  
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,  
Round his friend's tomb Achilles diags the dead :  
Yet undisfigured, or in limb or face,  
All fresh he lies, with every living grace,  
Majestical in death ! No stains are found  
O'er all the corse, and closed is every wound,  
Though many a wound they gave Some heavenly care,  
Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair .  
Or all the host of heaven, to whom he led  
A life so grateful, still regard him dead "

Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,  
And joyful thus the royal sire replied .  
" Blest is the man who pays the gods above  
The constant tribute of respect and love !  
Those who inhabit the Olympian bower  
My son forgot not, in exalted power ,  
And heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,  
Even to the ashes of the just is kind  
But thou, O generous youth ! this goblet take,  
A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake ;  
And while the favouring gods our steps survey,  
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way "

To whom the latent god " O king, forbear  
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err  
But can I, absent from my prince's sight,  
Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light ?  
What from our master's interest thus we draw,  
Is but a licensed theft that 'scapes the law.  
Respecting him, my soul abjures the offence ,  
And as the crime, I dread the consequence.

Thee, far as Aigos, pleased I could convey ;  
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way :  
On thee attend, thy sâfety to maintain,  
O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main."

He said, then took the chariot at a bound,  
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around ;  
Before the inspiring god that urged them on,  
The counsels fly with spirit not their own.  
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found  
The guards repasting, while the bowls go round ;  
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,  
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes .  
Then heaved the massy gates, removed the bars,  
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.  
Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went, -  
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.  
On first the roof was raised, and cover'd o'er  
With reeds collected from the marshy shore ;  
And, fenced with palisades, a hall of state,  
(The work of soldiers,) where the hero sat.  
Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength  
A solid pine-tree barr'd of wondrous length :  
Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,  
But great Achilles singly closed the gate  
This Hermes (such the power of gods) set wide ;  
Then swift alighted the celestial guide,  
And thus reveal'd—" Hear, prince ! and understand  
Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand  
Hermes I am, descended from above,  
The king of arts, the messenger of Jove  
Farewell to shun Achilles' sight I fly ;  
Uncommon are such favours of the sky, ,  
Nor stand confess'd to frail mortality.  
Now fearless enter, and prefer thy prayers ,  
Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,  
His son, his mother ! urge him to bestow  
Whatever pity that stern heart can know "

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,  
And in a moment shot into the skies .  
The king, confirm'd from heaven, alighted there,  
And left his aged herald-on the car,  
With solemn pace through various rooms he went,  
And found Achilles in his inner tent  
There sat the hero Alcimus the brave,  
And great Automedon, attendance gave  
These served his person at the royal feast ,  
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest

Unseen by these, the king his entry made .  
And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,  
Sudden (a venerable sight !) appears ,

Embraced his knees, and bathed his hands in tears ;  
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embrued  
Even with the best, the dearest of his blood !

As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,  
Pursued for murder, flies his native clime)  
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amazed,  
All gaze, all wonder .- thus Achilles gazed  
Thus stood the attendants stupid with surprise  
All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes .  
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,  
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke .

" Ah think, thou favour'd of the powers divine !<sup>3</sup>  
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine !  
In me that father's reverend image trace,  
Those silver hairs, that venerable face ,  
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see !  
In all my equal, but in misery !  
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate  
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state ,  
Think, from some powerful foe thou seest him fly,  
And beg protection with a feeble cry.  
Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise ,  
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes,  
And, hearing, still may hope a better day  
May send him thee, to chase that foe away  
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,  
The best, the bravest, of my sons are slain !  
Yet what a race ! ere Greece to Ilium came,  
The pledge of many a loved and loving dame  
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead !  
How oft, alas ! has wretched Priam bled !  
Still one was left then loss to recompense ;  
His father's hope, his country's last defence.  
Him too thy rage has slain ! beneath thy steel,  
Unhappy in his country's cause he fell !

<sup>3</sup> In reference to the whole scene that follows, the remarks of Coleridge are well worth reading —

" By a close study of life, and by a true and natural mode of expressing everything, Homer was enabled to venture upon the most peculiar and difficult situations, and to extricate himself from them with the completest success. The whole scene between Achilles and Priam, when the latter comes to the Greek camp for the purpose of redeeming the body of Hector, is at once the most profoundly selfish, and yet the simplest and most affecting passage in the *Iliad*. Quintilian has taken notice of the following speech of Priam, the rhetorical artifice of which is so transcendent, that if genius did not often, especially in oratory, unconsciously fulfil the most subtle precepts of criticism, we might be induced, on this account alone, to consider the last book of the *Iliad* as what is called spurious, in other words, of later date than the rest of the poem. Observe the exquisite taste of Priam in occupying the mind of Achilles, from the outset, with the image of his father, in gradually introducing the parallel of his own situation ; and, lastly, mentioning Hector's name when he perceives that the hero is softened, and then only in such a manner as to flatter the pride of the conqueror. The *ἦν δ' ἔλεον ἔπος ἔειπε*, and the *ἄριστος ἦν ἀνδρῶν*, are not exactly like the tone of the earlier parts of the *Iliad*. They are almost too fine and pathetic. The whole passage defies translation for there is that about the Greek which has no name, but which is of so fine and ethereal a subtlety that it can only be felt in the original, and is lost in an attempt to transfuse it into another language." Coleridge, p. 195.

"For him through hostile camps I bent my way;  
 For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;  
 Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;  
 O hear the wretched, and the gods revere!"

"Think of thy father, and this face behold!  
 See him in me, as helpless and as old!  
 Though not so wretched there he yields to me,  
 The first of men in sovereign misery!  
 Thus forced to kneel, thus grovelling to embrace  
 The scourge and ruin of my realm and race,  
 Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,  
 And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!"

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,  
 Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire.  
 Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)  
 The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away  
 Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;  
 And now the mingled tides together flow  
 This low on earth, that gently bending o'er;  
 A father one, and one a son deplore  
 But great Achilles different passions rend,  
 And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.  
 The infectious softness through the heroes ran;  
 One universal solemn shower began,  
 They bore as heroes, but they felt as man

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,  
 From the high throne divine Achilles rose,  
 The reverend monarch by the hand he raised,  
 On his white beard and form majestic gazed,  
 Not unrelenting, then serene began  
 With words to soothe the miserable man

"Alas, what weight of anguish hast thou known,  
 Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone  
 Two pass through foes, and thus undaunted face  
 The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!  
 Heaven sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,  
 A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.  
 Rise, then let reason mitigate your care  
 To mourn avails not man is born to bear.  
 Such is, alas! the gods' severe decree  
 They, only they are blest, and only free  
 Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,  
 The source of evil one, and one of good,  
 From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,  
 Blessings to these, to those distributes ill,  
 To most he mingles both the wretch decreed  
 To taste the bad unmix'd, is curs'd indeed,  
 Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,  
 He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven  
 The happiest taste not happiness sincere,

But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care  
 Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and power  
 What stais concurring bless'd his natal hour !  
 A realm, a goddess, to his wishes given,  
 Graced by the gods with all the gifts of heaven  
 One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day  
 No race succeeding to imperial sway,  
 An only son, and he, alas ! ordain'd  
 To fall untimely in a foreign land  
 See him, in Troy, the pious care decline  
 Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine !  
 Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld ;  
 In riches once, in children once excell'd,  
 Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,  
 And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,  
 And all wide Hellespont's unmeasured main.  
 But since the god his hand has pleased to turn,  
 And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,  
 What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls ?  
 War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls !  
 What must be, must be Bear thy lot, nor shed  
 These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead,  
 Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,  
 But thou, alas ! may'st live to suffer more !"

To whom the king " O favour'd of the skies !  
 Here let me grow to earth ! since Hector lies  
 On the bare beach deprived of obsequies  
 O give me Hector ! to my eyes restore  
 His corse, and take the gifts I ask no more  
 Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy ;  
 Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy.  
 So shall thy pity and forbearance give  
 A weak old man to see the light and live !"

" Move me no more, (Achilles thus replies,  
 While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes,)  
 Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend  
 To yield thy Hector I myself intend  
 For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came,  
 (Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame,)  
 Nor comest thou but by heaven, nor comest alone,  
 Some god impels with courage not thy own  
 No human hand the weighty gates unbar'd,  
 Nor could the boldest of our youth have dared  
 To pass our outworks, or elude the guard  
 Cease, lest, neglectful of high Jove's command,  
 I show thee, king ! thou tread'st on hostile land,  
 Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,  
 And shake the purpose of my soul no more."

The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'eraw'd.  
 Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad

Automedon and Alcimus attend,  
 (Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his friend,)  
 These to unyoke the mules and horses went,  
 And led the hoary herald to the tent;  
 Next, heap'd on high, the numerous presents bear,  
 (Great Hector's ransom,) from the polish'd car.  
 Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,  
 They leave to cover and envelop the dead.  
 Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil  
 To wash the body and anoint with oil,  
 Apart from Priam lest the unhappy see,  
 Provoked to passion once more raise to ire  
 The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age,  
 Nor Jove's command, should check the rising rage  
 This done, the garments o'er the corpse they spread;  
 Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed:  
 Then, while the body on the car they laid,  
 He groans, and calls on loved Patroclus' shade:

"If, in that gloom which never light must know,  
 The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below,  
 O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil  
 (Restoring Hector) heaven's unquestion'd will.  
 The gifts the father gave, be ever thine.  
 To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine."<sup>4</sup>

He said, and, entering, took his seat of state;  
 Where full before him reverend Priam sat;  
 To whom, composed, the godlike chief begun:  
 "Lo! to thy prayer restored, thy breathless son;  
 Extended on the funeral couch he lies,  
 And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,  
 The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.  
 But now the peaceful hours of sacred night  
 Demand reflection, and to rest invite  
 Nor thou, O father! thus consumed with woe,  
 The common cares that nourish life forego.  
 Not thus did Niobè, of form divine,  
 A parent once, whose sorrows equal'd thine  
 Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,  
 In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades,  
 Those by Apollo's silver bow were slain,

<sup>4</sup> "Achilles' ferocious treatment of the corpse of Hector cannot but offend as referred to the modern standard of humanity. The heroic age, however, must be judged by its own moral laws. Retributive vengeance on the dead, as well as the living, was a duty inculcated by the religion of those barbarous times, which not only taught that evil inflicted on the author of evil was a solace to the injured man, but made the welfare of the soul after death dependent on the fate of the body from which it had separated. Hence a denial of the rites essential to the soul's admission into the more favoured regions of the lower world was a cruel punishment to the wanderer on the dreary shores of the infernal river. The complaint of the ghost of Patroclus to Achilles, of but a brief postponement of his own obsequies, shows how efficacious their refusal to the remains of his destroyer must have been in satiating the thirst of revenge, which, even after death, was supposed to torment the dwellers in Hades. Hence before yielding up the body of Hector to Priam, Achilles asks pardon of Patroclus for even thus partial cession of his just rights of retribution."—Mure, vol. i. 289

These, Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain .  
 So was her pride chastised by wrath divine,  
 Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line ;  
 But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd ;  
 Those boasted twelve, the avenging two destroy'd.  
 Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,  
 Nine days, neglected, lay exposed the dead ;  
 None by to weep them, to inhume them none ;  
 (For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone.)  
 The gods themselves, at length relenting gave  
 The unhappy race the honours of a grave.  
 Himself a rock (for such was heaven's high will)  
 Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill ,  
 Where round the bed whence Achelous springs,  
 The watery fumes dance in mazy rings ;  
 There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow,  
 She stands, her own sad monument of woe ,  
 The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.

" Such griefs, O king ! have other parents known ;  
 Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own  
 The care of heaven thy Hector has appear'd,  
 Nor shall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd ,  
 Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,  
 And all the eyes of Ilium stream around "

He said, and, rising, chose the victim ewe  
 With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.  
 The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,  
 With skill prepare them, and in parts divide .  
 Each on the coals the separate morsels lays,  
 And, hasty, snatches from the rising blaze  
 With bread the glittering canisters they load,  
 Which round the board Automedon bestow'd  
 The chief himself to each his portion placed,  
 And each indulging shared in sweet repast.  
 When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,  
 The wondering hero eyes his royal guest  
 No less the royal guest the hero eyes,  
 His godlike aspect and majestic size ,  
 Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage ;  
 And there, the mild benevolence of age.  
 Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,  
 (A solemn scene !) at length the father spoke :

" Permit me now, beloved of Jove ! to steep  
 My careful temples in the dew of sleep  
 For, since the day that number'd with the dead  
 My hapless son, the dust has been my bed ,  
 Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes ;  
 My only food, my sorrows and my sighs !  
 Till now, encouraged by the grace you give,  
 I share thy banquet, and consent to live."



With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,  
 With purple soft and shaggy carpets spread ;  
 Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,  
 And place the couches, and the coverings lay.  
 Then he " Now, father, sleep, but sleep not here ;  
 Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,  
 Lest any Argive, at this hour awake,  
 To ask our counsel, or our orders take,  
 Approaching sudden to our open'd tent,  
 Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.  
 Should such report thy honour'd person here,  
 The king of men the ransom might defer,  
 But say with speed, if aught of thy desire  
 Remains unask'd, what time the rites require  
 To inter thy Hector ? For, so long we stay  
 Our slaughtering arm, and bid the hosts obey."

" If then thy will permit (the monarch said)  
 To finish all due honours to the dead,  
 This of thy grace accord . to thee are known  
 The fears of Ilion, closed within her town,  
 And at what distance from our walls aspire  
 The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.  
 Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,  
 The tenth shall see the funeral and the feast,  
 The next, to raise his monument be given ;  
 The twelfth we wait, if war be doom'd by heaven !"

" This thy request (replied the chief) enjoy  
 Till then our arms suspend the fall of Troy"

Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent  
 The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent,  
 Where sat Buceis, bright in blooming charms,  
 Expects her hero with desiring arms.  
 But in the porch the king and herald rest ;  
 Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breast.  
 Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake,  
 Industrious Hermes only was awake,  
 The king's return revolving in his mind,  
 To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind  
 The power descending hover'd o'er his head  
 " And sleep'st thou, father ! (thus the vision said )  
 Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restored ?  
 Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord ?  
 Thy presence here should stern Atreides see,  
 Thy still surviving sons may sue for thee,  
 May offer all thy treasures yet contain,  
 To spare thy age, and offer all in vain"

Waked with the word the trembling sire arose,  
 And raised his friend . the god before him goes  
 He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,  
 And moves in silence through the hostile land.

When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove,  
 (Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove,)  
 The winged deity forsook their view,  
 And in a moment to Olympus flew.  
 Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,  
 Sprang through the gates of light, and gave the day.  
 Charged with the mournful load, to Ilion go  
 The sage and king, majestically slow.  
 Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,  
 The sad procession of her hoary sire;  
 Then, as the pensive pomp advanced more near,  
 (Her breathless brother stretched upon the bier,)  
 A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,  
 Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries

"Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,  
 Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!  
 If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight,  
 To hail your hero glorious from the fight,  
 Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow;  
 Your common triumph, and your common woe."

In thronging crowds they issue to the plains,  
 Nor man nor woman in the walls remains;  
 In every face the self-same grief is shown,  
 And Troy sends forth one universal groan  
 At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,  
 Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain  
 The wife and mother, frantic with despair,  
 Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair  
 Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay,  
 And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day;  
 But godlike Priam from the chariot rose  
 "Forbear (he cried) this violence of woes,  
 First to the palace let the car proceed,  
 Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead."

The waves of people at his word divide,  
 Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide;  
 Even to the palace the sad pomp they wait.  
 They weep, and place him on the bed of state.  
 A melancholy choir attend around,  
 With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound.  
 Alternately they sing, alternate flow  
 The obedient tears, melodious in their woe  
 While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,  
 And nature speaks at every pause of art

First to the corse the weeping consort flew;  
 Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,  
 "And oh, my Hector! Oh, my lord! (she cries)  
 Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!  
 Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!  
 And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!"

An only son, once comfort of our pains,  
 Sad product now of hapless love, remains !  
 Never to manly age that son shall rise,  
 Or with increasing graces glad my eyes :  
 For Itho now (her great defender slain)  
 Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain  
 Who now protects her wives with guardian care ?  
 Who saves her infants from the rage of war ?  
 Now hostile fleets must wait those infants o'er  
 (Those wives must wait them) to a foreign shore :  
 Thou too, my son, to barbarous climes shalt go,  
 The sad companion of thy mother's woe,  
 Driven hence a slave before the victor's sword  
 Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord  
 Or else some Greek whose father press'd the plain,  
 Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,  
 In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,  
 And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy !  
 For thy stern father never spared a foe  
 Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe !  
 Thence many evils his sad parents bore,  
 His parents many, but his consort more  
 Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand ?  
 And why receiv'd not I thy last command ?  
 Some word thou would'st have spoke, which, sadly dear  
 My soul might keep, or utter with a tear,  
 Which never, never could be lost in air,  
 I'd in my heart, and oft repeated there !"  
 .. Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan,

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.  
 Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears ;  
 Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes  
 Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries  
 " Ah, dearest friend ' in whom the gods had join'd  
 The mildest manners with the bravest mind ;  
 Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er  
 Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore ,  
 (O had I perish'd, ere that form divine  
 Seduced this soft, this easy heart of mine )  
 Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find  
 A deed ungentle, or a word unkind .  
 When others curs'd the authoress of their woe,  
 Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow  
 If some proud brother eyed me with disdain,  
 Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,  
 Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain  
 For thee I mourn , and mourn myself in thee,  
 The wretched source of all this misery .  
 The fate I caused, for ever I bemoan ,  
 Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone !  
 Through Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam !  
 In Troy deserted, as abhor'd at home !"

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-steaming eye  
 Distressful beauty melts each stander-by  
 On all around the infectious sorrow grows ;  
 But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose  
 " Perform, ye Trojans ! what the rites require,  
 And sell the forests for a funeral pyre ;  
 Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread ;  
 Achilles grants these honours to the dead "

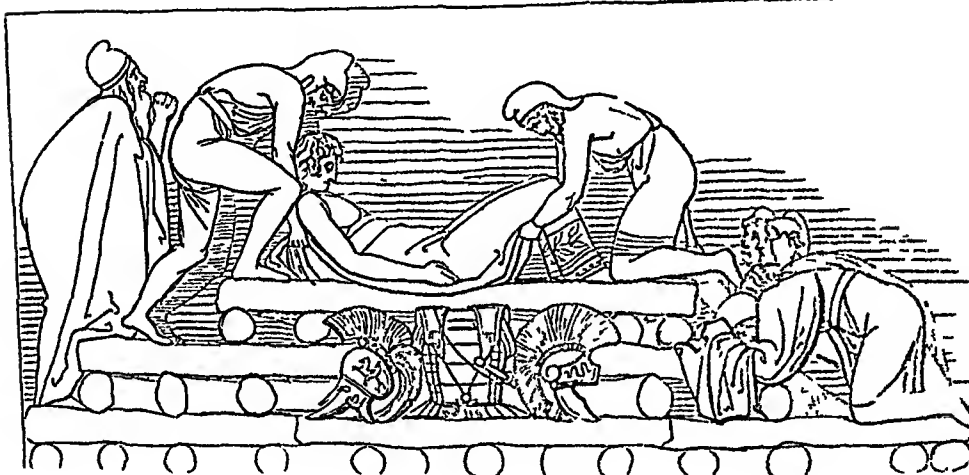
He spoke , and, at his word, the Trojan train  
 Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,  
 Pour through the gates, and fell'd from Ida's crown,

<sup>6</sup> The following observations of Coleridge furnish a most gallant and interesting view of Helen's character —

" Few things are more interesting than to observe how the same hand that has given us the fury and inconsistency of Achilles, gives us also the consummate elegance and tenderness of Helen. She is through the *Iliad* a genuine lady, graceful in motion and speech, noble in her associations, full of remorse for a fault for which higher powers seem responsible, yet grateful and affectionate towards those with whom that fault had committed her. I have always thought the following speech, in which Helen laments Hector, and hints at her own invidious and unprotected situation in Troy, as almost the sweetest passage in the poem. It is another striking instance of that refinement of feeling and softness of tone which so generally distinguish the first book of the *Iliad* from the rest."—*Classic Poets*, p. 198, seq.

" And here we part with Achilles, at the moment best calculated to exalt and purify our impression of his character. We had recompanied him through the effervescence, undulations, and final subsidence of his stormy passions. We now leave him in repose, and under the full influence of the more amiable affections, while our admiration of his great qualities is chastened by the reflection that, within a few short days, the mighty being in whom they were united was himself to be suddenly cut off in the full vigour of their exercise. The frequent and touching allusions, interspersed throughout the *Iliad*, to the speedy termination of its hero's course, and the moral on the vanity of human life which they indicate, are among the finest evidences of the spirit of ethnic unity by which the whole framework of the poem is united"—*Mure*, vol. 1. p. 291.

Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.  
 These toils continue nine succeeding days,  
 And high in air a sylvan structure raise  
 But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,  
 Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,  
 And placed aloft ; while all, with streaming eyes,  
 Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.  
 Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
 With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn,  
 Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,  
 And quench with wine the yet remaining fire  
 The snowy bones his friends and brothers place



FUNERAL OF HECTOR

(With tears collected) in a golden vase ;  
 The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,  
 Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.  
 Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,  
 And raised the tomb, memorial of the dead  
 (Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,  
 Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun )  
 All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,  
 A solemn, silent, melancholy train  
 Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,  
 And sadly shared the last sepulchral feast.  
 Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,  
 And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade <sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Cowper says,—"I cannot take my leave of this noble poem without expressing how much I am struck with the plain conclusion of it. It is like the exit of a great man out of company, whom he has entertained magnificently, neither pompous nor familiar, not contemptuous, yet without much ceremony." Coleridge, p. 227, considers the termination of "Paradise Lost" somewhat similar.

## CONCLUDING NOTE

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We have now passed through the Iliad, and seen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end as that only was the subject of the poem, and the nature of epic poetry would not permit our author to proceed to the event of the war, it perhaps may be acceptable to the common reader to give a short account of what happened to Troy and the actors in this poem after the conclusion of it. I need not mention that Troy was taken soon after the death of Hector by the stratagem of the wooden horse, the particulars of which are described by Virgil in the second book of the

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by the shot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had prophesied at his death, lib. 22.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles.

Ulysses, after the death of Achilles, had a contest with Ulysses for the armour of Vulcan, but being defeated in his aim, he slew himself through indignation.

Andromache, after the death of Paris, married Deiphobus her brother, and at the taking of Troy saved him, in order to reconcile herself to Menelaus her first husband, who received her into his house.

Antenor at his return was barbarously murdered by Aegisthus, at the instigation of Clytemnestra his wife, who in his absence had dishonoured his bed with Aegisthus.

Ulysses, after the fall of Troy, was expelled his own country, and scarce escaped with his life from his adulterous wife Penelope, but at last was received by Diomedes in Apulia, and restored his kingdom. It is uncertain how he died.

Hector lived in peace with his children, in Pylos, his native country.

Ulysses also, after innumerable troubles by sea and land, at last returned in safety to Ithaca, which is the subject of Homer's Odyssey.

For what remains, I beg to be excused from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work, and from embarrassing myself, or others, with any defenses or apologies about it. But instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, of the merits or difficulties of it, which must be left to the world, to truth, and to posterity, let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship with one of the most valuable of men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country, one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer, and one whom (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it, and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr CONGREVE, and of

A. POPE

οὐδὲν δὲ σπουδαίον—τὸ μὴ καὶ πάλιν με προκαλέσθαι ἐν ποιήσεσσι καὶ ἄλλοις ἐκκεντρίμασι, ἐν οἷς ἴσως δὲ κατεσχίσθη, εἰ μὴν ἐμὰν ἐξέδωκεν κρείττω.

M. AUREL. ANTON. de Scipso, lib. i. § 17

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